

Bishoujo wo Jouzu ni Nikubenki ni Suru Houhou

How to Skilfully Make a Beautiful Girl into a Meat Toilet

美少女を上手に肉便器にする方法

The Story Of How I Gradually And Skillfully Got A Beautiful Girl As A Friend.

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Synopsis :

Our socially despondent protagonist decides to have some fun using risky blackmail to methodically transform an innocent daft classmate into his personal sex slave.

Info :

http://www.novelupdates.com/series/bishoujo-wo-jouzu-ni-nikubenki-ni-suru-houhou/

Visual Novel on Youtube :

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dlkg05Bb_iQ

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https://holdxandclick.wordpress.com/table-of-content/bishoujo-wo-jouzu-ni-nikubenki-ni-suru-houhou/



In the middle of the night I face my PC without sparing any time for sleep.

Right now my consciousness seems to be drifting off due to lack of sleep. However just a little bit more, a few more.

“I was able to complete it.”

Many indecent images are reflected on the screen of my PC

A school girl in a uniform and a male student who wears a similar uniform of my high school; the image displays an abnormal act that made me want to turn my eyes away from it. I created all these virtual images.

“Kuku, excellent workmanship if I do say so myself.”

Looking at the picture which is printed out on gloss paper, I thought it has come out rather well.

During this week I have reduced my sleeping hours just to immerse myself in my work.

Although, if someone reasonably knowledgeable saw these photoshopped images, it will just be seen through as a mere composite photograph; but I see no problem, I have confirmed that the person they’re for has no such knowledge.

“Well then, will I fall to ruin, or will I gain the best of playthings. Whichever way it goes, I’ll be looking forward to it.”

The things I’m going to do might kill me socially with one wrong step, and the unethical acts might shun me from humanity. But that’s fine.

My life had already ended the moment I was born, leading it to ruin isn’t something I’m bothered by at this point. So if a supreme playtoy is available at the expense of the danger, I won’t hesitate to step forth.

No, rather than that, I may actually desire for such ruin.

———

In the morning, I arrive at the entrance of the high school quite earlier than usual; I put a letter in Ogasawara Makoto’s shoe box.

(1) Ogasawara Makoto. A beautiful girl with long raven black hair, pale skin and big, sparkling black eyes that make any man stare. Moreover she has big breasts.

(2) With a shy personality and her awkwardness to go in front of people, she still managed to gain the love of the students that were behind her.

There is also a childhood friend of Ogasawara Makoto who’s described as a bishounen. The person himself seems to insist that they’re ordinary childhood friends with each other, but the fact that their Good Relationship exceeds that of friendship is plain to see; everyone seems to recognize them as the best couple making the rumor plausible. (This line;

そんな小笠原真琴には幼馴染がいて、これまた絵に描いたような美形だ had both me and Scarlet confused. The line describes a beautiful woman like in a painting, but since the childhood friend is a male, it didn't make sense. So, we decided to put bishounen instead.)

As for male students who confess to Ogasawara Makoto, they're small in number.

Tatsuya Sasaki, whose Ogasawara Makoto's childhood friend, is an honor student that is handsome, earnest, and serious. According to the information I gathered, both of them live in two houses within the same neighborhood and went to the same kindergarten. Supposedly with that Sasaki Tatsuya's feelings feelings towards Ogasawara Makoto grew.

And thus Tatsuya Sasaki seems to approach Ogasawara while hiding his feelings all the time.

Tatsuya Sasaki seems unable to take the step forward in fear that their current relationship as childhood friends will be broken.

Intolerable, enjoying bittersweet youth. There is a great difference between him and my twisted crooked self. Therefore, if only just slightly, I'll have you share that youth with me.

———

After school ends, I arrive at the predetermined spot in the warehouse at the back of the school building.

It’s the old warehouse that’s surrounded by trees in a from all directions, it is the outdoor storehouse which isn’t presently being used.

When I entered high school one year ago, I came up with my current plan and obtained this warehouse.

To make a half assed club all the necessities need to be self brought, those were the requirements for it to successfully assembling this warehouse into the club’s meeting room.

I took a key out of my pocket, inserted it in the doorknob and turned it.

When I open the door and enter inside, darkness spreads.

(3) Entering into this warehouse is only possible from the door I just opened. Furthermore, this door is made of steel, it can’t be broken easily. It’s also windowless and the soundproofing effect is high. It’s indeed an excellent property which supports my ideals.

I close the door and turn on the lights inside. It took a long time arranging and remodeling this warehouse which had become a junk depot.

A TV, computer, refrigerator, washing machine and a bed. In addition, I carry in living essentials. This divine area is a lot more comfortable than the apartment where I live in. But it does smell of mold.

I head towards the refrigerator and opened the door, taking out a plastic bottle and quickly drank the cold soda water.

I cannot help feeling thirsty from yesterday, I think I’m nervous.

I threw the now empty plastic bottle into the trash can, and then went to the sofa while drinking another carbonated drink that I freshly took out.

I sat on the sofa which I installed in the area’s center, chugging the carbonated drink and immediately putting the plastic bottle onto the table.

30 more minutes until the appointed time. I’m anxiously waiting, but i’m also afraid.

She’s bashful and weak, and on top of that she never bothers others with her problems. Ogasawara is really the ideal prey. She is like a parasite, always anxious if she isn’t with someone.

The reason Sasaki is afraid of taking the first step is that Ogasawara Makoto’s friends might get shunned from her group of friends.(佐々木が一歩踏み出せない要因の一つに、小笠原真琴が女子のグループから疎外される事を極端に恐れている事があるように思える)

Truly a extremely troublesome situation, for this reason I’m taking advantage of what overflows.

———

Five minutes before the appointed time, the door knob clicks.

Subsequently the door opens and Ogasawara Makoto's face peeps out.

"Uh……I knocked, but there wasn't an answer."

Ogasawara Makoto declared timidly as she carefully closed the door. But she remains on her guard, standing near the doorway and doesn't go in any further.

Apart from that, I didn't realize that she knocked. I forgot that this warehouse has a superior soundproofing effect.

"U-uh, what's the talk about Tatsuya-Sasaki?"

Ogasawara Makoto asks in a low voice as she stacks both hands upon her chest.

This was simple, it seems like Ogasawara Makoto likes him as well so all I had to do was make Sasaki the bait.

(4) Excellent. The beautiful girl who is sweet and pure. I want to see that state fall into the bottom of despair in front of my naked eyes.

"Is that the attitude you use when asking a person something? For me, I'm not concerned what happens to Sasaki. But I called you just in case because I thought it was something Ogasawara wants to hear. But please leave if you continue with that mannerism."

I suppress my impatience desperately and ask her in a light tone. Then Ogasawara Makoto showed a bewildered expression as she steps forward while her eyes swam.

(5) I was able to catch it. It's the memorable first step. Welcome to hell.

———

"T-that's a lie. That sort of….."

Ogasawara Makoto, who is sitting right next to me, has wide eyes while staring over the table.

Photographs were scattered on the table.

The composted photographs which I made. Sasaki is connected to a schoolgirl sexually whose breast is exposed. But all that is just a bluff.

Baibu, denma, kanchou, sakkusu, anarufakku, fellatio, irrumatio, paizuri, fisutofakku, rinkan, exposure *et cetera* et cetera. The diversity of the photographs makes anyone want to turn their eyes away. (TLN: If you're new to hentai, these are what the words mean in order; Buttplug, vibrator, butt poking, sexual intercourse, Anal sex, blowjob, deepthroat, titty fuck, fisting, and fat man or jerking off for the last one.)

There is a reason to have them scattered, the photos I put in effort to synthesize are only 3 in number. So I put those three in a visible position, the rest were under a underneath.

Besides the photos I put effort into, the rest would be found out if one was to look carefully at them. So it won't be seen through I had the 3 photos clearly show Sasaki's face. And I darkened the indoor fluorescent light in order for the other photographs to be hidden. Combine that with Ogasawara Makoto's confusion and it becomes difficult for her to see the truth.

"Whether this is possibly a lie or the truth doesn't matter right now. The only visible person I see in the photo is Sasaki. If that's the truth, this is a serious problem. Therefore, in order to verify if this is true or false, I think I'll submit this picture to the school's administration board."

I pick up one scattered photograph and show it off to her. 「I'll submit this picture to the school」Her face instantly warped at my words.

"But, at school?"

The eyes shake, the lip quivers, for now everything is going smoothly, but the climax starts from here on out.

"Ah yes, submit to the school."

"W-why though?"

"Huh? Why you ask? It's obviously because I can't stand Sasaki?""

(7) After hearing my words she opened her eyes widely and soon glared

at me as if she was looking at trash.

Good, keep at it with that splendid reaction. But do you really understand the reality that your beloved person conducted such depraved actions with another woman?

“Why is Ogasawara-san getting angry? Is it because Sasaki is enjoying having sexual intercourse with another woman except you? It isn’t only sex. Look here, someone thrust an arm into a pussy—”

“Please stop it!”

Ogasawara Makoto, who raised her voice and interrupted my sentence, closed her eyes and covered her ears with both hands, all while facing down and shaking.

“I have already decided that I am going to hand this into the school, I have no intention of changing my mind about this. But, if certain circumstances arise it might just naturally disappear. For you that would be the best answer, that’s why I told you”

As she trembled and had closed both ears, I spoke to her gently while she looked down.

“That’s all for this talk. Now all that’s left is for Sasaki to directly confirm in person. You should keep your distance from him, but do whatever you like.”

I said as I sat on the sofa again, leaning back my way and close my eyes.

Now, how will you act? Will you lose your affection towards the man who betrayed you, or…..

Ogasawara Makoto didn't stand up, the silence lapsed for a while until a voice sobbed faintly.

"S-surely, surely there are some circumstances. I'm sure there are, otherwise there's no way that Tatsuya would do something like….."

A low voice murmured to my ears. Are you saying that to me or are you trying to convince yourself?

"Perhaps there is some sort of circumstance, but such a thing is unrelated to me. Whenever there is a circumstance or not, the action can't be justified with just that. But then again, there is no reason to do such an action with good intentions. But then… It's merely just that I can't stand Sasaki. Simply put, I guess it's because we're birds of the same feather."

As I leaned on the back of the chair I closed my eyes and muttered to nobody in particular.

"In addition, wouldn't it be fine for you to separate? Sasaki didn't choose you. No, since you have no intention to confirm it, then do as you like."

I mutter as I lean back on the chair with my eyes closed.

I completely used Sasaki as bait, because of that I need to finish this. The game is at the ending point. Rather, if she confirms the the truth from Sasaki, I wouldn't be able to avoid getting expelled from school. It can possibly develop into a police case if I do this poorly.

I thought the probability of failure was rather high before she came here. But after seeing her reaction after a few words, I feel confident.

Ogasawara Makoto saw the pictures and now believes that Sasaki is spending all his time in deviant acts. (8)On top of believing it, Makoto thinks that there is a legitimate explanation.

And instead of going to confirm it, she stays in this place and cries.

She's afraid of knowing the truth, but knows Sasaki's behavior and still believes in him.

"This…… as long as this won't be submitted!"

With a creaking sound, she moved. As soon as I heard the sound she began collecting the pictures from the top of the table, undoubtedly intending to get rid of the evidence.

"You say that, but the photographs are already downloaded and scanned on my PC. The backup is perfect too. I can make hundreds of photographs if need be."

Actually, I didn't take the pictures, I drew them up with my personal computer and then printed it out.

The pictures I emphasized on purpose were worked the images on the PC with a purpose in mind. I photoshopped them to look like it was taken with a camera, so it would be convincing.

"U, uu……If this is submitted to the school, what will happen to Tatsuya?"

A feeble voice echoes with the sound of sobbing. The thoughts of Ogasawara Makoto are already in a state of confusion.

"I don't know, it isn't for me to decide. Perhaps the teachers will remove the problem?"

I shouldn't lie here, if negotiations break down it might become troublesome later. That's why I left it vague, I'll leave the rest to Ogasawara Makoto's imagination to make it worse.

"Remove the problem…..But won't, Tatsuya, be removed from school?"

"I said I don't know, I'm just handing over the photos and then I'll calmly watch the situation and enjoy it."

I rudely replied to her when she asked me.

"Then, then, how can I get you to keep these photos a secret?"

It came, it came, it came, it came! I reached the conclusion especially

fast. But not yet, I still need to dig my claws in deeper.

If you want to keep it a secret, then obey my order. If such a thing is said, perhaps her frail mind might crash. Therefore, I'll change direction here. First, lets take the important escape route.

"It's a secret, but do you want to know of better means to cover up this dark truth forever?"

I opened my eyes and up slowly to look at her. She looks at me with a pale expression while covering the photo on the table with her knees on the ground.

"I want to h-hear it....."

A trembling whisper echoes and in my heart I burst in laughter. To be able to catch her so easily, I'm beginning to suspect whether this woman's head is empty.

Oh, the expectation for this game is better than I hoped for.

"Killing me. If you do so the secret will be safe, but you can't do it right? If my corpse is found the cops will definitely investigate, and then they'll find the photo and sasaki will be finished, then they'll pinpoint you as the perpetrator and your life will be over too."

When I spoke in an indifferent tone, Ogasawara's complexion became even more pale.

(9)“K-kil……I could never do something like that.”

I desperately held back my laughter from that unexpected reaction.

“If you hate killing, then how about confinement? I’m abandoned by my parents, so not attending school for several days isn’t a problem and besides living alone is a comfortable retirement. But if that lasts for too long it will be suspected, and our parents that care for the eyes of society will file a missing person report. The police will rigorously search my room, and after that. I don’t need to tell you right?

Gradually as I was talking, I shut down her routes of escape one by one so as she would think that there is no way to stop me.

“Isn’t that fine? You’re an eyesore, so won’t you just disappear? If you calm down and think about it you would realize Sasaki betrayed you. The guy abandoned you and searched for a new love. You do know you’re able to select from any man you want, right?”

And now, I need to make her think I’m not interested in her to the end. When negotiating, I need to make her think she is nothing of value.

“I, if I can do—”

“No no, there is nothing. I gave you information I don’t essentially have any obligation to share with you, won’t you be satisfied with that? Besides, I also don’t have any spare time, I need to organize the pictures that I’m going to deliver.”

I interrupted her offer and lazily waved my hand.

“Oh, yes, that reminds me, there is another means to keep a secert.”

As I said that I softened my expression and looked at her.

“Why don’t you consult with Sasaki, after that you can tell him to kill me. In that case your hands will be clean of blood, even if Sasaki gets caught, as long as he doesn’t talk no harm will come your way. There, isn’t that just perfect?”

I opened my arms wide to exaggerate my words.

Consulting Sasaki = Sasaki killing me, is what I’m ingrain to her.

If I can successfully ingrain this into her until she won’t only hesitate to question Sasaki normally, but she’ll hopefully never consult him.

Oh, Ogasawara Makoto is single minded when it comes to this. I don’t know what happened, but it will become my advantage

“Tatsuya becoming a murderer….? Because of me?”

With a face so pale she looks like she’s about to faint, her trembling eyes begin trembling even more, she drops to her backside with a flop and stares into space in a daze.

What's this? I didn't expect such an unusual development in the progress and for some reason she's blaming herself. Despite her confused state, is this person's brain made out of mold or does she have a masochistic habit?

Oh well, the first stage ends with this. I won't corner her anymore, Or rather, she cornered herself more than planned.

Although I already wen"Tatsuya becoming a murderer....? Because of me?"t through so much effort, she is now in a confused and desperate state, but all could end for naught due to an unpredictable action.

"Haa, if Ogasawara won't leave, I will. I wanted to lock the warehouse, but there is no helping it. You can sit there forever if you want, later.

I declared with a heavy sigh, then stood up from the sofa.

"Ah, please wait a moment!"

As I moved to leave, she tried to stand up in a rush. But as she was trying to stand up she couldn't put strength into her knees and fell on her hands.

Inside the revealed skirt was white underwear which was appropriate to show off modest Ogasawara Makoto.

Usually she would instantly try to hide her underwear, but because of

lack of composure she just tried to get up with her panties showing.

“Okay? Then I’ll be returning, because the photograph is intended to be submitted tomorrow, so I have no more spare time.

I want to look a little more, but it mustn’t be realized that I’m interested in her. So I then began to walk toward the door as I throw a blunt glance.

Truly splendid. The appearance is neat and sweet, I lose strength because the underwear is so flashy. As I thought, Ogasawara Makoto is the best prey due to both her appearance and her personality.

“W-wait! Please wait! Please! Listen to me!

A sorrowful cry was heard from behind. I ignored it and made my defiance.

Well, I gave her the information that I’d hand over the photos tomorrow, because of that my time for negotiation with her is not long.

「There won’t be any room to persuade me again tomorrow」, is what it’s like.

“Wait! I’m begging! Please wait!”

You have no choice but to run after me, truly favorable.

———

I arrive at the apartment and go to the upper floor with the elevator.

Ogasawara Makoto eventually came to the front of my apartment and was about to enter the apartment to follow me, but seem to give up entering by me saying I'll report to the place if she follows further.

This gamble has too many elements to play, So if it fails I'll be done for. But if it goes well, she will gradually fall into hell like a butterfly seized within a cobweb.

A chill runs up my back with just the thought. It's truly pleasant.

The elevator arrives at the seventh floor where my room is. I go towards my door and unlock it with my keycard.

Despite it being a leased apartment, the room isn't too large. It only has a kitchen, restroom, bathtub and a balcony.

I always have high grades, but that's only possible in my current high-school, in the high-school my brother went to it would be impossible.

My parents that mind the eyes of the public, decided that my results in the high-school that my brother went to would be insufficient, so they abandoned me.

Saying that I got into a higher ranking high-school outside of the

prefecture, I was forcefully taken to an entrance test of a high-school far away from home and was given this apartment.

I'll give as much money as you desire, so never cross the threshold of my home.

When I left the house, that's what my father said to me. My mother and elder brother were kind to me, but when my father abandoned me no one helped me.

It's fine, for everything was my own failure. And blaming my mother and big brother would be to barking up the wrong tree. And because I get to live a life of no needs(10), I should be thanking them rather than blaming.

That's right, I am thanking them.

"If Ogasawara Makoto doesn't take part in my scheme, if everything is revealed.. kuku, what kind of face will my father make?(11)"

I may perish, but If I do, I might as well drag everything to die together with me..

Dropping Ogasawara Makoto into hell, getting myself destroyed, at the end of either line I will be laughing.

———

I take a bath and heat up the boxed lunch i bought at a convenience store in the microwave then and pour into my stomach.

The interior of the room is completely silent, the only sound that can be heard is cloth being rubbing together, and since it's the only sound in the room it feels extremely loud.

I hate annoying noises, so I don't watch TV and I don't use my PC unless I need to.

It's an empty room with only minimum essential, there is no feeling of life at all.

It doesn't need a bed, it will be fine if there is a cloth.

I don't need a sofa, it will only just become a hindrance.

The only thing necessary is one bookshelf and a desk. In my bookshelf, reference books are crammed while my used notebooks are up on my desks in a huge pile.

I wanted to be praised by my parents like my older brother, so I spent all my time studying since childhood. However, such a day didn't come after all.

Why is it that I bought and installed something unnecessary for my living room. It originally should be the place I hate, but it's the place that calms me.

I wonder if it's because when I'm over there I can feel the indulgence of being king.

Maybe it's because I wasn't given it from my parents, but obtained it myself, don't you think?

I finish my meal and headed to the porch.

I arrived at the porch and open the curtain, looking down at the lower floor.

The time is past six o'clock, soon it will be sunset.

In the intense crimson dyes into the dusk world, I find one high school girl.

Well I can't see well in the dusk, but it's certainly Ogasawara Makoto. She's waiting at the entrance of my apartment, probably expecting me to leave my room.

「Tomorrow morning I won't have any time to persuade me」, I am certain that that's what she thought.

Everything is going smoothly. No, I'm afraid that everything is going as expected.

I forced nothing on her, she decided and acted on everything by herself.

The time is 11:00 p.m., I'll be leaving soon.

When I changed into plain clothes and left the room, I got onto the elevator and went to the lower floor.

By the way, is she still there? A high school girl in front of an apartment all this time, it would be grave in many ways. She might have a curfew, if she's not careful a patrolling police officer might take her away.

The probability isn't that high, but even so I don't particularly mind. But if she's here, then I'll enter phase 3.

The elevator arrives at the first floor and the door opens.

When I pass through the hall and go outside, the chilly night air stroke my cheeks.

"E-excuse me…."

I turn around towards the voice and see a girl appeared from the shadows between the apartment's front door and the shrubbery at the front. (12)

Did you hide so you couldn't be discovered? That's an unexpected calm decision, but it's also convenient. If she calmed down and waited here means that she isn't going to back down, and is going to try and persuade me with all that she can。

“You’re persistent. To be at such a place at such a time, whatever happens to you doesn’t concern me.”

I say to her coldly and then walk away from her sight.

I went out because I had something to do, definitely not because I was going to talk to her. I must make her think that.

“W-where are you going?”

From behind I heard a voice call out to me and footsteps that quicken their pace. I’m uninterested in matching her pace, so she naturally had to quicken her pace to a speed walk to catch up to me.

While slowly walking I have a chance in changing her way of thought

“Wherever I go, it has no relation with you.”

I answered while quickening my pace without looking behind. The sound of footsteps from behind me can be heard hastening together with me.

I arrive and enter at the convenience store, buying two cans of juice. Meanwhile, Ogasawara Makoto runs after me at a distance.

I looked back and headed out of the convenience store, throwing a can of juice.

In a surprised state, she flustered to catch the canned juice. But with her poor movements she misses and it hits her voluptuous chest, holding and stopping it in place.

Her childlike face and indecent breasts, furthermore the way her enchanting long raven black hair flows. She's indeed the ideal female to stir up animal passion. (13)

"I'll walk you home."

I throw a heavy sigh and mutter so.

"Eh?"

Ogasawara Makoto, who looks puzzled, must've not understood what I suddenly said.

"I'm going to school. Wasn't it because of you I didn't lock to warehouse? As I thought I'm worried, I'll walk you home on the way."

Ogasawara Makoto who heard what I said with a dumbfounded appearance gradually became a smile.

"Th-then, can you stop the submission of the photo? I would be thankful ver—"

"This and that are a different story, I'll be submitting the photographs."

By my words, the smile then began to dissipate instantly.

"That would be a problem if something were to happen to you, Even though it isn't my fault, I won't sleep easy you know? That's why I said I'll walk you home."

She scratched her head as she was releasing a sigh, and shook her head. She definitely suspects me now.

"You don't need to worry, because I told a person at my home that I'm staying a friend's house today. I won't give up until you give up submitting the picture."

As if she was a totally finished person, she didn't hesitate to declare so, with her will power in her eyes I don't think she'll be leaving anytime soon.

This gave me a good feeling. Surely Sasaki won't consider on that fact that I'm bending her at will.

If you turn your back on a sand castle, the wind will blow causing it to easily crumble.

"Suit yourself."

While chuckling in my mind, I walk out coldly.

“I don’t need your permission!”

I heard a voice and the sound of double quick footsteps. It seems like she jumped into my spiderweb by herself.

———

I arrive at the high school and go around the back. The front gate has a iron fence, so you can’t enter in the front.

In the back there is a woods, which the forest work as an obstruction to outside trespassers.

Although it seems like there is a path there really isn’t, but because this forest is used as a shortcut for students, there is a sort of animal trail, however it’s very difficult to find in the dark.

Unlike me who walked so many times within the jungles darkness, it isn’t similar to Ogasawara Makoto.

“Kya!”

Sure enough, she trips on the tree root and falls down. Ignoring that, I continued to advance ahead.

If she gets lost, the surrounding forest is a housing area, there isn’t any a waiting danger. If she keeps walking, she’ll be able to quickly find the schoolhouse.

Even if she keeps wandering in the woods and later gives up chasing after me, because there is no danger there is no problem.

I get through the forest and arrive at the warehouse, I opened the door and enter inside. I wait for Ogasawara to arrive afterwards. If she doesn't come I can just spend the night here. Anyhow, because this room is better than my apartment in every aspect, I can live in it just as.

I did so for approximately 20 minutes, then the door opened. This is indeed a surprise, I unintentionally looked at the door twice.

When 15 minutes passed, I thought she gave up and returned, but she she wander this far in the forest?"

Her miserably figure entered the warehouse.

Dead twigs and dead leafs entwined in her raven black hair along with her soiled dirt face. Her uniform was similar, the black blouse and shirt was stained with dirt and other earthlike colors everywhere.

And her palms and knees were scraped and red from when she fell down, however there doesn't seem to be any flow of blood.

But, no matter how you look at it she took too much time. Is Ogasawara Makoto a person with absolute no sense of direction?

"Haaa, weren't you going to lock up?"

She seems quite exhausted with her heavy pathing.

“B-by any chance you waited until I came?”

And she seems to selfishly interoperate something for her own convenience, however it’s true that I was waiting for her to come.

“There’s no way I did that, this is only my space that I spent time completing. This place, it calms me down. So when I came here, I took a break.” (14)

With an expression of「I gave up on you」towards her, I started to explain.

“Let’s leave it at that.”

She is under the impression that I waited for her, as she apathetically walks to the sofa that I was on and without asking for permission sat down next to me.

The distance is strangely close, it seems like I need to be cautious. Anyways, I need to make sure not to see Ogasawara Makoto as a woman, I also have to avoid wanting to embrace her.

Her on the other hand, the present abnormal situation and circumstance, and with her chasing after me, it may be that sort of feeling of intimacy.

The can juice which I gave her at the convenience store, the remark I said for her to go home, and waiting till she arrive.

It's indeed not that of an impressive act of kindness. When I think about it it's a cold hearted act, leaving her in the dark forest.

The phenomenon where the other party's feelings for the kidnapper becomes affectionate. If I'm not mistaken, isn't it Stockholm syndrome? Perhaps it's a state to similar to that.

"Will you listen to my opinion?"

As she began to question, she sits next to me as she snuggles into my body, looking at my face as I stared back at her.

I gave a heavy sigh as I stared lazily back at her

"I don't mind hearing your opinion, but you need to answer my question."

Her eyes brightened, her posture that was bent forward straightened proudly by my words. She greatly nodded.

"Please ask me anything!"

Although I didn't need to hear her input, she looks awfully glad.

As Ogasawara Makoto, it’s a problem for her since it has nothing to do with me. Therefore assuming that I do listen to your story, only talking about won’t possibly settle this.

And if things do go well, I’ll be able to get on good terms with and make her feelings grow for me, so there won’t seem like I have a hidden reason to prevent my actions.

On the other hand it isn’t bad, I would surely be able to scheme various plans while she waits outside the apartment.

When she has one time sex with men partners, the situation is already in a checkmate. If it goes to that extent then, I”ll take advantage of that and threaten them with rape, it’s possible to threaten cooperation.

As far as I can see it hasn’t come to that, she might still be surprisingly confused, or otherwise airhead

Either way, I don’t intend to have her be raped, it would worry me endlessly.

Having her raped would be meaningless, she probably won’t fall into hell that way. On the contrary, she might just break.

What I want to see isn’t something cheap like that. The state of slowly and gradually falling to hell, to fully discard her human dignity, and just become a meat toilet. (13)

“The question is a simple one, you may also ask a question. Ogasawara, why do you protect Sasaki? Isn’t Sasaki enjoying himself with another woman besides you? I can’t understand why you protect him.”

Ogasawara Makoto’s expression high spirits became clouded instantly when she heard my question. She dropped her shoulders and looked down.

“T-that……”

Her low voice trembles as she mumbles.

“I…I, because I’m not Tatsuya’s girlfriend. Because I associate with him doesn’t mean we’re dating. Therefore, whoever Tatsuya hangs out with, I have no right to object…….”

The words she spun in order to convince herself, such a pitiful sound is truly is pleasant.

“Besides,”

She looked up suddenly and changed from being in a depressing state to having a strong look in her eyes while staring into my eyes.

“E-Even in my own group of friends there’s a girl that does it. The photos, um, may not be so wonderful, but, as man, I think he should have a degree of experience.

So, having experience, that is, with sex. I think I would need to agree on that.

“T-therefore, I think it’s strange to blame only Tatsuya. In addition, well, if the person’s partner approves of it, then isn’t there no problem?”

As she says painfully, a frown appears on her face and her gaze bends.

When the partner approves you insert it, but such a trap won’t work on me.

“If you believe there is no problem then isn’t this fine? Even if I submit this photograph, you can stick out your chest and have no trouble.”

After my retort, she was looking down for a while, she raises a dazed groan as she looks at me.

“Tatsuya is my childhood friend and a really gentle person. This is a request, please don’t submit the pictures.”

She bows her head deeply.

Admirable, even if he can’t become hers , she’s happy with just watching from afar? She’s like a protagonist from a shoujo manga.

“Rejected. Even if I heard what you had to say, nothing has merit to me. Question ended. This time I tightly locked, so quickly leave.”

I stand up and which Ogasawara Makoto stood up also when she heard me. And with her large black eyes imbued with a strong will she conveyed without words that she will not back down.

“I’ll do anything, if it’s within my power I’ll do anything. Won’t that be your merit?”

I’ll do anything. Those words have a different meaning than the dialect you would use after school. Even she isn’t a primary school kid. Naturally it would be taken I would do anything for mans needs, which includes sexualy act.

But comprehending the matter and reality are different. I already prepared a plan for this, now is the time to waver her heart. (だが理解する事と現実は違う。覚悟を決めたつもりでも、いざ行為に及べばその意思も揺らぎかねない。)

Then, I’ll make you an escape route. The escape where hell awaits for you at the end.

“You’ll do anything, huh. If that’s so, will you even become a meat toilet? Yes, do you know what a meat toilet is? Briefly speaking, it’s bathroom made out of meat, an existence to spit out a man’s lust. In other words, it’s a thing that becomes a disposal sex tool.”

Her eyebrow twitch but still stared direct at me, without bending her eyes. She doesn’t seem like her will will bend.

“I understand.”

She answered in a tune lower than usual.

If anything her resolution is first rate, she probably can't even imagine what it means to be sexually assaulted by a man. At any rate she was always protected by her gentle childhood friend.

"It's a joke, I just wanted to confirm your resolution."

I shrugged my shoulders while throwing out a sigh, Ogasawara Makoto then opened her eyes wide and dropped her shoulders as if she was relieved.

"What if I say that instead of that, I am interested in massaging you."

To my words, she once again had her eye brow tense up.

"I swear I won't touch you erotically. That is, if I wanted to touch you erotically I'd make you swear to being my meat toilet you know? Will the contract be established with this?

She silently listened to my words and slightly nodded while looking puzzled.

"I want to become a masseur in the future. My dead uncle was a masseur, so I respect it."

Of course my uncle isn't dead yet or respected. After all, my uncle isn't

even a masseur.

“Isn’t part-time jobs prohibited in our high school? I intend to go to a specially school when I graduate, but I wish to get practice before i go. How’s that? I don’t think that’s a bad condition.”

Today must be her first time exchanging a conversation about a man giving her a massage. She would normally decile and be wary.

But after being cornered many times and even told to become a meat toilet, this offer is a very small hurdle don’t you agree?

“I-if you’re satisfied with such a thing, then I’ll be glad to……”

On the contrary, because the hurdle I set was so low she couldn’t understand how to react, she only needs to agree on this situation, so she nodded in approval.

Let me see, concerning her falls into the abyss of despair, or….

Either way, it seems like I will enjoy it.

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(1)(TLN: Big breasts are everything for a woman’s looks.) (ED: I only care for a pretty face, but more importantly good personality) (TLN: No no, this guy is an expert, read the title! He knows what his after!) (ED: I can hear you giggling all the way here) (TLN: Whoops.)

(2)(ED/TLN: Dat ass, takes 30 minutes to translate/find out the meaning in a R-18 WebNovel…..)

(3)(TLN: I can already see where this is going.)

(4)(TLN: Very poetic.)

(5)(ED: Even more poetic)

(6)(ED: At least it wasn't Witch\Bitch\ultra goddess bitch)

(7)(TLN: What his saying here is that he doesn't stay or in the same entrance, which is applied sexually.)

(8)(ED: The line is talking about the pictures)

(9) (TLN: Sadly, the one you're facing right now could.)

(10)(ED: He means that he basically has unlimited funds to do whatever he wants)

(11)(TLN: So he doesn't care if he wins or loses…)

(12)(ED: SHRUBBERY!)

(13)(TLN/ED blooper: Yabai:She's indeed the ideal flammable lust female. LOL WHAT DID I TRANSLATE? Scarlet: flammable lust. damn. Yabai: I'M SHOAKING Scarlet:http://vignette1.wikia.nocookie.net/fma/images/0/03/Royxlust.png/cb=20130426212432 I am the best Yabai: YES OMH)

(14)(ED: *TSUNTSUN* It's not like I waited for you, b-baka!)

(15)(ED: TITLE DROP)

The following day after school I signed a contract with Ogasawara Makoto, I was on the sofa in the usual warehouse with her sitting down next to me.

However, she isn't wearing her uniform, but a swimming suit.

Her black hair was tied behind her so it wouldn't interfere. She was wearing a blue school swimsuit. Since there was no swimming class in high school, it's probably something she wore during her middle school. If that's the case, she probably doesn't have any other swimsuits. Otherwise if she does, she chose this school swimsuit on purpose so it won't expose much of her skin.

The swimsuit doesn't fit her body size, it was eating into her white skin. Thus her voluptuous chest emphasised itself.

The school swimsuit fit the baby faced Ogasawara Makoto nicely, but her voluptuous and sensual figure that is brought forth by its abnormally erotic.

"Well, let's begin."

I said as I stood up, then she stood up also

Isn't she rather embarrassed? She isn't making eye contact with me, and is silent. Her white skin became slightly red as she was blushing.

The bed that I installed was in the corner of the warehouse. In the

apartment I don’t even use a bed but here I put a king sized bed, but even if I say that I put in one it’s nearly pointless because I usually use the sofa and hardly use the bed.

Before she comes here, I already did the preparations.

The vinyl sheet which I laid on the bed makes sure that the lotion doesn’t stain it. But then, because I don’t use the bed I don’t care if it stains, however from now on Ogasawara Makoto will be laying on this bed everyday. It’s there for that reason.

“Then, can you lie on your stomach?”

I arrive at the front of the bed, and ask Ogasawara Makoto who was standing behind me.

She nodded, approaching the bed with a state of fear, and lays onto her stomach while looking sideways at me.

“At first it will be uncomfortable, but it should start feeling good as you get used to it. At least, that’s what was written in the book…..”

I open the book with one hand, as I break my eyes from the book I start talking to her.

“Oh, yes, I understand.”

And with a bewitching smile that no man could resist, she nodded. (1)

“What’s funny?”

I turn my eyes away from the book to her and ask as I pretend to be ignorant.

“Well, you seemed really serious.”

She said with a giggle, I put out my tongue at her. I also became embarrassed so I turned my face away.

“Don’t say anymore. I haven’t told anyone about my dream or aim until now.”

It’s true, but my dream and aim isn’t becoming a masseur. My present goal is to play with the prey before my eyes.

“Fufu, yes, I won’t say anymore.”

Her defensive attitude completely changed, her being cornered that far yesterday seems like a lie. If she can relax that much, she must have removed her wariness of me.

She’s really a stupid woman, and is surprisingly also easy to handle.

“Hya, oh? W-what is this?”

Ogasawara gave a ridicule laugh, but when I dripped high class lotion for sexual intercourse onto her buttock, she then raised her face in surprise at the sensation and tilted her head at me.

“Listen when someone talks to you, I told you it’s probably going to feel uncomfortable at first, no? I’m using aroma oil for the massage.”

“A-ah, I understand.”

She felt relieved when hearing aroma oil and returned to her original position.

This isn’t cheap aroma oil. As I said it’s high quality, it excels in viscosity and lubrication, and it is supposed to feel extremely pleasant.

I also tried it several times, and the feeling surely is outstanding.(2)

But since this is more expensive than high quality aroma oil many times over, I’ll let Ogasawara Makoto thoroughly enjoy it.

“Well, excuse me.”

When I throughly bowed my head businesslike, she nodded.(3)

“Y-yes, please treat me well.”

The tone was a little tense, but she willingly accepted. I confirmed it

and stretched out both of my hands towards her.

“Nn”

When both hands touched the thigh, she raised her voice subtly, twisting and twitching her body.

While confirming the reaction, I gently press both hands on the left and right thighs, letting it go down slowly.

I go toward the top while practicing finger pressure treatment with my thumb, reaching the joint of the thigh, so I change course to the bottom and let my hand slide.

I pass through the thigh and calf, and when reaching the ankle, I changed course back onto the top again and aimed at the joint of the thigh.

Thanks to the the lotion I used, my hand wasn’t caught when I rubbed her white skin.

It’s a wonderful feeling, the thighs are plump with a firm softness.

‘I want to hurry and entangle myself with her sexy body’, I need to suppress such impulses.

“How’s that?”

I ask her with a serious expression.

“Y-yes, tha…..it’s a little ticklish”

As she quietly muttered those words her ears were dyed in red.

The massage feels so good she doesn’t have time to think about her situation, let alone feel embarrassed. Well, she isn’t showing any resistance, so for the first time this is going quite well.

I thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of those thighs for a while and then went to her back from there. But I won’t touch her ass, she must still have some reservations for having her ass touched by a man.

Now to make sure she doesn’t become cautious I need to make her believe that I am actually practicing massaging. The areas that the women keep on guard, I must never touch the ass and breasts, and with that I will make her think that I am a gentleman.

Back, arm and then on to massaging the neck, finally I massage the palm and sole of the foot.

The massage felt so good that she fell asleep, exposing her innocent sleeping face.

On the first day, it seems possible to progress the plan earlier than expected.

“Hey, get up, a test subject shouldn’t sleep. You still need to tell me your impressions.”

“Huh?”

Shaking her shoulders, I call out to her. While giving a stupid voice she looked up, surveying the vicinity half asleep, then looked at me.

“I’m sworry. That fwelt soo good thwat I fwell awsleep. “

She lowered the ends of her eyebrows apologetically, her words were a slur as she apologizes to me.

“I’m not playing around, do you understand your own position? If you’re in it just for the heck of it we should just stop, this can’t be considered practice at all.”

Her silence while being massaged and the fact that she fell asleep only shows that the massage was that good, that’s why she wasn’t completely wrong, however I still blamed her in exaggeration on purpose.

There’s two reasons. One, to remind her she is doing this as a compensation to keep Sasaki’s secret, she’s not getting massaged for fun.

Another, to make her understand that I take massaging seriously, I need to ingrain it into her.

“I-I’m sorry, I’ll be more careful next time, so I truly am sorry.”

After being told by me she completely woke up and sat straight in place, lowering her head and apologizing several times.(4)

All while having her voluptuous and erotic body covered with the slimy lotion.

“Forget it, there is a shower stall here, you should use it. However, only cold water comes out.”

“T-thank you. A-Also, I’m really sorry.”

I wipe both hands with a towel then fling it over my shoulder. Ogasawara bowed one last time and got off the bed.

“E-excuse me…..”

As I began to walk towards the sofa, her voice muttered weakly from behind me.

When I look back, she still has her brows furrowed with an apologetic face while squirming her thighs together and crossing both her hands in front of her chest.

“The shower room, where is it?”

And I was thrown with a natural question.

She doesn't know the internal conditions of the warehouse in detail, there is no way she knows where the shower room is placed. But I blow out a heavy sigh in an annoyed fashion, glaring at her with a bent face like I was displeased.

"You're a person in need of lots of care."

"I-i'm sorry…."

It's too much of a disrespectful attitude. I solved the wariness against the massage, but the relationship needs to make sure I am superior. With Ogasawara Makoto's entire body covered in lotion, by all means she wants a place where she can shower. In that case I need to make sure she understands she's inferior to me.

The reason is because it will become troublesome in the future when she gets carried away and rash. The beginning is most important.

"Follow me."

"Y-yes, thank you for the help."

As I began to walk towards the door entrance of the warehouse she began to walk as well.

The sun went down long ago, the massage took 2 hours so obviously the area was already dark.

Even if I say it’s dark, there’s still light coming from the school yard. And from the fact that the light from the residential area slightly lights up the sky, it wasn’t so dark that it was not possible to walk.

I went out of the warehouse to the back of it, while Ogasawara Makoto cautiously checked the surrounding, following me while covering her chest with both hands empty handed.

Confused after being scolded by me, furthermore with the present situation of wearing a school swimsuit outside, it seems she completely forgot a change of clothes. I didn’t think being this stupid was possible.

The shower room is in the back of the warehouse, but even if I say shower room it’s more like a temporary convenience.

The water supply is installed within the ground at the back of the warehouse and from it there’s a hose.

The hose is connected in the middle and it has a handle installed on it, It also has a shower head on the tip of the hose, it really is only a temporary shower.

And the problem with the shower room is that mold formed in the wood, which is just covered in cloudy transparent vinyl. If I seriously wanted to make a shower room I could have made it properly from good materials. But there’s no need to, since this was made for Ogasawara Makoto.

“H-here, is it?

She was staring at the shower room vacantly, clearly surprised at its appearance.

The transparent vinyl which I used for the walls may be transparent, but it is still cloudy enough that you can’t see inside properly. If someone is inside you can confirm it. since on the surface of it you can see a silhouette in flesh color.

“You’re being rude, I didn’t make this for your sake, I made it this to bathe in the hot summertime. Don’t use it if you don’t want to, so annoying.”

I pretend to be still upset because she went to sleep, by raising my voice in order to appear irritated and go to take my leave immediately.

I don’t care if she takes the shower or not. But, if she takes the shower I’ll just have one more thing to enjoy, that’s all.

“W-Wait!”

I started walking towards the entrance of the warehouse but heard a flustered voice from behind.

“I-I didn’t mean to make you seem like a fool! But, I mean, I was just a little surprised……”

Yeah, obviously you would be surprised. If I heard that there was a shower room and I came to find this crude substitute which is covered in transparent but somewhat cloudy vinyl, I would be too. Plus it's outside, if a woman took a shower in such a place it would appear as though she's a pervert with a fetish for exhibitionism.

"E-excuse me…..do people come over here?"

And this is how Ogasawara Makoto became a perverted exhibiotionist.

Although even if her whole body is in slippery lotion, it isn't a decent place to take a shower. But she is now stunned by the anger I showed in reaction to her, and probably lost her calm judgement. Besides, by using the shower room she might brighten my mood.

In any case, I can only say that she is a fool.

"I don't know. However people rarely come by, even you yesterday, you passed through the forest over there? There is always someone who uses a shortcut, so I can't say no one will come for certain. However……"

I turn back towards her and declared so when looking at her.

"If someone would use this shortcut it would be in the morning. Even for someone with too much time on his hands, he probably wouldn't bother to go through such an unpopular place. But since I haven't checked I can't be certain."

As I began to walk I said something over my shoulder.

“Besides, in this amount of darkness I think people couldn’t tell there’s a person in the shower.”

The last push, after that it will be left to her judgment.

I sat down on the sofa within the warehouse and 20 minutes have passed.

Ogasawara Makoto definitely took a shower, this is evident because she left baggage in the warehouse. She would return home with her baggage even without taking a shower.

But 20 minutes is too slow. Even if it’s a shower, it only has cold water, it would be impossible to take a bath for that long.

What a hilarious person, seeing as she didn’t return she probably realized by now that she didn’t take a towel to dry herself or clothes to change into, or something like that.

However if that’s the case she would come to take her change of clothes, perhaps she have fallen into a panic.

Her falling asleep during the massage angered me and angered me again by making me look like a fool with my homemade shower, and furthermore forgetting her change of clothes, I can’t image how much anger she must think that I feel.

“Really, she’s being such a burden.“(「ほんと、カモがネギを背負ってるようなヤツだな」)

I won’t deny her sweetness and elegance, and I acknowledge her wholeheartedness. But it comes with the bonus of her foolishness and idiocy.

I stood up from the sofa and left the warehouse with a bath towel I prepared beforehand.

When I arrive at the front of the shower room, the sound of water splashing echoed. There’s no water outside of the shower, that means the person inside it hasn’t come out yet.

When I listen carefully, I hear muffled but heavy breathing. Are you afraid after sensing a person?

“Ogasawara?”

I called her name pretending to not know whether she’s there or not, and in response I got the sound of a surprised gasp coming from her.

“W-what a relief, it was Kijima-kun (5). I thought it was someone I didn’t know and got scared…..”

Her weak voice trembled but yet she seemed to be relieved from the bottom of her heart, in addition I hear dim sounds of the water vibrating, perhaps she’s shaking. It’s either from being frightened or simply because of the cold water.

The season is October, it's already quite cold. Moreover it suddenly became colder because the day fell. She was obviously freezing as she was bathing herself in icy water in this weather.

"Hey you, if I don't prepare it myself you can't do anything on your own? I practice messaging on you, you aren't a visitor. If you become to much of a handful, I will cancel this agreement."

While declaring coldly, I put my hand through the gap of the vinyl sheet offering her a bath towel.

"I-I'm truly sorry, I have no other word to respond with. By tomorrow, that is, I'll definitely think over it myself."

"I don't want to hear your excuses. If you say you'll change your attitude, then show it in your behaviour."

"Yes….. I'm very sorry."

She takes the bath towel that I handed to her and answered me in a nasal voice, is it because she's about to cry or because she's cold?

"Thank you, the towel, it's warm….."

And she apologised, she's simple minded and dumb beyond belief. The more you blame her she will blame herself even harder, it's like she has a masochistic habit.

After a while, she wraps a bath towel around her body and comes out from the gap of vinyl.

Because she isn't holding her swimsuit in hand, I guess she's wearing the swimsuit. Of course, she isn't that much of a fool to be naked in this location. (6)

"You may return once you finish changing. See you tomorrow, I look forward to working with you."

I declare as I turn my back to her and begin walking. Just before I turned around to walk away I saw a happy smile float on her face, and without thinking a sneer crept to my face.

"T-thank you! I will seriously do my best tomorrow!"

She was kept being scolded by me so she was depressed, she probably thought that I forgave her so she became happy.

To make her fall into sin in an amusing way, that's my goal. At this rate I'll reach the final stage within a month.

———

One week has passed since then. Ogasawara Makoto displayed her words in her behavior and diligently went to the warehouse every day. Hher behaviour from before is clearly different.

“Hello!”

Opening the door of the warehouse, Ogasawara Makoto said hello and entered with a lively smile and began taking off her uniform without my instructions. She already wore her swimsuit under her uniform, but taking off a uniform in front of a man with no concern, it’s evidence she’s getting extremely used to this.

I massage her with nothing but earnest, I completely ingrained this into Ogasawara Makoto, so her feelings of wariness have completely disappeared. Furthermore she enjoys being massaged, so she throws herself onto the bed on her own accord.

“These days, I’ve been told my skin shines. Previously I had trouble with my stiff shoulders as well but now the feeling lessened, even more so, my entire body feels lighter”

And she says such a thing.

If Sasaki knew Ogasawara’s present state, what kind of expression he would make? Your partner who you had wholehearted feelings for since childhood is now having her soft fair skin being toyed with by an unknown man. Just thinking about it wells unbearable laughter.

She has on the form fit blue school swimsuit that she usually wears, plops herself down on her stomach in the bed where vinyl is spread and waits for my massage to begin.

I stood up from the sofa and took the high class lotion that I always use, then went towards the bed.

“Ogasawara, will you lie on your back today?”

“Huh?”

I ask her as I stand next to the bed, she then raised her face showing a somewhat wary expression and behavior.

Facing upwards, I sense she’s showing a different form of shyness and being disturbed unlike when she was scared. Although she’s wearing a swimsuit, I can see between her crotch and chest. Furthermore, if she thinks this is where I’ll massage, naturally it’s something she’ll be wary of.

But here I can say it without reserve, because If I show reserve here I’ll never enter the next stage. And so I declared this without reserve in a businesslike tone.

“I want to begin massing the lymphatic gland and mammary gland today. Lymphatic massage improves the blood circulation throughout the body and works general stiffness. And then the mammary gland to improve the production of breast milk, this seems to be popular with woman immediately after or before childbirth.”(7)

When I spoke in a serene tone, her expression was clouded even more.

“Even so, the lymphatic gland and mammary gland are erogenous zones. A lot of female sex hormones are produced when the erogenous

zone is stimulated, it also seems to have an effect for beauty as well. Don't they say a woman who is in love is beautiful? That's because female hormones are secreted aplenty when she is in love."

I hold a book in one hand while looking down on a open page, and talk as though I read the sentence that's written out loud. Actually that sort of thing is not written, all the words are something that I made up.

"B-but…."

As one would expect she doesn't accept, as it is she'll try to move onto her stomach.

The words that I said slightly engulf her, in the end massaging her breasts is not possible, and to stimulate the root of her thigh near the genitals, is what I told her. She may not easily approve it.(ED: Fuck this line, fuck it into all eternity 俺が言った言葉は、ほんのりとオブラートに包んでいるが、結局は乳房を揉みしだき、太ももの付け根にして女性器のそばを刺激する、と言っているのだ。そう簡単に了承などできないだろう。)

"That, I know what you're thinking about. But, if you're going to think about indecent things, I said it many times in the beginning. I'm doing this seriously, I'm not that indecent guy you think inside your head."

"Agh."

She raised a groan as I poke a sore spot, closing her eyes and squinting, she seems to be troubled.

I was able to properly catch it.

When she first came she expected me to actualize the word when I first said I'd make her into a meat toilet.

An existence that exists only to handle the sexual desires of men, I told her to become one such thing, but I laughed it off as a joke afterwards.

Ogasawara Makoto had certainly prepared herself mentally for such a thing, but now she had her resolve coming apart. And then began the serious massage practice, which won her trust in me.

In other words, if I say I won't do indecent things, she will think I will never do it. Moreover, even if the act is just a little indecent, no matter how indecent it is I will deny it, and she'll probably accept it.

"I-I understand. Please treat me well."

She says as she slowly reverses her body with the right hand on the chest, and while putting her left hand between her crotch she turned over on her back.

This is magnificent. Because she's covering a important place with a flushed face, it looks even more obscene.

"Looking at this is probably embarrassing for you, I'll put a towel over your eyes."

“Y-yes, that would help….”

I pour piping hot water into a water bottle which was brought in a bucket, soaked it into the hand towel, then took it out and squeezed it. This hot towel feels exquisitely relaxing.

“Haa, it feels good…..”

When I gently put a towel to her eyes she closed them, leaking out a sweet sigh and muttered in a low voice.

Other than the additional effect of her feeling relaxed, it also has the effect to of stopping her embarrassment by blocking her field of vision.

Moreover she can freely move her limbs, so If she ever decides to resist she can do so at any time, that thought creates a breach in her mind. I can take advantage of said breach.

“You can hide it with your hand at the beginning, I understand the shame you feel. But I would like you to get accustomed to stop hiding it.”

“T-thank you, for keeping me in mind…..”

I intended to put off the breasts from the beginning. Originally I would start with the lymph node of the root of the thigh, but I intend to focus on carrying out the massage on the lymph nodes in the armpit.

“Then lets begin.”

“Y-yes—AHH!”

I drip a large quantity of the high quality lotion that I was holding onto her lymph nodes, which made her raise a surprised voice, but her behavior doesn’t show she’ll run away.

While observing her state I stretched out both my hands and put them on the surface of the right and left thighs gently.

“Nnn”

With a twitch her knee began trembling and she tightened her thighs against each other. It’s a very innocent reaction. Because she recently have gotten quite used to massaging, it’s been awhile since I saw such a shy reaction.

While putting finger pressure with my thumb on the surface of her white thigh, I let my palm slide slowly.

At first I won’t go to the root of the thigh until the very last minute, so I’ll go towards the bottom and change course just before I reach the crotch. Then pass through the lower leg from the thigh, and change course when I arrive at the ankle, then go to the top.

“A li-little…..it’s tickle….ish”

I rub together the thighs that are close together, making her body

slightly twist and mutter in a small voice that shook while enduring a small laugh. It didn't seem like she felt any unpleasant feelings, it's the result of all the trust I've built up with her until now.

Ignoring her, I continue to earnestly and diligently massage. Gradually changing the movement of my hand while at the last minute slide the thumb in near her crotch.

I continued this for an hour, completely removing the stiffness from her body.

"Ah……Nn……"

She is covered in lotion, with her red colored skin, and I realize sweat begins to pour out.

"Wa……Ah……"

She raised a faint coquettish voice together with a sigh, her cheeks die red with her rough breathing.

The hand that is covering her chest and groin fell onto the bed.

I slide both my hands onto the surface of the thigh, and focus on massaging the lymph nodes at the base of the thigh.

Riding my palm on the thigh, I massage the root with my thumb while using finger pressure. Because the lymph nodes is between both sides of

the crotch, naturally I put my thumb on the entrance. And then unnoticeable, my thumb invaids inside the swimsuit which covers the groin.

I feel something slightly tangled in front of my thumb, it seems like pubic hair. I immediately put finger pressure on the side of her female genitals and massage it. However I absolutely must not go any further. While maintaining the line of nearly touching her genitals, I devote myself to this last massage.

“Sorry, for today lets cancel the mammary gland massage. I can’t go on with my stamina.”

I separate both hands from the crotch, while wiping the lotion off both of them with a towel, I spoke to Ogasawara Makoto.

Since I started the massage three hours have already passed, and because I didn’t use too much strength, I can in fact afford to do some more. But if I pretend to be considerate to her, I can appeal to her and wear down her mind.

“I-is that so. Thank you.”

Raising her right hand, she took the towel which hung over her eyes, raising her breaths and blushing, and said in a voice that seemed a little disappointed. It seems like it felt really good.

If it’s like this, then after the armpit and lymph nodes massage I can include breasts into it.

I am close, the final stage can begin soon. Furthermore it came faster than expected.

I take out a big bucket I prepared beforehand and put five water bottles in it, and after I confirmed she got out from the bed and is glancing sideways, I stood up with the bucket in hand.

“What, is it?”

Ogasawara who dropped down on the ground barefoot, approached me with curious look.

“Does it matter what is it? Come on, hurry and go take a shower.”

“Eh? Are we going together today?”

She raised her voice with curiosity still, while following me who began to walk.

When I leave the warehouse, I walk around the warehouse on the dark road and put the bucket beside the shower room.

“Hot water is in the water bottles, you should use them after you bathe, and I also left you a hand towel and a bath towel.”

I said as I look back and then began to quickly walk away, in order to seem embarrassed.

“Hot water….t-thank you!”

The tone I heard from behind included a clear joy and bounce.

This sort of trivial kindness slowly eroded her mind. That is one purpose of it, but it also has another, greater, purpose. It’s in order to suppress a sense of shame for exposure.

Ogasawara Makoto takes a shower with her swimsuit on. In which case the lotion that I put in the gap into the swimsuit is almost impossible to completely wash away.

The luke warm water in the bucket that I put the towel in, ‘If possible I’d like to wash my whole body with it’. If she thinks that it would be the best.

Although we’re surrounded by the dark and the inside of the shower room is enclosed by half-transparent vinyl, if she does the act of taking off her swimsuit and becomes naked, no matter how you look at it it is a weird thing to do.

One can get used to scary things. She was previously against me touching her, but now she grew accustomed to my touch, and even more so, I was allowed to put my thumb inside her swimsuit and near the crotch, she didn’t voice a single complaint against that.

‘Because it’s for the lymph gland massage’, she was completely convinced this was seriously training for a massage beside the female genitals.

Although, when there is no hot water she may not go naked. But while continuing this, the possibility becomes higher everyday. I'll wait for it.

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(1)(ED: rewrote it, I can't for the life of me understand what the fuck was said here)

(2)(TLN:For scientific purposes, of course. ED: readers have such a dirty mind, he OBVIOUSLY used it to massage himself!…. IYKWIM)

(3)(TLN: In japan, before you do anything from apologizing to giving a massage, they bow their heads. Think of it as a term of respect for the customer or for the person they're acting towards.)

(4) (TLN:Dude…how stupid can this chick get? Playing this much into his hands.)

(5)(TLN:HE HAS A NAME?! ED: MC (family)NAME GET!)

(6)(TLN: The MC just tsuked my comment.)

(7)(TLN:Free massage lessons courtesy by our MC.)

Ogasawara Makoto, who is faced up on the bed with a wet towel covering her eyes, is relaxed with flush cheeks.

For an adolescent high school girl, even if she wears a swimsuit she ought to have considerable resistance to expose both her breasts and crotch. So like yesterday, it may be said it's a normal reaction to cover it with her hand.

But both hands are beside her body, the behavior to hide her chest and crotch like a few days ago isn't showing.

It's evident how we're getting remarkably closer as days go by. After all, I feel that her confidence and trust in me have grown stronger.

In addition to the serious massage practice, it seems that the warm water in the shower yesterday increased her trust to the point where she has complete confidence in me.

But today will be the day I will rub her breasts. It's very likely this will sprout wariness again, so I cannot relax.

"Then, let's begin. Today I'm going into the lymph node under the armpit, can you please put both hands over your head?"

In her behavior, she showed a moment of hesitation to my words. The act to expose her armpits for a young lady of marriageable age, it seems like it will be the place they would like the avoid if possible. She may not remember to be embarrassed about her breasts and crotch, but no doubt it's one of the embarrassing parts. (1)

Nevertheless, she lifted both hands obediently and follows my instructions by putting both hands crossed over her head. Due to that, her smooth white armpit was exposed and two ripe bulges were lifted up. Due to her swimsuit stretching it lifted her cleavage, making it clearly visible up to the base of her throat.(2)

It isn't possible to confirm a clear size type when you're wearing a uniform, but I know to a degree she has big tits. And now with a swimsuit that doesn't fit her body size, she must be having great pain with her big breasts crammed in so tightly.

Actually, if you look at her breasts being pushed up to her neck you can get a better picture, for they seems to be bigger than I originally guessed.

Her smooth white armpits are revealed. Even though I'm handling them carefully, I cannot tell whether or not she has naturally thin body hair or if she shaves, but if she does there is no evidence. Without thinking I swallow my saliva, desperately holding down my welled up desires.

I squeeze the high quality lotion that I held in my hand onto her stomach, and then put both hands and oil her up.

"Hyii?!"

I let my palm fully soak in the lotion. I then slid my palm from the top of the ribcage, which made her beautiful body bounced and the corner of her lips shake. Apparently it's quite ticklish.

I let my palm slide from the ribcage to the armpit as it then passes beside her plump breast. I then remember the strange soft touch it had and before I knew it, my hand was touching her breast.

“Uhe, ahhh, hehe, i-it tickles, ukukuku!”

I got impatient for a moment, but the person herself doesn’t seem to mind being touch there. When I went from the ribcage to the armpit she seemed to try to endure a tickle as she twisted and raised her laugher.

Ignoring her, I continue to massage diligently.

I moved from the armpit to the back of the upper arm, and loopback to the elbow. But every time her body springs up and her laughter increases, but I continued to ignore it.

One hour passes from when the massage started, and her state began to show change.

Although she still makes occasional springs with her body, the laughter is not occurring anymore and is replaced with rough breathing. Her ears and cheeks are dyed bright red, along with the rest of her body that began to pour out sweat. The tradition ticklish feeling turned into pleasure.

Her ticklishness is proof of her sensitivity. By repeating the stimulation carefully and getting accustom to the ticklishness, it began to turn into pleasure.

When I verify it, I separate both hands at once, and squeeze out a large quantity of lotion onto her plump chest.

I'm going to start touching her breasts, but I don't intend to say anything. I already told her that I'll be rubbing her breasts beforehand and got the approval, so there is no problem even if I touch it.

Besides, after gaining her expressed approval I don't need to pay any attention to her discomfort. In this thorough massage I need to be silent to make her aware I'm not going to do the same for her other parts, that way she should be able to feel relieved.

I once again attach my hands on both of her sides and gradually went to the side of the breast, then came back to the armpit before reaching the top.

Ogasawara Makoto who felt the touch on her breast, tightened her lips for a moment but then relaxed almost immediately. Although nothing has been said she remained calm.

It's just as I expected, she isn't going to resist. I then continued to massage her in a professional fashion.

This is a crucial moment. If for a moment she considers this obscene, my building blocks called 'trust' that I have been slowly acquiring up to now, have a risk of collapsing all at once

I put my heart and soul into this final message, it's very important that

she considers this enjoyable. Besides, I won't stick to just the breast or her side armpit and back upper arm, in order to give a good massage, it must flow. The breasts are the last passing point, this leaves her the impression that's it's essential for the massage.

Three hours have passed since the massage first began, which means the time to end is approaching.

As one would expect I'm worn out. Although strange enthusiasm enters my body from the tension, my entire body is relaxed while my mental strain is reduced.

"Nng, haa, ahhg, ah, ahhh"

She has no way of knowing what is inside my mind, so I continue to make her raise a sweet and shameful voice. Her favorites are the back of the armpit, the upper arm, the side of breast, below her collarbone, as well as the bottom of her beasts. In short, almost everything seems to be pleasant to her.

The figure of a man who is embracing and rubbing your breasts as you pant, it can no longer be called innocent and clean. She is just a woman drowning in pleasure.

"Ah, I'm sorry to stop while you're feeling good, but I'm also tired so lets end for today."

After saying that I separate both hands from her breasts and turn my head, I genuinely am tired. But it was worth it to be careful, because I got

through the hurdle of massaging the breasts which I thought would be difficult to do.

*Ha,haa…..it felt good.”

She seems like she won’t be moving for awhile, as her sweet voice indicates she may begin to melt at any moment. Soaking myself in the pleasant feeling of her lingering pleasure and somehow or other it seems like strength enters my body.

_____

One week passed since then, and Ogasawara Makoto now offers me her entire body.

With her present state there doesn’t seem to be any problem entering the final stage, I spent one week of massaging her whole body for this purpose.

Without showing any resistance against doing such acts, but instead silently letting me do what I want with her, Ogasawara Makoto’s shyness becomes less and less as the days go by, and she would raise moaning sounds without any modesty and gave herself in to the pleasure.

Then when she lays on her back, I pass through the collarbone from the neck to massage the breast in a diligent circle, then I go by the thigh towards her stomach. From there I pass through to the leg and then arrive at the lymph node between her crotch.

Then I place my thumb in between the opening that covering her crotch and began to finger massage beside her pussy.

She isn't showing resistance against these acts, in fact she says nothing. It seems like her shyness is fading each day, instead she tried to constrict her raising moans as the pleasure increased.

"I think today I will begin a constipation reducing massage."

When it's the right time, I spoke such words with a innocent look.

"Eh? C-constip….huh?!

As one would expect, Ogasawara Makoto, who is on the lying on the bed upon her stomach while waiting for her massage, raised her head and looked at me in shock.

"Women are especially prone to constipation, so the constipation reducing massage seems to be popular. Although it's necessary to go through training in order to learn, it also seems people who did receive the training are few in numbers."

I say it to her while holding a book in one hand, but when she looks at me she diverts her eyes quickly and blushes.

"It's strange. There are many people who will pay a guy to receive it, and yet I have a hard time finding a practice partner. Oh well, I don't need to fuss about that yet."

She hears my words in silence, neither refusing or approving.

My massages she received so far must be really luxurious. Her physical condition became better, her skin shines, and the moisture in her hair has also increased since before.

From the start Ogasawara Makoto was famous for just being a beautiful girl, but now her fame is increasing even more.

She was cute, now she's beautiful. For a adolescent girls, no, for all women in the world, her enchanting whisper is too sweet.

"The biggest cause of rough skin in women seems to be constipation. It says that the accumulation of internal waste products will have bad influence on the human body, so this is my reasoning for this one massage."

"…..I see."

To my indifferent dialect as I give a simple but fluent exposition, her face turns to a bright red and nods.

With the trust that I piled up while massaging her whole body until now, her awareness of being a member of the opposite sex seems to have fade. Furthermore, she falls into pleasure whenever I do a massage, and with the explanation of how useful the constipation reduction massage is, her reason to try out the sensation sprouts.

Moreover, I'll now give the words of decisive factor.

"It's said to be quite comfortable."

"Please."

Human beings are weak creatures to their own desires.

Once I got approval, I sat down on the sofa while she laid on the bed. I took the bag that I put on the sofa and took out something which I prepared beforehand.

"I'm sorry, but will you change your clothes?"

As I asked while turned away, I take out a white bikini and show it to her.

"Huh? I need to change my clothes?"

I considered that openly showing the bikini might give some apprehensive feelings, but if anything the atmosphere seems to be troublesome.

"Well, how much do you think this cost? I bought this alone, think about how much I was ashamed."

While staring at her, I displayed a behavior like I was feeling shy.

I can buy women's swimsuits as many times I want. With the exception of underwear, I can even buy any other women's clothes as much as I want with no concern. Even if another person saw I wouldn't care.

"Um, it doesn't mean I'm not grateful…..huh? Is that by chance….eh?!"

Staring at the bikini that I held in my hand, she suddenly sprang out from the bed and ran up to me. She was trembling with a flushed face.

"I-isn't this an italian brand-name product? It's awfully expensive….."

Her eyes twinkled and sparkled while staring at the bikini. Although appearances of simple brand name products' don't interest me, it seems like adolescent high school girls do.

"Well, I didn't know that. I only bought it because I thought it was suitable for massaging."

"But, doesn't this sort of thing not commonly appear or sold in department stores? Where on earth did you buy it from?"

When I properly explain, she lunges another question.

"I don't seem to remember the place, but that sort of thing irrelevant right now. What is important, is whether you'll wear it or not. If it isn't a bikini, we'll have various problems."

"I'll wear it! By all means I will wear it!"

When she heard a proper explanation, she nodded while her eyes seem to glisten and accepted the bikini without hesitation

“If this is a brand, it’s probably about three months worth of my allowance.”

“Since you understand, change into these situation clothes. I’ll be sitting down on the sofa.”

I raise up the bikini and said looking up to her while I sat down on the couch.

“Can you please turn the other way?”

“Yes, yes.”

I raise my hand to the voice from behind and answer.

“You absolutely won’t peek? You absolutely, absolutely won’t?”

“I understand.”

I lean back on the sofa and answer her question with a disgusted voice. I then carefully listen while holding my breath.

The sound that I hear is rustling. Ogasawara Makoto is becoming naked

in the same room without much distance, in general it isn't an action that she thought over.

Since I told her that I absolutely won't look, she trusts me to the extent of believing I won't actually peak. But I don't even need to do such a thing, the plan is near accomplished, I can then see more.

Ogasawara Makoto, who was now wearing the white bikini, stood next to me while covering her chest with her left hand and her crotch with the right.

She can't completely cover her plump chest. Unlike when she was covered by the tight swimsuit, I can see with ease a full portrait of her exposed body.

As expected, they're bigger than I thought. Moreover her figure is also sufficiently bigger.

"Please don't stare so much. I, I, my chest size doesn't fit my body figure, so that's why I'm self conscious."

She looks down with a flushed face and mutters in a low voice.

"The size of your chest is irrelevant to the massage, so don't mind it."

I persistently carried out the businesslike interaction while she looked the other way sulking. I wanted to say 'I don't mean it in any strange way' but if I said it like that she would think I look at her as a member of the opposite sex. If that happens she may develop reluctance to being

massaged.

“A swimsuit for some reason.”

She muttered in a pout as she turned away with inflated cheeks.

“Pay no mind to it. Well lets now begin the massage—”

“Lie down on the bed, is that right? I already know.”

She pouted as she mumbled「dense」, and went towards the bed. (3)

I’m very thankful to be thought of as dense, but in actuality I’m far from that. In order for her to fall into a abyss of despair, I have been going through trial and error while reading her thoughts and actions.

If you ask me, she’s thick headed and foolish.

Ogasawara Makoto plots herself down on her stomach within the bed like usual, while I stand up near her and open a page of the book that I held in one hand.

Well before I start, it’s necessary for her to receive enough to understand. This time the massage is at a scale of a big hurdle.

“Since this is a constipation reduction massage, I will be directly stimulating the anus. If that’s the case I need to lower the swimsuit, which

is why I asked you to change into a bikini. If you wore the school swimsuit you would need to become naked. ”

“Eh? Directly? Lower it?”

She suddenly raised her face and looked at me with a stiff expression.

“Do you know a method to have a baby poop? You need to stimulate the anus with a finger, which is the same for this principle. Although, it’s necessary for a more sophisticated technique when dealing with adult constipation.“

“What? T-that’s as one would expect…”.

She placed her hand onto her ass to hide it, while her face flushed red and waved her small head sideways. Her refusal wasn’t in words, but in her behavior.

Well, it’s a proper reaction.

I gave a small sigh, as I changed my eyes from the book to her in a scowl.

“The cards you can use for negotiating this do-.”

“T-there aren’t any, right? Haha, I understand…..”

She quickly bent her eyes and drew a stiff smile as I still glare at her.

"This is a massage."

"It isn't an obscene act. You believe that I consider this is indecent, right?"

She already interprets my answer even if I say nothing, it's proof that she has fallen perfectly into my plan.

She doesn't hold disgust towards being massaged directly on her anus, she is merely ashamed.

"In that case I..."

"You don't hold any wicked thoughts. You only want to become a first class masseur."

"Therefore..."

"I shouldn't be too self conscious. You don't hold any lust nor do you think I'm even a tiny bit cute."

"So..."

" 'You should just agree to receive my massage.' Right?" (4)

She said all that I wanted to say, so far it has been worthwhile to grind this into her carefully.

"If you understand, don't say anything more. I'll begin now."

"O-okaaay."

She finally approved and now has successfully fell into my plan. Although, she consented on her own without me doing anything.

With this it's now possible to enter the final stage. She will fall into the depths of despair and continue to sink further down.

I place both hands on her waist and lift the top.

"Oh yes, we're going to fix your position."

"Uuu, I'm already really embarrassed."

I lift only her buttock while her upper body laid on the bed. It looked extremely like inchworm pose.

"I need to take down your swimsuit bottoms when you're lying down. I'll even devised it so you won't be even slightly ashamed, but if you like you can return to your original posture."

"N-no, I'm all right, sorry."

She fell silent to my words, inclining she won't complain anymore about it.

When wearing a swimsuit while lying down, she needs to lower her entire swimsuit to raise her rear end. In that state, having her ass pushed up is much more shameful.

At any rate, if the swimsuit bottom is lowered when the rear end is lifted, the anus will become completely visible. Then on top of that, the pussy will be exposed too. But with her sprawled out, she may not fully understand the reality of the situation.

"I'll pull it down to the necessary minimum. "

"T-thank you for taking care of me in various ways…."

Even though I'm going to stare and fiddle around with her anus and genitals, this stupid girl is thanking me. Although I piled how much trust, stupidity should have a limit.

But then, the process is is going smooth.

I put both hands on her white swimsuit that's covering her buttock, and take it down slowly. This causes her hips to tremble, her eyes and lips to be shut tightly, while her face and ears completely turn a bright red.

Her swimsuit was just lowered enough to reveal her white ass. The

center of her rear was cracked in two, showing a clean, thin pink, anus. While down below that, showed her pussy. (4)

Thin hair is prevalent, showing trace of evidence it hasn't be groomed when I took off her swimsuit.

Even after she resisted me that much I eventually got to see it, what a laughable story. (5)

"I won't lower anymore then this. Be at ease, for I can't see important woman section."

"O-over and over again I'm the one attended to, thank you…."

Ogasawara Makoto, who closed her eyes tightly, thanked me with a shaken voice. Practically all of her pussy and anus is completely visible.

"I think you will feel a little chilly."

"Ye, yes—Hiya?! Uuu."

When the lotion is dripped on her ass and hits the anus, her rear shakes. I let the lotion drip down freely as I arrange the preparations.

Anyways, I shouldn't get impatient even though there is an anus and a pusssy infront of my eyes. By all means I do want to play with them to the fullest, but I can't be in a hurry. It's all over if I jump the gun here.

“Hiuu”

I put both my hands on the left and right cheek, gently stroking and diligently plastering the lotion.

I let her get accustomed to the touch for a little while, and then I open her ass from both sides.

“Ah!”

When she felt it has been open, she shaked her ass but showed no signs of resisting.

She once again closed her eyes tightly with a flushed face, showing a state of her desperately enduring the agony and shame.

This is important. I’ll stroke the rear and then eventually massage it. There won’t be any danger, only pleasure. It’s essential that I grind this into her.

I rub the buttock while it made a sucking sound, I then open it open it both sides.

The pale pinkish anus was closed tightly, then when I opened it for a moment at both sides it immediately closed again.

Without touching her anus, I wandered around her ass while massaging it.

Three hours elapsed, the massage is finished for today.

Ogasawara Makoto, who still has her buttock pushed up as it was exposing her genitals and anus, had a considerate amount of her stiffness unraveled at the end of the massage. However, she did not reach her heavy breathing and laughs like yesterday.

I raised her swimsuit bottoms and told her the massage was over. The ass that was pushed upwards fell down with a bang, as her eyes that was tightly closed now were open wide.

“T-thank you….”

With bright red ears, she said in a lower and more bashful voice than usual. She then slowly got off from the bed.

That day until just before she went home, her ears still remained red and the words she spoke to people were very few.

———

The third day of the final stage begins. Today I will also fiddle with her ass.

While Ogasawara Makoto wears the white bikini, she did the usual and closed her eyes tightly as her ears flushed, pushing up only her buttock in a pose like an inchworm.

And then her swimsuit was taken down halfway, exposing her anus and pussy.

“Nnn…..haaa…..ahhh…..nnnn……”

On the first day she didn’t even raise her voice because there was too much tension and shame, but on the 3rd day she gave a coquettish voice.

I rub her ass and then spread it from both sides, eyeing at her exposed anus.

Naturally, since the anus is spread both ways, this also means her pussy is too.

Although she thinks it isn’t visible, a perfect view of her genitals are shown when I spread open her right and left cheeks.

Her lovely childishness nature can be said disproportionate to her physical body.

When I cling onto the right and left cheek, a faint bulge can be seen from above. Perhaps it’s the skin around the clitoris swelling up.

With her genitals exposed, I may be able to get an insight in her mentality to some extent.

I keep massaging the buttock and spread the both the cheeks. I repeat

this endlessly, while viscosity liquid shines and slightly overflows out.

She's unmistakably wet. With her overflowing with this much love juice, she must be feeling pleasure. But then, it may also be due to her shyness.

"I'll seriously start the constipation reducing massage soon."

I said that to Ogasawara Makoto, who had her eyes closed while I rubbed her pushed up ass. She then opened them in surprised and directed those opened eyes to me.

"Eh? You didn't already seriously began?"

"Obviously. If constipation was resolved with just having your ass rubbed, constipation in this world would be long gone."

"……Y-you're right."

She falls silence as I treat and rub her butt.

For her to open her eyes to possibly exchange a ordinary conversation, she must have surprisingly got used to seeing me rub her bottom. But then again, her ears are still flushed without any signs of changing.

"But, why didn't you begin it at once? For three days, it has been…..why are you just rubbing?"

With a sense of doubt, she asked in a low voice.

“Well yeah. If we suddenly began at the beginning, it won’t only go terribly with you feeling of nervousness or embarrassment, it might also be painful. So I’m devoting myself in spending time to unravel that tension.”

When she looked at me and heard my words, she instantly fell on her face, laughing thinly.

“…….For being considerate to me, thank you.”

And thanked in a low voice.

The stupid woman thanks me when I’m looking at her pussy and anus and massing her ass.

While being astounded by her stupidity, I add more lotion to her buttock.

I directly approach the place of the anus to finally fiddle with it. It took little over a month to get here, and only a moment until it’s over.

After I confirm that both hands were soaked enough in the lotion, I let the index finger of my right hand touch the anus and have my left hand fondle her ass.

“Nuu”

Her ass shook as she raised a faint moan.

An anus is an organ that does excreting, and excreting is an act that's important for an animal. It's absolutely necessary to perform it. So with that in mind, if you go ahead and do so, it should come with pleasure.

In other words, I should be able to bring her pleasure by gently caresing the anus.

I suppress the feeling to become forceful and rash as I stimulate the anus with a finger gently and slowly. When the anus closes tightly, I pull out my finger for some time and see it stiffen, twitch, and wiggle.

When the lotion mixed with my finger, and I gradually and slowly relax the anus with that finger, the tip was then easily swallowed by her anus.

"Ag……nu……haa……haa."

She didn't seem to notice that a finger invaded her anus, since her behaviour hasn't shown any particular resistance, but I was able to hear a clear moan.

By having caressed near her anus for three days, it has became looser and is pulling in my finger itself. Moreover, it may perhaps be from stimulating and fiddling the surface of anus with just my finger, but it may be a delusion I made up.(三日間も肛門付近を愛撫した事により、肛門自体が解れ、しかも指で弄り回された事により、単に肛門の表面を指で刺激されているだけ、という錯覚を起こしているのかもしれない。)

If there was pain, she would have noticed that my finger is stretching the inside her anus, and might resisted. Therefore, I only let a portion of the joint tip go inside. I also won't push it further, instead I'll continue to pull it in and out.

While stroking her ass with my left hand, I inserting the tip of my right index finger inside her anus. One hour has elapsed since the start.

"Haa….fuu….na….nnn."

The lotion is amazing. Due to the high lubricity, it will rid of most resistance even if I originally let my entire finger penetrated the excreted organ. In addition, it's smooth and has a slippery viscosity, doubling the pleasure.

I only let the tip of the index go inside, but in just an hour the anus reached the point of swallowing the second joint of my finger.

Since I went here, she must certainly know that my finger went inside her anus. But since she still isn't showing resisting behavior, she must have decide to accept the matter.

I don't use a lot of power to put it in, since I don't have any intention to. I place my finger on the anus with little effort, and my finger just slided in easily.

And when I pull it out, Ogasawara Makoto shows no change.

Excreting produces pleasure, it's the same thing when moving my finger in and out. When I pilled out the finger there was little resistance, instead her buttock quivered and her tight anus loosened. Then I realized that her whole body's strength was leaving.

"Waa……haaa……waaa….haaa"

When she swallowed the finger she exhales, when I pull it out she inhales. It's not something she learned from someone else, it's a technique she created for herself so it would be easier to enter and pull out. If that's the case it seem like she is feeling the double pleasure.

When I see her state it becomes clear. When I insert the finger into her anus and the pleasure she obtains when it's pulled out, I say it must be considerably large.

By the time threes hours passed to end, her anus had came to swallow my index finger to the base.

"Waa, na, fuu, nuuu, anuu"

When I pull my index finger in and out, a sweet moan follows it.

The anus has become unraveled and is now flexible enough to possibly insert two fingers. It's truly wonderful, it's so wonderful that it's scary.

But being impatient is a taboo. I need to take my time slowly and develop the anus before I reach the climax.

(1) (TLN: Asians and their embarrassment of exposed armpits.)

(2)(TLN: God….I wouldn’t be able to control myself in that situation. Much respect for the MC.)

(3)(TLN: This girl was fishing for comfort from this guy…)

(4)(TLN: Shut up and take my massage, woman.)

(5)(TLN: I can’t keep a straight face when translating past this part.)

(6)(TLN: 4TH WALL BROKEN.)

Like always, Ogasawara Makoto changes her clothes into the white bikini, and then sits on the bed with a relaxed aura.

Since beginning the final stage, one week has passed and it seems like she's getting considerably used to the anus massage. And then on the other hand, she herself has begun to show a fairly big change.

When she confirms I'm sitting on the sofa, she begins to change her clothes without talking.

'Don't look', such words aren't uttered anymore. I seemed to be convinced that I don't need to look, but does Ogasawara Makoto understand? The story is different from the time where she wore a school swimsuit under her uniform. After being naked momentarily, she puts on the bikini.

If I had suddenly turned around, it was possible that I could enjoy the naked body of Makoto Ogasawara. Furthermore, I could treat it like an accident.

It seems that I have been trusted to this extent, but that's only a hunch.

To have seen and touch almost everything of her, her lax wariness from the start have decreased further. It was inevitable when it was seen, so apparently that gave birth to that kind of compromise. It has even reached the point where she can voluntarily ask for physical contact.

For example; after I finished the massage and she goes to complete her shower, I lean my head onto my shoulder, taking my break while relaxing

on the sofa. At that time I stretch my hand to take an object, her breasts press in contact of my body, but I show a behavior that I don't mind.

In addition, she touches my hand with no concern, and one point questioned if I could pull up her uniform by pinching my fingers. This is the kind of behavior you show more towards a friend then compared to a person.

Within a limited time, I'm the only other person that has touched her skin. Perhaps there's a chance that feelings of love will sprout. But there is nothing to worry about, stupid women are already easy to handle, if she becomes even easier to handle it's no chip off my shoulder.

"Umm……"

While I sat on the sofa to prepare for the massage, a voice came from behind.

"Huh?"

When I look back, she was sitting on the bed while holding her abdominal region by her right hand, and smiling with a flushed face.

"T-the condition of my stomach……seems to be good."

And with flushed ears and looking down, she tells me in a low and bashful voice.

In brief, it seems she's trying to say her bowel movement improved. That's surprising, it seems like my constipation reduction method showed effective, I'm glad.

"It would be great if you obediently follow my instructions accordingly. If you resist there will be pain, and the effects will be less likely to appear."

To my spoken words, she weakly lifts her face from the ground and looks at me as she laughs shyly.

This is great, without her knowing that I enjoyed poking, stirring, and playing with her anus, I smiled delightfully.

When she fully trusts me one time, she becomes industrious and obedient in all aspects. Why was Sasaki unable to make a pass on such a foolish woman? If he said lets have sex, she would be delighted to open her crotch.

When I finish the preparations and stand next to the bed, Ogasawara Makoto takes her usual position without being told.

She lays on her upper body and pushes only her buttock up, making the appearance of an inchworm.

Even if I go around the bed to take down her swimsuit, she says nothing. But like always, her ears turn red.

Although I previously only took her swimsuit down to the necessary minimum, I now pull it down around the middle of her tigh. Everything is

now completely visible.

"I'll now begin. Since this time I'll be massaging deep inside, say as soon as it gets painful. It will also be in a fumbling state."

"Okay."

She obediently nodded to my words, and closed her eyes and began her fixed breathing.

She closes her eyes tightly, but then they became softer. The lips are also the same, for they were fastened tightly, but are now faintly open.

She seems to be quite relax, despite having allowed a man to stare at her anus and pussy. She is completely transforming into a exhibitist.

I drip the lotion onto the buttock, increasing the amount as I plastering it. And then after it was completely soaking in, I massage the ass cheeks with both hands.

After massing for a short while, I place my left thumb and right index finger on the anus, spreading it from both sides.

"Mn....."

I hear a faint voice and as her strength leaves, her anus gapes open. I then aim at the open anus and drip more lotion.

With this an unreasonable amount of lotion enters the inside of her anus.

While opening the anus with my left finger, I then place my right forefinger and middle finger at the open anus. Then I push them inside the hole.

“Waaa…….haaaa”

She slowly exhales out a sigh. Thus the tight anus becomes loose, easily swallowing the two fingers.

I stopped inside midway and started to pull out. Because the lotion has yet to penetrate deep inside of the hole, I fingered her several times, gradually penetrating to the depth.

I must not cause her pain. Don’t be impatient, don’t rush, give her nothing but pleasant sensations, and by doing that Ogasawara Makoto’s mind will be fully painted with pleasure.

“Na…….waa……..waaa……haaaa”

The expression of her as she repeated her slow breathing with dyed cheeks, it was a clear look of pleasure rising in her.

Once I completely pulled out the fingers, I once again pour lotion into her gaping anus. Then I pushed two fingers in to just pull out and pour the lotion again. (1)

While I do this several times, the lotion has completely spread among the depths of her whole. I confirmed it and gradually let my fingers move violently.

“Anu, haa, naa, nnn, waaa”

I put two of my fingers in slightly, and as the movement becomes more intense, Ogasawara Makoto’s sweet moans become louder.

The current goal is to induce a climax from only the anus, even if it takes a while. In any case, I’ll rub it into her that having her anus played with brings great pleasure.

Although the lotion made the friction exceedingly low, overdoing it isn’t good. Therefore, when the anal fingering is done to some extent, I pulled out my fingers and took a break while massaging her buttocks, then I insert my fingers again. Repeating this inside, I was able to increase the number of fingers to 3.

“An, awaa, unnn, hiu, naaa”

Ogasawara Makoto began to be swallowed by the maelstrom of pleasure provided by the anus, as she shamelessly raised her flirtatious voice. It seems she hasn’t yet reached the feeling of climax.

It’s so superb, truly favorable. One week has passed since I started playing with her anus. Because of that she’s feeling this much pleasure, this is progressing better than I anticipated. Perhaps there is a possibility

to give Ogasawara Makoto masochist training.

No, I'm already convinced she's halfway there. Nevertheless, she fell how much in my plan; letting a man play with her body, stare at both of her holes while fingering the anus, and while panting heavily, it's impossible for that to be normal.

Ogasawara Makoto, who is weak and shy, may not even be self aware that she has a masochistic kink and finds pleasure when she's played by a man. Furthermore, even if she stepped up to the plate, she accepted how many unreasonable demand, and placed her body into a stranger whom she obeys.

If there is feelings influencing, that then took a spur to obedience, she is no longer just a female pig.

Snickering in my mind, I decided to enter further into the upper stage.

The three hour massage has ended and Ogasawara Makoto who finished taking her shower, is now sipping hot tea while sitting on the sofa. I sat next to her while I took a certain item out of my uniform pocket.

"Tomorrow I was thinking of trying to go into a massage of higher difficulty. So even if it's detestable, I want you to use this in your bowel beforehand."

While I declare that, I offered her something, it was a enema.

"Originally, using such a substance won't relieve constipation like a

massage would, but in your case it's different. Your bowel movement seems to be good, if that's true then you must have excreted too much."

With a red face, she listens to my story in silence, but asked "Why?" with her eyes.

"It's hard to say, but the massage for tomorrow, I think it gives a desire to defecate. So, if you don't excrete beforehand, um……"

'You will empty your bowel here', those words I hesitated to say. Without realizing my real intention she nodded, then accepted my presented small box containing emema. And for some reason, held it to her chest like it was important.

It's a gesture just like she was delighted to receive a gift from her loveable boyfriend. But receiving enema isn't a gift.

Why cherish this? She really is an idiot, this woman.(2)

———

The following day, I went to the warehouse while carrying a bag packed with sex tools that I purchased beforehand.

When I opened the door, uniform dressed Ogasawara Makoto was already sitting on the sofa. In addition, the room is strangely neat. She probably was cleaning before I arrived.

“Thank you for your good work!”

When she noticed me, she greeted me with a bow.

That’s quite like the mannerism if a teacher entered the warehouse. It’s proof that are vertical relationship has completely taken form.

“Oh, you cleaned up? Thank you.”

She raised her head with a delightful smile when I replied with a serene tone.

While not concerning to mention the enema, I started the preparations for the massage. She seriously did it, since she would have willingly said so if she didn’t use the enema. So if she doesn’t say anything, it can be said her bowels is cleaned out already.

Ogasawara Makoto changes her clothes to the usual white bikini, then on her own went to the same bed and took the stance with only her buttock pushed up.

I stood next to her face, and by hand took out a tool from the bag.

It’s a rod shape object that’s lined with spheres and beads that are one size smaller of a golf ball, this thing is referred as the so-called anal stick.

“This tool is used as a sextoy, but it’s effective in reducting constipation. Since it’s longer than a finger, it’s capable of stimulating the deeper into

the anus where fingers can’t reach. I’ll use it for today “

While I show the anal stick, she opens her eyes wide for a moment, but was strangely convinced as she nodded her head without saying anything.

She probably understand the reasoning I gave her the enema too.

“Even with just a finger, um, there is success in doing the preparation. What I mean is using that method was already effective, so I understand.”

Since her anus has been teased by me, it seems she’s been holding on to defecate.

The moment the massage ends I will go home, I got tired of the stupidity of Ogasawara Makoto that leaves something in the school building each and every time. After I stir her anus, she’s showing signs to defecate, so I could conclude that she’s been taking a crap in the school building.

Even though Ogasawara Makoto has a preoccupation to be stupid, I don’t think it was possible to have left something every time.

She takes a crap in the school building after every massage. Furthermore, since she can’t wash off the lotion that got into her anus with the cold shower or the hot water in the bucket, it seem taking a crap is certainly easier. Perhaps while she’s taking enormous pleasure while defecting herself, she’s gasping alone in the school toilet.

I laugh a lot when thinking about it.

Incidentally, it also proves fortunate she's defecations every time with my massage, for her reliability in me seems to be rising further. After all, she's receiving the constipation relieving massage. If she feels her bowel movements are improving, she'll trust it and me.

Still, she never been confronted with a sextoy, so I didn't expect her to accept it this smoothly. Her obedience to me seems to be more than I expected.

By have receiving the approval of her, I move to the side of her pushed up buttock while holding the anal stick, and got on top of the bed.

And then I take down her swimsuit and drip the lotion like always.

She got considerably used to this routine too. In addition, her anus has also became considerably more flexible than before, it's possible to put three fingers in only a matter minutes.

I thrust three fingers into her anus and then pull them in and out. Ogasawara Makoto shakes her ass as she raises a sweet moan each time.

When I confirmed it was loose enough, I pulled out the fingers. Then when I rubbed more then enough lotion on the anal stick, I pointed the tip of the stick over the anus.

"I'll go slowly. Speak as soon as it gets painful."

“Y-yes, it’s alright.”

Ogasawara Makoto docilely answered me and took a deep breath. She then released it slowly, adjusting when I began to push the stick.

When the first sphere enters the inside of her anus, the hole widens open. The hole then spread to its maximum when it swallows the middle sphere, then it swallows the next one. At the same time, the hole that was opened shrinks. Then when the next sphere begins to enter, it opens the hole again.

“Haaaa…….haaaaa”

She’s exhaling her deep breaths longer than usual. I carefully observe the situation; when I stop she breathes and when I restart she exhales.

There’s 6 spheres inside. I took a pause when it swallowed 3 at once, and then pulled them out.

“AH!? NO!? STOP IT !?

Ogasawara Makoto suddenly stretched out her right hand to her buttock, clearly shaking as she raise a penetrating scream.

“What’s wrong?”

I ask while feeling impatient. With her eyes shaking, flushed face, and

stiff lips, she merely stared at me. Her pupils told me in silence. Until now, she has been bearing this limit of pleasure, she must be in distress.

I thought that she was either in pain and got impatient, but it looks like she was just surprised at the large discharge pleasure.

Unlike the fingers going in and out, the spheres may be closer to the sensation of defecating. Besides, with the the anus rising in flexibility due to the massaging and the friction force decreased due to the lotion, the pleasure probably surpassed defecation.

Furthermore, the spheres have beads, so if the discharging began it would be continuous pleasure. Sooner or later at the first discharging, she may have realized that pleasure.

“I-I’m sorry. I was only a little surprised, please continue.”

She became somewhat collected. After I confirm what she said by looking at her rested face, I pull the stick out slowly.

“Waa, nwaa, nuuu”

Nervously shaking her buttock, she gave an unprecedented moan. It seems that she likes the usage of the anal stick. If it’s this circumstance, I believe it’s possible for her to climax with only the anus.

I pull out all of the spheres, then poured lotion inside the gaping anus and rubbed large quantities onto the stick. The lotion will spread to the back of the anus, no mercy when entering anymore.

I point the tip of the stick to the fully open anus, and then shoved it in with all my strength from awhile ago.

“Wauuuu, waaaa, naaaa”

The oiled anus swallows the spheres one after another, and a moan echoes as her rear shakes. If inserting it brings her pleasure now, the pleasure when it comes the time to discharge would be tremendous.

The anus that gulped all six of the spheres twitched and wiggled, only to be wanting more.

I may have said it the first time, the anal stick that I have bought, although they were small spheres and only a few of them could be used, it seems like I don’t need to worry about her.

“NaaaAAAa, don’t do thatttTTTt, funny, it’s becoming funnyyyyyYYYY”

The moment it took to pull out and during the change to insert it, a mad and intense moan rose.

The ass twitches each time a sphere was taken out. Then when I looked at her genitals, an unknown viscous liquid that’s clearly different from the lotion, gushed forth.

“Waaaa, naaaaaa, finish—already—eh?”

With a pop, the last sphere is out and her moaning has stopped. She then turns towards me, staring while biting her lower lip. She seems to looks unsatisfied. She almost crossed something, but the pleasure ended just before it.

"Ogasawara, I took you into consideration when I used the shortest stick, with the smallest and fewest spheres, how is it? Can you take it deeper?"

While I spoke in an unconcerning businesslike persistency, she fell into silence for awhile, but then nodded while looking forward. When I confirmed it, I put the stick in my hand onto the bed, and took out a new stick from the bag that I put behind.

From now on I will use the longer object, that also has somewhat bigger size orbs that are eight in number. In addition, this stick has a vibration function.

I thought about whether I should use this several days later, but it's can certainly be used on the first day.

"I'll be using a new stick, it's the type that can stimulate the internal anal by vibrating. At the same time I insert the stick inside, the bowel function is prompt and accelerates even more by the vibrations. If it gets too hard—"

"I-it's alright. So, um, quickly…..I want you to, put it in."

Ogasawara Makoto who interrupted me, asked for the anal stick. Surely

it’s from lack of composure, she seems to be completely engulfed in the pleasure from the anus.

I chuckle to myself inwardly as I look down on her, but I do no break from my thorough businesslike behavior.

Right now she’s drowning in pleasure, but will return to normal thinking if she collects herself. There may never be a next time if she notices that I’ve been sexually excited.

That’s why, I mustn’t break from a businesslike manner and have to be a gentleman. Now, however.

“At the beginning, I’m sorry that I said various heartless things. There wasn’t any reason to say such things. I can’t undo what I once said, but is it possible overcoat it”

While viewing her white ass, I mutter something I don’t really mean.

“Ogasawara, I’ve been able to endeavour to higher degrees of difficulties and practice thanks to you. I am truly sorry. Ogasawara, you’re certainly capable.”

She listens to me in silence. What on earth is with that face she has?

Her ears turn to a brighter red than usual, and then it began to transmit to her whole body.

A rough sigh was heard. Her ass shook. And her anus twitched as her pussy overflowed with love juices.

“Y-you giving a thank you….it means a lot to me. You hearing my impossible request, and then teach me gently how to become a massage assistant. Also, I only just receive the message while Kijima-san is so serious……”

Bit by bit, she said with a sweet, trembling voice. I felt her putting her heart into it, so much so that it seems as if she would cling onto me if I were to turn to face her.

An unreasonable request. That would be for me to give up on handing over the photos of Sasaki to the school’s administration board.

Also teaching her kindly to become a massage assistant, that’s a mistake. I don’t remember ever teaching her kindly, if I had to say anything it was probably spartan. She tampered with her own memory so it’s convenient for herself, and then entwined it into her brain.

And I didn’t miss what she said. She changed the way she addresses me from Kijima-kun, to Kijima-san.

To Ogasawara Makoto, it’s evident that I’m close to a complete master to her.

“That makes the both of us.”

“Ehehe, is that so?”

“Yeah, you really do your best until to the end.”

If Ogasawara Makoto recognizes me as a Master, then she must certainly hold feelings for me. Usually I don’t say things that could be considered being aware of love, but these days might induce it soon or later.

However, I shall never make any statements regarding her as a love interests. I will speak to her as a masseur up to the end.

If I let romantic feelings for her arise, her position will automatically equal to mine. So not to stir it up, I shouldn’t show behavior that I’m interested in her. Only showing that I have a favourable impression for a masseur

What kind of action will Ogasawara Makoto take if it indeed happens? I, who was giving such a cold attitude since the beginning, have now been speaking to Ogasawara Makoto very gently. Is it possible that she will develop romantic feelings for me?

I think so, it should possibly further encourage her to become more obedient.

“The spheres on this stick are bigger than the one a little while ago. It if hurts—”

“I-I’ll be fine. Because Kijima-san’s massage feels really good…..”

When I ask while placing the new stick at the anus, she raised her ass and the anus itself spreads open.

Due to the development with the finger and the stick, it seems like the anus is able to open itself.

Any normal human being can possibly spread the anus to some extent, but the anus is still tight. It refuses to do it unconsciously, so you need a fixed thought to spread it. But when used to it, it becomes possible to open and close it freely like the currently Ogasawara Makoto.

How is she able to be in this stupid appearance? Exposing the inside of her anus to a man, because of that she's discharging pussy juices like an aroused female pig. Isn't she ashamed of herself?

Why doesn't this woman realize how stupid she is? If you look at it objectively, she turns lewd when her anus is played and picked at.

While bearing the impulse to tell her off, I shove the stick into her anus.

"Waaaa, it went—insiii, nuuuuu"

The anus swallowed the orbs one after another. There doesn't seem to be any problem with the spheres being larger than before.

In a flash, all eight orbs were gulped down and stopped at the hand.

"Then I'll pull it up."

When pulling it I didn’t need to call out to her, but this time I’ll give her time to brace herself. At any rate, it seems like she’ll obtain enormous pleasure when I extract it.

“Waa, waa, wa, quickly, please pull it out quickly. Please. Quickly……:”

Quickly moving her ass up and down, Ogasawara Makoto begs me to give her needed pleasure. The orbs become bigger and the numbers increases, the expectation in her heart became big and her shamelessness had been disabled.

How long until you say you’re indecent? I want to record it and have you listen to it once you gain your composure again.

“Nuuuuu, aaaaaaaa, amazing, so amazing, it feels so goodddddddddd”

In succession the orbs spat out, causing her buttock to convulse as she spat out her pleasure in words.

“Aaan, just, please just put it in, it’s alright, it’s alright even if you do it violently, please keep going without stopping”

By pulling out all eight spheres, and while I believed she wouldn’t get anymore pleasure, Ogasawara Makoto begs desperately as she moves her ass up and down.

“Calm down, I understand that it feels good because it’s also written in

the book. However being unreasonable isn't allowed. Anyways, because it's a sensitive place—"

"HURRY, PLEASE HURRY, IT FEELS AMAZING , A BIT MORE, A LITTLE BIT MORE"

While I purposely behave calmly, she raises her voice that resembles a cry, waving her ass franticly. It seems like she spread it to the limit on her own.

I have been baiting her with pleasure, she's been uttering obscenely, but if I just tease her too much, she might calmed down and becomes uninterested.

And besides, it isn't far off. Anytime now she'll reach an orgasm by the anus and get used to this kind of climax. In addition, it goes without saying there is a tendency to get addicted to it.

"Okay, but say as soon as it gets painful—"(3)

"I sayy, quicklyy, please put it in quicklyy"

While I approach her with thorough persistency, Ogasawara Makoto is disheveling steadily. Although you can lose sight of oneself due to how much pleasure, however memories don't fade away.

When she calms down and recalls her present self, she'll be driven by how much shame.

When today's massage is over and when she gather herself, what kind of amusing reaction will she have?

"Waaaaaa, cominggggg, it's coming insideeee"

The spheres were now being engulfed without great resistance, all of them were instantly swallowed. Her buttock immediately twitched as I began to pull them out

"At once, please pull out all at oncee, and push itt, again at oncee, many timess, many many timessss"

Pulling out the stick at once, and piercing relentlessly also at once. While repeating that,I turn on the vibration function on the stick.

"WAAAAAA?! WHATS THIS EEEH!? AAAAAN, FEELS GOODD, FEELS SO GOODD"

The stick started to make a low vibrating sound. It was then mercilessly and violently yanked out, making an indecent lips smacking sound.

In addition to Ogasawara Makoto indications that she likes the vibrations a lot, her buttock convulsions have gotten even more intense and her upper body laid on the bed warped. She even pushed her buttock and shifted knee towards me.

"COMINGGG, SOMETHING IS COMINGGGGG"

Her ass convulsiones and jumps, while love juices flow out in large quantities. Ogasawara Makoto, in a short period of one month, was finally going to receive the exciting moment.

The pervert who climaxed only from the anus. The title is approaching at hand.

“O-oi, should stop soon—

While pulling out the stick, I ask in order to seem at loss.

To end the conclusion, I must nearly refrain her from climaxing in order to raise it higher.

“DON’T STOPPPPP, A BIT MOREEE, DON’T STOP MY HEAD IS BECOMING FUNNY—”

Waving her neck vigorously, she pushes her ass out while convulsions greatly, but stops screaming midway.

“A-ah……whats, is this?”

Ogasawara Makoto bends back considerably. While shivering and drooling from the edge of her lips, and is probably experiencing a climax for the first time of her life, seems to be at loss.

Confirming it, I pull out the stick from the anus.

The anus is gaped open enough to laugh, and her pussy convulses and twitches.

To achieve the goal of having her climax with only the anus, a sense of fulfillment spreads to my heart.

It’s a good day. I leave her alone for her quietly soak in the lingering memory of the climax.

Tomorrow, I will begin a special training that will make it an addiction for her to climax anally. But today, we must fully rest to retain our physical strength.

———

Ogasawara Makoto, who is lying in the bed on her stomach, is sobbing.

When ten minutes passed after the massage finished, she returned to her sanity and burst into tears.

I kept my composure until the end, finally Ogasawara Makoto had calmed down as she was sobbing till the end. If I was not composed, I would have helped her. But for now there is no escape for her.

When in the state of receiving the anti-constipation massage, she was overwhelmed with pleasure before she knew it, and exposed an indecent appearance to me. If she opens her mouth, everything will just be a

complete excuse. Does she even realize she's sobbing without as much as putting up her lowered swimsuit?

While I sat down on the sofa relaxed, I thoroughly enjoyed enough of her, and stood up while laughing inside. And then I approached the bed with the usual prepared bucket and water bottles.

"Don't worry about it, I don't mind. It was written in the book that the anal massage felt considerably good, it can even arrive to an orgasm for some people."

I whisper in the kindest tone I could do, while I put a bucket on the floor and stepped into bed to put back her lowered swimsuit.

"This might be rude to say to while you're crying, but honestly I was happy. Why is that so? Because you were comfortable with my massage, and my inexperienced arms might have gave you pain."

To my words, the sound of her sobbing gradually became smaller.

It's great that she's very submissive, but in some cases her weak heart is troublesome. If I failed to do her aftercare here, Ogasawara Makoto might have confine herself into a shell due to shame.

But on the flip side, she's now already my possession.

"You only received my massage, that's all. There is no need to worry about it."

When I finished saying so, the sobbing voice stopped.

“You won’t…..scorn me?”

A small, nasal voice mutter was heard.

It’s impossible to scorn her. However I did see to it to ridicule her.

How many times do I need to say it? I said I’m glad that you were comfortable. Really, it isn’t in my character to say these things, you aware of that?”

As I said while sighing, I heard laugh slip out. Ogasawara Makoto slowly looks up with loosen cheeks wet from the tears, laughing and giggling.

“That’s right, isn’t it. If Kijima-san looks down on me, you’d clearly say ‘Get lost, you’re an eyesore,’ right. You’re basically a cold person, aren’t you.”

“Oi, oi, that ain’t it.”

Ogasawara Makoto looked at me while I drop my shoulder dejectedly and sighed for a second time, enduring it far enough, I hold my sides and burst out in laughter.

Seriously, this woman is so easy.

“Here! Come take a shower with me and don’t laugh. It seems that taking a cold shower has its limits, I’ll rebuild it so hot water somehow flows out. So for this guy, put up with it for today.”

I took out the bucket as I said so, placing it on the floor and offer it to her.

“You’re gonna take a shower with me? Is cold water good for your health?

Ogasawara Makoto took the bucket that I presented, and laughed while looking at me provocatively.

Taking a shower together. Even if it was a joke, Ogasawara Makoto’s character will not think of it that way. Moreover, unlike last time where she wore a school swimsuit, the bikini is easy to take off. Perhaps after she finishes her shower, I should get naked and go in the shower to wipe her body with hot water.

In other words, if i’m seen completely naked, its only tantamount to saying I don’t mind.

“I’m sorry, I don’t like the cold. I will consider it though if there is already hot water coming out”

“What! Un-fa-i-r! You’re taking it easy!”

Waving my hand as I declined, Ogasawara Makoto punches my shoulder as she puffs her cheeks and glares at me.

“When are you going to change? It’s wrong if you’re going to be dishonest about it. I made that shower, but I didn’t make it for you.”

“Darn, you said you’ll go. If it comes to this…..”

Ogasawara Makoto vexingly knitted her eyebrows, but then grinned while she got down on all four, gradually drawing near to me. Her big breast are pulled down as a result, causing them to shake and sway.

“I’ll hold you down and smear you with oil!”

“Hey Hey”

Ogasawara Makoto crawled up to touch me, and forcefully jumped from there. Thus she’s clung on to me.

Soft and slimy feel. She has a baby face yet her body is so sensual. (4)

“Eh? Why didn’t you ran away?”

While still clinging to me and smearing the lotion, Ogasawara Makoto was surprised that I didn’t escape. The end of her eyebrow dropped as if saying sorry.

“Ah, well, to run away, is, troublesome”

I didn’t show that I particularly mind it, so I languidly murmur so. Then Ogasawara Makoto left out a「Pu」and began to laugh so hard she is holding her sides.

“Ahahaha! Even though you’re giving it your all during the massage, you become like this once it’s over! Kijima-san is really a mysterious, interesting person!”

You could hear the laughter of Ogasawara Makoto throughout the warehouse. I stared at the figure and scratched my head while smiling.

She got an orgasm through only her anus, but when the truth pierced the stupid woman slowly cried. By being treated with a little bit of kindness, she foolishly got tricked to this extent. I also want to burst out in laughter.

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(1)(TLN Y: Is he giving her an oil bath?! TLN J: Like an oil enema xD)

(2)(TLN Y: Oh please, we all know you’re embarrassed.)

(3)(TLN Y: His doing this for the shit and giggle a bit too much.)

(4)(TLN Y: Bliss…)

Four days have passed since Ogasawara Makoto first achieved a climax from the anus.

I had initially believed that I could advance to the next level in one week since i didn't think that I would run into any peculiar degree of trouble, for she reached a climax on the first day of using the anal stick.

But those splendid expectations diverge into considerable difficulties.

"Ah……nuu, please stop, my head is going funny!"

While the vibration emits a low sound, intensely pulling in and out the anal stick made a lip smacking sound. I intensely pull out the the anal stick with a light pop sound.

As usual, Ogasawara Makoto sprawled her upper body and pushes her buttock towards me as the anus is teased, but two hours have already passed since teasing it, and not even once has she reached her climax.

However her sensitivity and the expansion of the anus increases day by day, making finishing more smoothly. However that isn't the problem.

"Cum, cumiingg, I'm cuming—cuuuummmmiiii—Aah, stop ple, please stop."

The upper body laid tensely bent, her ass twitches, informing me with her whole body that she's close to approaching a climax. But it didn't go like before; dropping her body and heavy breathing flat, she shook her

head while clasping both hands.

Her whole body was flushed and spouting sweat, her body popped up while her buttock convulses, it seems she completely stops herself just before climaxing.

The stick which I was using, is increased in size and number of the spheres than the thing I used four days ago.

Moreover, it raised the sensitivity and expansion favorably. Nevertheless, that isn't it either.

These four days, she can never reach her climax at the last moment, certainly increasing her frustration.

As it is now, I can't proceed forward. Once development of the anus stopped, I planned to develop the breasts next, but without being able to reach an orgasm, there isn't enough bait.

Since the bait is insufficient, it's going to be extremely difficult to lure Ogasawara Makoto into obscene actions. By making drowning in pleasure a habit, it will extinguish her calm judgment. However, my usual plan to have her engage in obscene development, without thinking about it being unconventional, has come to a deadstop.

After she went home, I'm the only one person left in the warehouse and was worried.

It surely isn't wasn't the first time doing it with the anus, and there's no

problem stopping just before she cums. But in reality, not keeping it up won't let her cum. There is a big difference.

When only first seeing her anus, I experienced an easy victory, but never expected to stumble here. No, this has been far too successful. It's only natural to stumble here, so I just need to overcome it.

Why can't Ogasawara Makoto cum now? The answer was already given.

After she came the first time, I properly gave her aftercare by counseling her after she climaxed with her anus, but Ogasawara Makoto still subconsciously remembers the great shame.

In front of me, she didn't want to expose such a disgraceful behavior again. I believe it's similar to that.

Saying that, her unconsciousness is the problem. I can influence that, for she works hard in reaching anal orgasm by herself. But it seems there is a limiter put in place as a restraint that then no matter what happens, she can't cum like before.

If that's the case, I must definitely remove the limiter, but again this is going to be considerably difficult.

When one reaches an orgasm, a large quantity of female hormones is released, it heavily affects the beauty of the person. Therefore, I will explain that she will become more beautiful, even though it's a little bit of a stretch. However, if I tried it too hard she won't like it. There is a danger that the training will be affected if she won't isn't able to reach anal

orgasm.

"I give up. Maybe the biggest reason she cannot cum, is probably me….."

Sitting on the couch, I hold my head with both hands as I mutter at my wits' end.

Romantic feelings sprouted, accelerating and making it easier for her to experience progress, but actually it's also a double edged sword.

In other words, since she has feelings of love rising for me, she rejects exposing her disgraceful behavior to me. So she doesn't become disordered in front of me, she resists it unconsciously.

To be honest, even I who created such limiter, honestly doesn't even have a clue about which step to take.

"Let's start with what troubles you. I have no choice but to try out some various things……"

Based on the words that I muttered, it won't be a problem if I don't start now. Besides, I'm afraid the situation might become more disordered if I strain the roots. It's during this time that I should take a hot bath and sleep on it, I'm exhausted and I should let my brain rest. This way my mood will change and a surprisingly simple breakthrough might be discovered.

As I made my decision, I left the warehouse.

———

The next day, I woke up with a secret plan floating inside my brain.

I was troubled on how to get rid of her shame yesterday, but the current plan floating in my brain is the exact opposite. Rather than get rid of it, I'll give her even more. Moreover, in a place other than the warehouse.

The warehouse is the place that I contacted with Ogasawara Makoto, it's also the place she receives her massage. Therefore, it must be place where her mind feels at ease.

If that's the case, I'll give her a great deal of shame in a place other than the warehouse, then let her release the stress and frustration in the warehouse. Moreover, by giving a lot of shame, she will become accustomed to shame itself and enjoy exposing herself in a more shameless manner if things go well.

If things go smoothly it won't be just killing two birds with one stone, it's possible to also catch three or four birds with one stone. But, that much is also a big risk.

If this plan succeeds, I can go ahead to developing the anus, and it's also possible to easily switch to develop the breasts.

After all, if that's the risk I will bear on the next stage, might as well bear it now. After all, the bigger the risk, the bigger the return.

Risk and return. Danger and reward. When I noticed my thoughts have been filled with this, laughter just wells up.

Since things are no longer going smoothly, it seems I somehow became a coward. Even though since the beginning I've accepted to carry such risks.

———

Early morning, I left for school earlier than usual and went into the science room within the school building.

When leaving the my house, I sent an email to Ogasawara Makoto to induct an agreement to meet in the science room. Since I got an immediate reply of approval after I sent the email, she will definitely come.

To tell the truth, I wanted to refrain being in contact with her as much as possible in the school building. The reason is Sasaki. (1)

Ogasawara Makoto certainly has placed some distance from Sasaki. After all, she diligently goes to the warehouse everyday. This can be considered that she's visiting the warehouse everyday so that Sasaki would not meet any trouble.

It's because we are not dating that Ogasawara Makoto can explain her relationship with Sasaki to me. I think it's the same for Sasaki too.

It's because we are not dating that I cannot intervene on their privacy.

Even though they spent so much time together, it would become troubling to say the least. Extending his hand to reach her while mutually worrying about each other would only make the distance grow. They really are foolish.

However, it feels like there is a man's shadow near Ogasawara Makoto, it seems that the late bloomer Sasaki is starting to make a move.

Right now, however, isn't a good time to be interrupted by Sasaki. Even if she has complete trust and faith in me, Sasaki will still be above with confidence and reliance. Currently, I succeeded with influencing her feelings due to the fabricated pictures that I made, but if she knew the truth, there's a very high chance that Ogasawara Makoto will switch over to Sasaki's side.

Therefore, at present time it isn't that wise to come in contact with her on any place other than the warehouse. It's a risk to meet at school, so that's why I'll get a great return.

And in order to reduce the risk as much as possible, I picked the unpopular early morning when there's only a few people. With that, the provided return will also decrease.

My ideal was that I wanted to give her a whole lot of shame near a great number of people, but this time I can't help but to compromise with Sasaki.

When I arrive at the science room, I confirm that the door was opened.

Special classrooms, including the science room, have been ruled to be locked when a teacher leaves. Then if the special classrooms' door was unlocked and opened, it shows that a teacher already unlocked it. In other words, it can be said they already reported for work.

If the door isn't open I'm in trouble, but I'm also in trouble if a teacher arrived. Beyond that, it also can't be said that there is no possibility that students will suddenly arrived too.

This is the second risk, but also the element of return.

Someone might come. I believe this thought will give Ogasawara Makoto much shame.

"Kijima-san, good morning!"

The moment I opened the door, Ogasawara Makoto was standing in front of me. As one would expect, I was surprised from that, for my heart rate suddenly rose(2). Moreover, sweat strangely gushed out too.

"I waited at the door because it was open. Then, how do I say this, uh, I felt a tingling sensation when you approached the door. Then the door opened and standing there was you…..doesn't it seem to be fate?"(3)

She is more talkative than usual, she's delightfully blushing as she smoothly greets me.

Fate? Ridiculous.

"G-go-good morning. You're early....."

While retracting my real thoughts, I return the greeting.

I did send her the email when I left my house. In order to prepare for the current plan, but i'm still not convinced about the reason she's here already.

Does she always come to school this early?

"E-ehehe, I decided to be early. Because....."

She laughed shy with flushed cheeks, showing a gesture like she was running.

"Because I ran with all my might!"

Raising her left foot behind her, she waved both of her hands alternately while saying such a thing.

Since she ran, why is she full with motivation from this morning? Since I thought of this plan today this morning, she should know nothing. She should have came because I messaged, so why is there also so much enthusiasm?

Oh, I forgot it's like this. This person is that stupid.

"I-is that so, I extremely appreciate your hardwork."

I lightly pull away from Ogasawara Makoto's high spirits, and put my hands up slightly while entering into the science room. Ogasawara Makoto, who followed behind me, was still cheerfully waving both of her hands alternately.

"Although I asked for your email address along time ago, you never sent me an email. Was the email you sent today your very first email？ Do you even know how to use it?

She quickly lined up next to me, puffing out her cheeks and glares at me. But quickly gave a laugher, taking out a mobile from her uniform pocket, while grinning and staring at the screen.

Are you either in a good or bad mood? She isn't quite consistent with her behavior. For the time being, I think she's very annoying today.

"Ogasawara, I was a little anxious about calling you out this early in the morning."

"EH!? You were anxious for me!? Did you say that just now!?"

When I stopped and said that to her, she covered her mouth with both hands, becoming flustered with her bright red face.

‘You were anxious about me’, well, I certainly am anxious about you, but I worry about you in a 180 degree difference than you believe.

Or perhaps I should say, I have high tension with her. For my low blood pressure, this tension is quite hard in the morning.

“Nehehe, now, Kijima-san. Although there isn’t really anything to choose such a boring place. How should I say it, it’s just typical for Kijima-san. W-well, even such a place is fine too. Since it’s important to you!

She strikes my chest, she’s definitely completely restless. I now understand her speech and behavior.

This person, is under the impression that I’m trying to confess. She was just called early this morning, how did she arrive to such a thought? Although I already believed she was an idiot, this is genuinely extreme foolishness.

Now that I got caught up in her pace, the plan became a mess. Therefore, I decided to alter the topic to where it will to fit into my pace.

But then it would sharply drop her spirit. This fellow is really troublesome.

“There’s no one else to call about it but you. It’s the constipation reduction massage being performed these days, I want to record your anal state regularly for the sake of examining whether there isn’t any disorders.”

When she heard my words, although she was openly depressed, her face changed color to a bright read and looked down.

“Wh-what….. what state?”

And then muttered in in parts.

“Uh huh, anyways I’ll be using some tools. I can’t necessarily deny the responsibility that you anus possibility requires. So, I want to examine the state of the anus early in the morning, and recording about whether there’s a problem or not. I want to record it for about one week, if that’s possible.”

A recording. Her ears became a fiery red to that word. I imagine when it’s done, she will be engulfed by shame.

For a person with such strangely high intelligence, how can she be such a slow-witted person?

“R-recording, um, specifically what kind of thing, will you do?(4)

Putting both hands in front of her skirt, she twists her body while muttering with her face bright red as steam also issues out from her ears.

It becomes clear if you look at her behavior. She already knows to some extent even if it isn’t said directly. In other words, I’m telling her to expose her anus at this place.

In order for me to ascertain her guess, she asked again for an explanation.

From the opposite pole of Ogasawara Makoto, I didn't break from my persistent businesslike manner while I place a bag that I had on the science room table. And then I open the zipper and took out the tools from inside.

I took out a penlight and a test tube that's a bit bigger than usual, and then I also grabbed a notebook, writing utensils, and a digital camera.(5)

"I'll record the surface and internal state of your anus with the digital camera, and then write down the information in a notebook. The surface is bright as is, but the inside isn't the same case. In that case, I'll insert a test tube in the anus and illuminate it with a penlight for the photograph. You can decline if you dislike it, but I want you to cooperate if possible."

To my words, she fiercely lifted her head as her eyes lit up in surprise, but soon looks down.

She was prepared to expose her anus, but never would've thought that a test tube would be inserted in the anus for a photograph. Well, if she was able to predict such a thing, it wouldn't be a prediction but fortune telling. That's how unconventional my instruction are.

She says nothing while looking down. It isn't that surprising, to expose the anus at such a place, and place a test tube in it to photograph; there is no way she'll accept it so easily.

“I understand that you’re embarrassed, but I originally inserted a foreign object inside your anus to give stimulation. I’ll be careful just in case something happens and before it’s too late(6). I intent to save as much information with this book. So, I don’t think there will be any problem, it’s just my style to perform whatever I can carefully.”

Here I’ll give her a smooth lecture, not giving her any time to worry about it. Moreover, I emphasized everything by saying I’m worried about her body.

“Th-the condition, um, is fine…..”

She mutters while still looking down. The anus condition is good, and so is the bowel movement. So I must say it isn’t necessary to confirm or record it.

“That’s normal, I’ll be troubled if there is a problem. Its natural that your anus is fine as well. But to get conclusive evidence that says it’s definitely alright, I’ll take a record to confirm. “

Because it’s fine there isn’t a need to record it, but I explain it’s necessary because it’s fine, causing her to fall silent. It seems she’s probably about to be convinced, now just one more push.

“The anus is an organ that’s very important to a human beings. If there is a problem, it’s life-threatening. Of course I’m not asserting that there is an absolute problem. So it’s for that exact reason that it needs to be checked. In order to say with confidence that’s completely alright, I want to take a record.”

I put my hand on her shoulder as she looked down flushed, I spoke politely and tenderly.

After her moment of silence, she nodded.

‘Kijima-san really worried about my body from the bottom of his heart, so I must endure it even if it is slightly embarrassing.’ She must be thinking something like that.

Even so, do you understand? Wouldn’t you normally refuse?

It’s so docile and simple that it’s enough to make one laugh. Or rather, it’s slowly becoming toilsome to bear the laughter.

“Then I’ll begin immediately. It will be troublesome if someone seen this so i chose in the early morning where there are few people, so I’ll quickly finish this.”

As I said that, Makoto Ogasawara pinched on my uniform then I looked back to her.

“W-well…..then, is the warehouse no good? I think there is no need to worry if a person comes over there.”

Tch, as expected she noticed. By hinting a person might casually come, it was a measure to drive her shame, while simultaneously it exposed a hole in the plan.

As Ogasawara Makoto said, taking a record is fine within the warehouse. It's the most secure, but then the effectivity of this plan would also fade away.

If the shame was exposed outside of the warehouse, she would become used to that shame and exposure and begin to find pleasure in it, and then trick her into training so she'll release it inside the warehouse for relief.

And then, it's important to insert the test tube in the science room. The science room has equipment and materials used for science, and to take records. She'll seem extremely like a laboratory animal. Thereby with her masochistic habit, it's very possible it will drop her self-esteem unconsciously.

'You're a laboratory animal.' As long as I can rub this in unconsciously, the degree of freedom from training her goes up exceptionally.

The reason she is uneasy is because she noticed the hole in the plan, but, that isn't really a problem. Saying that I was aware there was a hole in the plan, of course it's natural that I have prepared a way to dissuade her. Even so, I wished she hadn't noticed since it's really troublesome.

"That's reasonable to say, Ogasawara. I did intend to conduct it at the warehouse at first. But, take a look at this."

I put recording tools on the table. Then I took the digital camera by the hand, and switched on the power and selected an image.

“Yesterday, I thought of taking some photographs inside the warehouse for a test run. But then I felt uneasy about it.”

I said as I showed her the image. By the way, it was only a few minutes ago that I took the photo. Before entering the school building, I stopped by at the warehouse and photographed it.

“It’s dark.”

She saw the image, and looked at me for a moment while mumbling.

“Yeah, we can’t get a photo in there because there isn’t even a single window, right? The fluorescent lights aren’t bright enough. Photographing the inside of the anus in this seems like it will still be a little difficult even with a penlight.”

And explaining without stopping, I didn’t give her a chance to think.

In fact, taking a photograph is possible in the warehouse if I use a digital camera. But I’m also using a cheap digital camera that lacked function. Besides, I also carefully photographed with the flash off.

Even if it was noticed later on, there probably won’t be any problems since the plan has already set in motion.

But if I use the inefficient camera that lacked in functionality, even if it’s in the science room with windows, photographing her anus will be difficult. And even trying to illuminate it with a penlight, it’s still difficult to photograph it. But that isn’t a problem, to photograph or not to

photograph is inconsequential here anyway.

I will insert the test tube in her anus, and then photographed the inside while illuminating with a penlight. That action is important because the picture itself is insignificant.

“I understand.”

She believes the photograph can’t be helped, so she nods.

Ogasawara Makoto is very ignorant when it comes to machines, I already noticed this since the first stage. So I already believed it would be easy to properly deceive her, but this is really too easy.

I want to give her just one advice. Although it would be a mistake for me to say it, but she should store a bit more knowledge.

———

“Bend forward and place both hands on the table, hey, push out your rear. And then I want you to open both legs to the width of your shoulders.”

At my instructions, she nodded obediently with flushed ears and took the posture accordingly to my orders.

She seems quite tense. Also, she usually isn’t shy but she must be experiencing it. She’s far from talkative, since she hasn’t spoken a single

word while her body is subtly trembling.

"Then I'll start. Because I'm afraid that people will come, I will finish this quickly."

'People will come!? ' her eyebrows drop to my words, chewing on her her lower lip and closes her eyes tightly.

By daringly saying something I shouldn't have, I had thoroughly induced her sense of shame.

"Well then, I'll take down the underwear."

I take a peek at her reaction when I said so, with her eyes closed she nodded several times.

The original purpose of this recording plan was to release her limiter that has blocked climaxing with only the anus, but it's really fun to see her figure squirm in shame. I hit upon a magnificent plan, if I do say so myself. (7)

I leaned forward placing both of my hands to the table while thoroughly enjoying her figure, then I sneak around to where her rear end sticks out, rolling up her skirt slowly.

As her body trembles. Her white underwear is revealed. When I put both hands to the underwear, I quickly pulled it down near her knee.

Her white ass was completely exposed, along with her anus and her pussy. Her anus is wiggling and twitching, and I discovered her pussy is wet just by looking at it.

Although she is engulfed by shame, she's also excited by the situation. It's a delightful matter, it seems she's also grounding in exposure.

"Also unlike the warehouse, it seems like I'll be able to photograph smoothly thanks to the morning sun coming through the windows."

While saying that the window's curtains in the science room are thrown open. That means, I pointed out that inside the science room is become completely visible from the outside. I purposely told this to her.

But in fact, it's difficult to snoop and comprehend the inside of the room from the outside, unless they approach the window. I had already been confirmed this. Besides, outside the science room is the courtyard, it's very unlikely that people would come there first thing in the early morning. But of course I won't tell her that.

"It, pl, please end it soon……"

A low voice arrives at my ear shaking. Unintentionally I grinned, but Ogasawara Makoto who was bending forward with her eyes closed, doesn't know I had such an expression.

"I understand, but that doesn't mean to be impatient. Besides it's alright, it won't take too much time."

While declaring this, I picked up a container that I put on the table. It was a plastic container with a sharp tip. The content is lotion, which was specially prepared with a with a sharp tip thing that inserts into her anus.

“Because I will be injecting an aroma oil to your anus, it will feel a little chilly.”

“O-okay—Kyaaa!”

I check for a response by unravelling her anus with my finger, and while waiting for a reply, I insert the tip of the container into her anus. And then I press the container to pour the lotion.

“Because the test tube might hard to suddenly take in, I’ll loosen it with my finger.”

“P-please do.”

While stimulating her anus with my finger, I watch her reaction as her breathing became heavier while her waist popped.

Despite wanting the feeling to end soon, I can clearly judge that she still wants me to poke around her anus.

“Ah, feels good—nn!”

When my finger penetrated, her waist jerked. Ogasawara Makoto, unintentional saying she feels good, hastily covers her lips with the palm

of her right hand.

The anal lotion being injected increases the lubricity, it's possible to put a finger in easily. Moreover, because of the frequent development, her anus immediately begins to open.

"Nnn—haa—huuu"

While covering her mouth by the hand, she shakes her hips to match the movement of my finger, thoroughly enjoying the pleasure. Nevertheless, the pleasure seems to be growing and looks like it's becoming hard for her to muffle her voice.

The shame doubled the pleasure, overtaking with her reasoning with sweet nectar. It's seems that it was easier than expected to make her into exposure.

I increased the fingers from one to two, and then to three. I pick and turn with the three fingers more than required, utterly enjoying the appearance of Ogasawara Makoto as she suppresses her voice and panting.

"It will be okay soon."

"Nuu, Haa, please g,go on!"

Merely from pulling in and out three fingers, the voice she had suppressed up until now, clearly spoke words to not pull it out.

Although she suffers from suppressed climaxing, thanks to developing her anus everyday, the sensitivity rises day by day. Therefore fiddling it just somewhat, she's swallowed in pleasure and has reached the point of forgetting oneself.

That's why it's a nuisance. While madly drowning in pleasure, her suffering regarding the restraint of the climax is really deep in her psyche, and takes root with the thought she doesn't make me to see her disordered appearance.

It isn't easy to get rid of these shackles. That's why it's a rough treatment, but it's also downright fun and amusing.

"Before I insert the test tube and to take the photograph, for the moment push up your rear and spread your legs as much as you can, and let me open your anus for the moment I insert the test tube and then take the photograph right away."

When I speak to her she waves her buttocks while panting, she suddenly stops the movement of her buttock, giving a stiff facial expression as instantly coming to her senses.

"Photographing……"

"Ah, I'm counting on you."

I held the camera in my hand while squatting down to where the whole area down there can be photographed. And then I click the shutter.

At the same time to the sound of the shutters and bright flash, her ass shook.

In her dumbfounded state she turns her face to me, without changing her posture, and side glances me stunned.

“I’m taking multiple photographs for a full body image. In the meantime, spread the anus.”

“Ah—no—that sort of—”

Ignoring her as she began to tremble and rattle with a pale face, I press the shutter while moving and photographed a full body imagine in 5 pieces in total, which included the right behind, the sides, and so forth. I then came back to her front rear, and squatted down to the spot, about to get a closeup photograph of her anus.

However, her anus just closes. She should be able to spread her anus greatly by herself, so it shows she’s disobeying my instructions when it closes.

“Ogasawara, her anus is closed. I also want to end it as soon as possible for you. Will you quickly open her anus?”

To my question, she still continues to shake and rattle. It seems like it was a shock when the photograph was actually taken.

It’s only natural. She’s gonna be in a mess for a while, she will be ok after some time passes. Only her my memory of this will remain. However, if you take a photograph of it, that will now becomes an evidence, anyone will be able to confirm that Ogasawara Makoto’s indecent appearance.

Although she already approved of the photograph once, but by having it really taken, moreover by explaining her whole body photograph is able to be duplicated, she’ll fall into a panic.

“Ogasawara, did you hear? Open the anus. Otherwise I can’t take a photograph.”

“T-that—no—that—I—I—”

Her body quivered still and became more intense, causing her voice to start voice to shake.

She hasn’t completely recovered. No doubt this isn’t unexpected.

Now, since I driven her this far into a corner, I’ll give her pleasure next.

“It can’t be helped, I’ll open it. Relax as much as possible.”

“T-thaat, but—!”

By saying I’ll spread it open myself, she would most likely think her anus will be forcibly opened. Her anus was tightening firmly as evidence of this.

It’s still tempting. However, if I do such a thing she will sprout feelings of antipathy to me, it may cause a sense of distrust. Therefore, I won’t do such a thing.

I place a finger to her anus, gently stimulating it. Slowly, gently, carefully, and considerately.

“Wau!? Th,t, thhhhaat, Kijima-sann, aaaann, i, it feels too gooood, wait a littllleee, ahinnn”

Convulsions occur in small successions, her anus becomes more and more tense, and her strength releases out. Choosing that moment, I penetrate my finger inside her anus smoothly.

“Waan, nooooo, Kijima-sann, please wait a minute, aahnn, you can’t do thaaaaaatt”

Although the words have resistance, her tone of voice becomes sweeter and sweeter as the seconds tick by.

“For the time being, I’ll take a photograph with a finger inserted in place.”

I mutter with a detached tone as I pick, churn,and turn her anus with the finger of my right hand and hold the camera with the left, pressing the shutter.

The sound of the camera shutter and bright flash goes off as her rear shakes.

“Kk,Kijima-samaa, you mustn’t taaake, aaahnnnn. pleaaaase, don’t take such a picture of mee—iinn, ahnn”

If it’s her anus, I know more than the actual person. So I know practically all of her weak spots and places that could make her go mad.

Bending the finger in her anus and pressing the pinpointed tender spots, Ogasawara Makoto pants while slobbering on the edge of her lip and still shakes her neck desperately, urging so that I stop taking photographs.

But it’s clear by glancing at her appearance, it’s clear that those aren’t her true feelings.

In order to photograph easier I open both legs to shoulder width and push out the buttock properly. And yet, I’m not being resisted. Ogasawara Makoto doesn’t show any behavior like she’ll run away, although if she felt like it she could’ve at any time.

And her pussy guarantees it. It has been overflowing so much love juice that is has been dripping down since a little while ago.

She’s definitely aroused. But whether she’s excited because of the shame or being dominated, I don’t know which but it doesn’t matter.

“Alright, it became considerably looser. Then I’ll insert the test tube and

begin the photograph.”

“S-such a thiiinngg, is no goooodd, waitt, nuu, ann”

She resists while shaking her ass. But the appearance she has seems to beg and urge for even more.

I pulled out the finger, then stood up and took the test tube and penlight from the top of the table, then look at her.

Despite noticing that I stood up, started the preparations, and told her that i will be inserting the test tube and take a picture of it, she still didn’t try to escape. On the contrary, she maintained a proper posture.

Ogasawara Makoto lowers the ends of her eyebrows and stares at me, slightly begging with her wet eyes. Wanting me to keep going.

But she doesn’t send it with words, but I know deep down in her mind she’s hoping to start.

“Sorry, I know you’re ashamed. However, this is for your sakes. it’s better to be hated by you if I overlook your body for an abnormality, even if I will be avoided by you.”

I thought of what to say immediately. Saying that to her, she will believe that there is no other way than to accept it. But the actual effect clearly showed far more than expected.

Ogasawara Makoto who was slouched forward, stretched out straight while her flushed face tightened and pushed out her buttock.

"To hate Kijima-san or something like, I'll never do that!"(8)

And she said that so clearly. i only made up those words on the spot, but it seems to have made a complete breakthrough.

"Why am I, always, always thinking only about myself……I don't think about Kijima's feelings right now either, I'm just throwing a tantrum because I'm embarrassed….."

Those words were muttered. It seems apparently she began a reflection party for herself. The masochistic habit of this person is hardcore.

But, there's no way only one word can suddenly change her attitude. Perhaps it was when「This is for your sake」was said,what kind of thinking makes it become that???

This fellow, who I believe is a complete idiot, is beginning her deep breathing. I squat down in a hurry to see, her anus begins to twitch and wiggle.

Since it's quite interesting, I clicked the shutter one after another to photograph it.

Her anus wiggled, opens and closes as if it was like a fish's mouth, and then it opens bigger. Then it closes again, but then opens even larger.

“Okay, it’s alright,it’s now possible to insert the test tube.”

The test tube was prepared for her was a little thick. I thinned a milk bottle one size when I made it this thick. This thing isn’t normally to be placed in her anus, but Ogasawara Makoto’s anus has been constantly expanding in the amount it could take with the anal stick,so this will be an easy victory.

In front of my eyes, the size of the open anus hole seems to be about the same size of the test tube that I’m holding in my hand. And by itself, her anus can also be spread if the test tube is inserted because of its flexibility, it’s also possible to swallow even bigger things.

In fact, the sizes of the globes used recently has become like a ping-pong ball. Because that diameter is certainly larger than the test tube, then there isn’t any reason not to inserting this test tube I’m holding.

I place the point of the test tube on the open anus while clicking the camera shutter. Although her attitude took a sudden turn her embarrassment hasn’t changed, for every time the flash shines her ass trembles and anus almost closes. And yet the spirit is holding out, because she seems to desperately maintaining the open hole while it’s twitching. It’s quite amusing.

“Aa—haaaaa”

Inserting the tip of the test tube in her, she begins to take deep, sweet breaths. Since this degree of thickness is like an easy victory, lightly pressing sinks it right in.

“I will adjust your position a little.”

“Aa, ann, ye, yess, thank you.”

‘Hmm’, when pushing in the test tube she calls out to me, while sweet moans are mixed in I get a firm response.

“A little more deeper. No, this side. No, no, it still needs to be deeper. But, it seems this side is better. Wait? It still needs to go deeper. I feel it can reach farther inside.

“Ann, awaaa, uunn, hiuuu, auuuuuu!!!”

Push and pull, push and pull. Push in, and pull out.. (9)

Along with the smooth glass test tube, the effects of the lotion increase the effectiveness when lightly inserted.

While saying that I’ll adjust the position, I fully devoting myself in playing with Ogasawara Makoto, who does her best to desperately hold back her increasingly sweet moans.

Because she hasn’t noticed she’s being played with, perhaps you say she truly had a loose screw

“This much is fine.”

I push the test tube deep, and separated my hand. Ogasawara Makoto's rear convulsions while breathing heavily,"Thank you, f, for adjusting my position." she said. It's really tiring to hold back from really laughing at her here.

'Thank you for adjusting my position.', did she seriously say that?

While desperately holding back the welled up laughter, I hold the camera and click. But because I'm enduring laughter, my hand cannot help but shake.

I place the penlight next to the inserted test tube in her anus, and turned on the light.

"Ohhh…."

In the cavern of meat which became exposed, I unintentionally leak out a sigh of admiration.

A wall of pink flesh intervaled with red, is enlarged by the test tube, and by a penlight the depths of this cave of flesh are exposed.

A viscous liquid coils around the undulating meat wall and glass. The flesh wall looks slimy and connected, with shakes of her ass it glissions; the state of oppression was vividly projected through the glass.

"Looks like there isn't anything abnormal. With this, this recording is

now finished.”

I took the penlight from the test tube and turned it off as I talked to her.

“T-thank you.”

To my inquiry, Ogasawara Makoto thanks me for my services with inserting a test tube in her anus.

I almost accidentally bursted into laughter and with my right fingers I pinch the back of my left hand to offset the laughter for pain. Please, don’t be anymore ridiculous than this.

“I will record tomorrow as well, so come to the science room at the same time.”

“Y-yes, I’m sorry I caused you trouble. Thank you very much for your help.”

Ogasawara Makoto has answered my instructions with obedience. Moreover, she once again gave a thank you. Shit, this person, is going to make me die from laughter.

“Alright, then I will pull it out.”

“Y-Yes—nuuuuuu, it feels goooodd. soo、just like that、can you please push it in again one more time？」

When I begin to pull out the test tube inserted deep inside, her ass twitches and at the same time swallows it backup to her depths. What did this fellow say? It can never finish if it goes back up. (10)

"I said that it's over."

"I-I'm sorry, akuuuuuuu—aann"

While the test tube is being pulled out, she apologizes to me. When all of it is popped out, her waist bounces and her knees shake while peating deep breaths.

"Well, because I summarized today's record in these notes, you're already good. Thank you."

"T-thank you."

I stood up and opened the notebook on the table, then began to write down my thoughts on this record session. Ogasawara Makoto says thanks to me, puts her underwear that was taken down to the knees back on, and deeply lowers her head at me.

After she left, I wrote a title on the notebook with,'Observation records of Her Transformation.'

———

After school that day, I work hard on her anus development in the

warehouse as always, and it seems this morning recording session was more effective than expected, because Ogasawara Makoto showed a certain change.

"You can', you can't grind it like that noooo mooooreee, my, my head is funny naruuuuuuu"

The anal stick sphere beads are about the size of a ping-pong ball. As for anus that swallows them with ease while they're intensely pushed in, the hips violently jump while the buttock twitches.

Her whole body gushes out sweat while squirming, the point of reaching a climax has already happened eight times today. (11)

Ogasawara Makoto gave an ecstatic moan and leaned back. The posture isn't the usual inchworm, before I know it she's on all fours. With that, every time she's trashing her big breasts undulate violently.

According to my expectations, disclosing a great amount of shame by exposure and with giving pleasure halfway, it seems she had exploded in the warehouse to feel relief. And even more so, worrying about the public eyes in the science room and enduring the pleasure isn't needed in warehouse.

Due to rubbing this in, she has began to reach growth from being disordered to going mad from the pleasure.

At the same time, by having been captured with a camera, she can no longer go back on her word, so instead she resolved herself to give in to

the pleasure itself. In brief, I seem to have made a breakthrough in various ways.

Now we can move forward. Once I make it a complete habit with only the anus, the development with the anus ends. The next stage to enter and match progress with the anus, are the breasts.

Under the pretense of a massage for woman whose breast milk doesn't run smoothly, I intent to perform milking training. Moreover, it isn't just any ordinary milking. It's milking just like milking a cow, while stimulating the anus to climax at the same time. Eventually I want to be able to possibly get her to climax with only the nipples. Well, I won't know until I try it out.

Development and training will also satisfy my curiosity with these experiments. It's really going to be enjoyable.

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(1)(TLNY: Is it wrong that I want Sasaki to meet the MC pretty soon? I mean personally, I want to get a better insight in Sasaki and how he'll react near the MC.)(E.N: I think so too, but i also wanna see if MC will grab the other girls in her little group.)

(2)(E.N: the tsundere didn't get to prepare his heart.)

(3)(TLNY: I'm just….I don't know if this girl is love sick or just full of delusions. But I must admit, this was cute.)(EN: But watch the protagonist is go all tsundere again.)

(4)(E.N: Are you ready for this? Huh, huh, are you readyyyy?????)

(5)(It's a long ass conversation, so click here to read.)

(6)(E.N: Yeah right.)

(7)(TLNY: http://media.giphy.com/media/eml5wd6dh1Bkl/giphy.gif)

(8)(TLNY: CONGRATULATION, LOYAL CHICK GAINED.)

(9)(E.N: Wash, rinse, and repeat)

(10)(E.N: You already know what's up don't try to make your actions innocent, the reader's are watching Kajima-Senpai)

(11)(TLC: Holy crap…)(E.N:My god she already came 8 times in less than 2 hours this guy is really gonna break her when he's done training her!)

In the middle of the night, I sat at my PC while holding laughter.

The image shown on the screen is a Holstein. It isn't figurative speech for a busty woman, it's a genuine cow. In other words, the image is a cow getting milked in a cattle barn.

"Kuku, regretfully, even for her……she will easily be deceived. When thinking about it my laughter can't stop!"

Downloading the image of milking a cow, I write an outline sentence. Then paste it to the image.

In addition, to make the image of the milking cow connect with the image of the massage, I created an explanation and attached it to the outline.

You know what, I've been reducing my sleep in order to create the document from scratch. It's reference material to learn a sophisticated technique about the breast massages.

Naturally, most of it is bullshit, while at the same time I'm include my own words, but this way if there is reference material or something, Ogasawara Makoto will hold no doubt and obey.

In fact so far more than 50% of the book that I looked at in front of her, is homemade by me.

"When I casually put it on table, she sometimes reads it. Therefore I

cannot help but laugh when she willing agrees."

I was using a lot of commercial books, until around the full body massage. Then the reason I mixed in more homemade documents, was because I began the constipation reduction massage; the resources I homemade increased to 80%.

And now the encouragement of the breastfeeding massage will take place. Its contents, normally I will never tackle it.

The forgery documents are projected by the screen of my PC. When I read the title, I carelessly burst into laughter.

『If it's Mother's Milk, ask a Milking Cow! A Milking Cow is a Professional of Mother's Milk!』(1)

Such absurd words are written in bold, followed after with a description and images underneath.

The image is a Holstein milked by a milking machine, and then there's an image of a cow being milked by human power. An explanation is attached to those images; the similarities with milking a cow and a human being, a method to increase the amount of breast milk, and a process to make the flow of breast milk better, I made up these suitable explanations.

That's what I'm going to do. It's right out milking. Of course, breast milk won't actually flow from her breasts. If it came out it would be amusing, but it still won't appear. Even so, I don't have any particular problem if it

doesn’t come out. Practicing on her when she assumes her breast milk doesn’t flow smoothly, that situation will deceive her as many times as I like. Besides, she will almost definitely accept if I put together this reference material. (2)

———

The following morning, with the reference material and kit which I made almost throughout the night, I attend school early.

Middle School was something that I dedicated to study every day and night, but to be honest it was painful. Even if I desperately try to cram it my brain has a limit, and I gradually realized my limit. It was genuinely hard. (3)

But in order to sink Ogasawara Makoto into the abyss of despair, my brain will continue to revive for indefinitely. If I could direct this motivation to studying, perhaps I could surpass my older brother. (4)

For this one week, I called Ogasawara Makoto to the science room in the early morning, claiming to take a record of her anus in order to get accustomed to exposing, and by slowly making the test tubes bigger, the inside of the anus is shown more clearly, rising her urges and shame exceptionally.

Furthermore, she still shows that bashful behavior, however it seems she certainly gained a tolerance to exposure, in fact, she took off her underwear in the science room so I could insert the test tube inside her anus.

It appears she’s well grounded in exposing.

And then after school I would concurrently perform the anus development in the warehouse, because in the science room I trained her in stimulating her shame, it became a custom that the anxiety and tension would blow up in the warehouse.

Thanks to that, I succeeded applying a habit only to the anus. A climax comes easily when using tools, but even a finger alone is enough to get a climax.

So after yesterday’s training, I told her tomorrow I’ll be beginning a new massage.

Her reaction toward it looked somewhat disappointed despite obediently agreeing. She probably thinks her favorite anus massage was finished. The climax at the anus seems to be very pleasant to her.

Well, in the end her worries are needless anxiety. At any rate I’ll be developing the anus and the breasts at the same time. Ultimately, the pleasure itself will definitely double than the time with only the anus. Knowing that fact, Ogasawara Makoto will be swallowed by the vortex of pleasure, completely sinking her body further into it’s sea.

Then when the daybreak of growth for the breasts is finished, I’ll begin the development of the clitoris. The clitoris has the highest sensitivity among the erogenous zones of a woman. If that development finishes, then Ogasawara Makoto will already become a slave of pleasure, the abyss of despair is near at hand.

The butterfly which was seized with a spiderweb, entangled repeatedly on its beautiful wings by spider's thread, already becoming impossible to escape.

———

Finished the record meeting in the science room, I wrote down in the 'Observation records of Her Transformation' like always.

While running the pen in the notebook, I look next to her in a side glance, while bending forward with both hands on the table she has both her legs open to shoulder and buttock pushed out, not moving an inch when I got up.

Before she would usually put back her underwear and leave the science room.

Thoroughly ogled the test tube inside her anus, gets even more excited when I take her photograph, raising her breath with a flushed face.

As I thought, she's soon going to begin to move.

"U-um……"

Ogasawara Makoto, to me who's silently running a pen on a notebook, talks in a low voice.

The training in the science room has been the main drive for shame,

but the pleasure itself isn't giving a whole lot. To put it simply, she never reaches a climax in the science room.

For Ogasawara Makoto who loves having the anus pecked at and twisted, the training in the science room has as well became an important process it extinguish in the warehouse, it will become frustrating.

In other words, I believe before long she'll resort to asking for it. After all, today is the last day of the recording meeting, the pleasant feeling of the record meeting in the science room disappears from tomorrow. I thought that today it would begin to work, but my predictions was totally on point.

But to get her going to say it on the last day, it seems she's really shy. She won't act if she isn't cornered.

"Yes? What's wrong?"

I raise my face from the notebook and move my eyes to her, she faces slightly down, crossing her hands in front of her skirt while fidgeting the body. The face and ears are burning red.

Additionally her white underwear taken down to the knee is the same, her love juices overflows from her pussy and streams down to her inner thigh just from looking at her anus. Despite the neat appearance wearing the uniform, the neatness and obscenity form a precise balance, bringing an abnormal bewitchment.

“Th-this day, um……it’s the end, is that right?”

The eyes shake while the lip tremble. The low voice also seems to vanish in it.

Ogasawara Makoto, has probably franticly considered it before reaching today. I must give her detailed explanations about the duration of our recording session one way or the other. And I must have repeated this inside my brain over and over again.

Without her knowing that I have seen through her intentions.

“Well, with this one week of observation, there isn’t any particular abnormalities seen in the anus. And the bowel movements has increased better than ever before, the skin complexion is more glossy too. So for the moment, I intend to stop the anus observation with this.”

She listens to my words in silence, reacting to the word bowel movement, hanging her head down with a further flushed face. But lifts her face with her lower lip bit.

Now, what on earth sort of plan will she use? And how does she intend to persuade me? This is very enjoyable.

“To-to tell you the truth……”

“Hm?”

Her low voice shakes along with her eyes. Her trembling and anxiety is completely driven by her understanding of the situation. Although this was in the plan, I have given her reason to doubt me.

Shy character and masochist habit in addition to that. She really isn't cut out to lead people with her planning skill.

"M-my rear……"

"Rear? What is it? Is something up with your rear? Is it also uncomfortable? Or is it painful?"

Her eyes greatly shake right to left, her voice shook even more and seem it could vanish at any moment. For her to be suspiciously behave such embarrassment towards a suspicious person, I was shaking towards her words.

Ogasawara Makoto swallows her saliva and raised both hands that were crossed in front of her skirt and recrossed them on her chest, intertwining her fingers restlessly. And gradually breathing heavily, she became so tense it seems she's likely to fall down at any moment.

"Rear……it's itchy. So, um, could you inspect it in further detail?" (5)

With her type of big black eyes, that seemed at any moments tears will overflow, she stared at me without breaking away.

The body and knees that tremble. Heavy breathing. Biting the lower lip.

Her plan was really honest and direct.

I want you to better observe this uncomfortable feeling in the anus. Nevertheless it's definitely a lie. Besides judging from her word choice, her real intentions is transparent.

It isn't itchy or hurting, but her expression says impatience. You plead it was itching and hurting, but did you consider that I would suggest to have a medical examination at a hospital? But it's same for just itching. It's normally recommend to go to a hospital.

So, I decided to poke at that troubled flaw.

"Does it itch? When I checked there wasn't any abnormalities seen. But if that's true, then a specialist should check it—"

"The-there isn'tl!? It isn't such a important and serious matter! Since it's only a little bit itchy, I only thought that you should observe it a little bit more!"

She waves both hands in front of her chest, and shakes her head in a fluster.

There won't be any problem by going to the hospital. The problem, would be the doctor saying there is nothing strange. If that's so, then she doesn't have any means to talk to me.

But then, it would be troubling to me if she went to the hospital. If an expert sees it, it will be obvious at glance. It would be noticeable that her anus has expanded.

If that happens they would most likely ask her various questions. And if it's confessed she has been receiving massages from me, it would be over at that point. But, that's why I'm pressing at this place.

Going to the hospital equals having no problems found when she will have a medical examination, equals I can no longer touch her anus in the early morning, equals unpleasantness. I have reached said conclusion, that as long as there is no serious abnormality, Makoto Ogasawara will not go to the hospital

"It-it isn't really serious! Only a little, um, I want you to perhaps continue to check it a little more……"

When I suggested to go to the hospital, she falls into a panic and is extremely trouble. I'll give out a helping hand there.

"Are you alright even if you don't want to go to the hospital?"

I stared at her with concern as I said so, at that moment she spread a smile and nodded many times over.

Now, now is the time to dominate! This is explicitly the start to dominate. I will have to work hard in cajoling her.

"I-I'm alright! It really isn't that serious!"

She starts to raised her voice that appeals desperate, I'll take advantage of the opportunity shown.

Really, if she wanted to deceive me, she should put more detail into her planning. She can't see that it's full of holes. Well, this airhead's plan is a joke, there's no flexibility corresponding to adapt even if she known her plan's flaw is poked at. For this reason I want to bully her, but I'll let it slide for now.

Assuming it is exposed she wants me to continue the voyeuristic training by me, it would be awkward if she ran away because I poked her flaw too much.

Despite this, I decided to allow it at this moment. But, I want herself to willingly say she wants to be exposed. If she wants to be exposed this much, doing it the same way would be boring.

"I get it, I will once again check it, even though I'm not an expert. But make sure you properly go to the hospital if the discomfort gets bigger."

"Y-yes! Thank you!"

I blew out a small sigh and grabbed the test tube and penlight by hand, then she answers lively and nods with a big smile.

Do you want me to look at your anus that much? The neat and sweet self is now just a mere shadow of her past, is what I would like to say, however her neat and sweet atmosphere is still vaguely brought out, to

the point that it could be said amazing.

I don’t even need to give instructions, she bends forward and with both hands on the table, pushing out her ass and opens both legs to shoulder length. I stood in front of her ass, quickly inserted the test tube in the anus when I rolled the skirt.

To adjusting the position, I merely just stir the test tube around, it appears she very much likes it. Rather than that, she wants the test tube to be stirred.

Still it’s splendid. If she cums on the warehouse, she will cum loudly. Therefore for the time being she needs to accumulate her resentment by publicly exposed as much as possible.

“It’s the same, I haven’t found any abnormalities as far as I can see.”

“I-is that so? Please do try to look even more, in the back, in the back it itches.”

While her whole body blushes she breaths heavily, twisting her neck and turns over to the rear, staring at me sideways. A strange light that usually wasn’t there seemed to dwell in her eyes.

Her reason is on the verge of collapsing. She doesn’t have any problem exposing her anus anymore. If development with the breasts is completed, a sesson with being exposed nude outside is something to keep in mind. (6)

This airhead will do anything as long as she steps on the stage. Therefore I will let her step on the stage without her break.

I push the test tube to about the inside limit of the milk bottle, and enlighten the inside with the penlight. Because the thickness of the test tube increased, I can see inside really well.

Before the viscous liquid increases to clings all over the glass, the undulating wall of flesh swells.

The finished anus is really in excellent condition. This might take in a penis easily. The appearance of the meat wall covered in mucus undulates, her organ is no longer just for excreting waste, it has now become an organ that will pump out a man's lust.

Then to have utility, she should soon get used to excreting in public.

"Just as before, there isn't any abnormalities to be found. Ogasawara, perhaps there might be an abnormality when excreting. So will you try to exhaust the test tube by yourself?"

When I ask she waves her white buttock in a fluttery fashion, then the movement of the rear stopped.

"Uh, exhaust……is it?"

She stares at me while looking askance, while muttering in a low voice, her skin that's already blushing turns redder, the buttock convulsiones and the breathing raises.

She’s ashamed. And now, the shame will become the drive for her pleasure.

The pleasure doubles by the shame. The evidence is certainly there when she began to fall into exposing.

“Yes, forcing strain is the same as bowel movement. By observing the injection of the test tube it will show if there is or isn’t any abnormalities.”

While I talk with a plain straight face, she’s is obviously excited to hear those word. The difference levels of enthusiasm is quite humourous. Due to the difference in enthusiasm, it has further driven her to madness.

“I-I understand. T-then……I’ll push it out.”

“Right, I’ll entrust it to you.”

Ogasawara Makoto stares at in a side glance, but then separates her eyes from mine, the tip of her eyebrows dropping, and at once she puts strength into the entire body. But the test tube hasn’t yet to change.

“Ogasawara, there isn’t anymore time today. A person might come. Will you exhaust it as soon as possible?”

“Y-yes, I’ll do my best……haaaaaa, nn, nuuuu”

To my question she nods, closing her eyes more tightly than before

while the body stiffens, she began to raise groan.

The test tube began to push out, my heart pounded.

This airhead, really began to poop in public. Such a ludicrous and pathetic figure. Ogasawara Makoto who is a neat, sweet, popular beautiful girl, has a test tube inserted in her anus and pushes it out in front of a man.

Who on earth could say they images such a appearance with Ogasawara Makoto?

I put the penlight in the test tube, turned the light on. Thereupon the appearance of windingly and undulating meat all became bare. To drain an alien substance, the anus entrance and inside wriggle.

“Ah, i-it’s coming out, all of the test tube is coming out”

Once the discharging begins, the effect of the also lotion increase, then the test tube is revealed entirely.

Large quantities of slippery and shiny mucus painted on the test tube, Ogasawara Makoto who begins to feel the rush almost exhausted it all from the anus in one go.

“Sorry, I wasn’t able to confirm since the test tube was pushed out faster than I thought. I ask to do it once more.”

“Wha!? Naaaaaa!!!”

I caught the test tube by hand just before it fell from the anus onto the floor, then pushed it back in the anus.

Caught by surprise when suddenly reinserting the test tube, she bent forward and looked up at the ceiling, without any embarrassment she gave a moan as the buttock convulsiones. However she didn’t cum. She won’t cum with this level of stimulation, I know that well since I have teased her anus exhaustively.

I held the camera, pointed the lens to the anus which began to discharge again, pressing the shutter continuously. And the buttock shakes and twitches whenever it flashes.

“P-please don’t take a photo. Such an embarrassing appearance, don’t take it. That ah, you took it, you took a photo at the place where it’s coming out of the assss aaaaah”

Ogasawara was aware that the moment she excreted was photographed, she who further writhed in shame, began to be get confused.

Grasping both hands on the table, gushing in sweat, she violently shakes her head while desperately pleading, ‘don’t take the photo.’ While the tone of voice is weak the ass shakes.

No matter how you look at it she seems delighted. It’s evident that she has also built up a tolerance to photographing with the camera. Then,

the time to shoot a video will be soon. (7)

"I-I'll do it any number of times, I'll do it just right, please thrust it in my ass at once, please jam and stir it, I haven't cum yet"

"Oi, oi, calm down. Since it has been observed, there is no reason to that."

With that she said, she will shortly cum. The test tube doesn't have any ruggedness, the surface is smooth. In other words, that means at the time of excreting the pleasure will be very little. Furthermore, she's discharging with her own strength, and even though the shame is big it won't counterbalance the receival of pleasure with that.

Makoto Ogasawara got in a excited state due to the voyeurism and photography, her current state is on the verge of life and death.

"-usual tool, use the usual tool, Kijima-san, it's a request. please give me that sort of usual tool"

Waving the buttock, she pleads while shaking her head violently. In spite of being condemned with great shame, she seems to be going mad due to not being able to cum. Throwing away her honor, she keeps saying indecent words.

While watching her indecent and disoriented state, I put back the exhausted test tube into the anus, repeating it and playing to my heart contents.

After she had her anus thoroughly play'd with, today's recording session ended without her being able to cum.

In the notebook which I opened on the table, I listened the information that was obtained with today's observation, while Ogasawara Makoto looks down from behind.

No matter how long she's been dishevelled, she'll calm down over time. And the memory doesn't fade away.

Regarding me repeating those indecent statements, due to calming down she'll be assaulted by terrible shame.

She experiences true pleasure when exposed. In addition to the shame of the exposure, the pleasure will be tied to exposure as well, driving a even larger shame when exposed.

Why did she do such a stupid thing? What triggered issuing such indecent words like that, scold herself, and feel disappointed? Remorse is what further results in stirring up shame, and increasing it depends on a degree of exposure.

"Once again no abnormalities were found. But since you raised a complain about discomfort, I can't ignore it. I decided to continue observing it from tomorrow, if there is no problem?

While running a pen on the notebook, I asked Makoto Ogasawara while she faced behind me without looking up

“U-um……”

A approval isn’t replied, it was a trembling voice that’s afraid.

“I-I……is it perverted? In front of you, to say such a thing……”

It began. An excuse to cover up herself being disheveled. It’s one of Ogasawara Makoto’s special reflection meetings.

“I-I……when something is put in my butt, my head becomes blank. It feels really good, and indecent words, um……without me wanting to…… come out……”

A whisper seemingly vanishing from under the nose, it’s known she’s about to cry without looking.

Things I want to say include,‘You aren’t perverted.’ and, ‘There’s nothing wrong with it.” I want to open my mouth and say it to her.

Then I will give the honey. Falling further into voyeurism, and further becoming confused and mad.

“Oh, well, the anus is one of the places that’s sensitive among the human body, it seems their nerves are the center of feeling pleasure. Moreover, in your case the sensitivity is risen by massaging. If that’s so, then it’s usually normal that the pleasure doubles.”

I put the pen on the table while replying, picking up my face and

looking back.

Ogasawara Makoto has watery eyes and a flushed face at the front. Attaching the left hand to the chest, the right hand to the lips and chewed the finger nail, shivering.

“It’s also because of my first time practicing. Knowledge isn’t the only thing in the books, according to it, you kept reason better than usual. It usually appears more disarrayed and obscene. Well, from the start you personality was a diligent hard worker. Your mental strength also seems outstanding.”

This is better than usual. She normally gets more mad disordented. In fact, she has a tendency to be easily indulged into pleasure. Usually pushes herself, forcibly adapt ing to the surrounding people’s needs. Although there wouldn’t be a problem if it’s her true intention, but even herself hates her shy and timid behavior.

With such a masochistic character, she’ll run away from remorseful feelings by looks down on herself, and tends to try and rely on pleasure.

For this reason I’ll praise with, ‘You’re wonderful, it’s fine.’ If given too much candy it grows arrogant, however the type like Ogasawara Makoto will condemn herself if I don’t give it. And will eventually break.

The point is when to make use of the candy. I watch her reactions and attitude, giving candy at every important point. As a result, this fellow becomes obedient forever.

“Or, my skill may be poor. Usually it seems to be more pleasant. I have no choice but to apologize for everything. I’m sorry.”

I said so while lowered my head to Ogasawara Makoto.

All the responsibility is on me. This to her, will be more a whisper of honey to her.

There is nothing bad with yourself. You’re normal. The person in front of you says so. Moreover, to be mad disordered for how long, I said that I’ll take all of the responsibility.

You have nothing bad. All the responsibility, you should force it upon the person in front of your eyes. (8)

This excellent plan has been reached. And surely if she opens her mouth it will be this sort of thing;

It isn’t Kijima-san’s fault.

Upon pressing the responsibility to me, marinable words will be born.

“I-it isn’t your fault! I-I-I want to please you, and only do my best.” (9)

When I lift up my face, her frighten state was lost and stared at me smiling while saying.

I successfully got in.Even though this may appear this way, she was able to make an excuse for the exposure. Moreover she isn't horny, normally. On the contrary, it's a strong woman keeping reason than normal.

Her restraints coming off is almost completely at hand.

———

It's after school, holding a bag full with the tools that I brought from the house, I go to the warehouse.

Development with the breasts begin today. My heart cannot help but be excited. (10)

When I enter the warehouse, Ogasawara Makoto who was already waiting for me, stood up from the sofa that she sat down on and looked at me.

"Thanks for the good work, Kijima-san."

And then bows politely.

"Oh, glad you could make it. Thank you for always cleaning up."

I look around at the cleaned warehouse, giving words of showing appreciation to her.

“N-no, since cleaning is my only merit. Also, you must be tired from massage practicing day after day, I wanted you to feel relaxed even just a little.”

She looks down with additional embarrassment, muttering in a low voice and then looks at me while blushing.

I convey her sentiment by smiling back at her, then sat on the sofa.

“So, I intend to to go into a new massage by today, but there are various ways of describing it. First, will you take a look at this document?”

Sitting down on the sofa and subsequently Ogasawara Makoto sat down next to me, I presented the bullshit articles that was taken out from the bag.

She receives it with a state that doesn’t even contain doubt. Further moving her body closer to mine, she began to take a look at the document.

Tightening the facial expression, the figure diligently reads the document, she acted like a completely capable assistant.

“M-milking…….?

She corrects her posture as she mutter, covering her lips with the document in both hands, bringing her body even more in contact with mine and glanced at me with flushed cheeks.

“It’s like, a massage for women whose breast milk doesn’t come out smoothly. As it’s in the document, breast milk, in relation to cow’s milk, is no different. They’re definitely breastmilk experts. Then if I perform it like milking a cow, then the breast milk should come out smoothly.”

“I see……”

Ogasawara Makoto nods in admiration to my words. Because the false documents supported my speech, she appears to have completely accepted it.

To her overwhelming foolishness, my abdominal muscle and diaphragm twitches. I want to laugh. I just want to roll around laughing here and now.

“And so far you’ve been using the swimsuit, but from now on will be exposing the breasts. It will have quite a lot of restraint to you. So I prepared new clothes.”

While feeling like I’m dying from holding in laughter, I said while taking out a certain thing from the bag.

It was a leotard of tight black fabrics. Since the fabric is tight, if worn it will naturally be transparent.

“It wont be a problem if I perform it through the leotard tights. Moreover the massages won’t be affected because the cloth is thin. And the apex of the breast, that’s if I cut only part of it on the nipple, it can

reduce the exposure than if I took off the swimsuit to expose the breasts.”

I speak my words indifferently as if it was equivalent, her face blushes a burning hot red.(淡々と語られる俺の言葉に比例するかのように)

Wearing this thin leotard, frankly it would be more embarrassing than being completely nude. Moreover to perform the milking, it’s absolutely necessary to expose the nipples, hence why I’ll only cut the nipple portion of the leotard. That way it’s milking a cow.

She’ll be wearing only the leotard as well. Naturally both her anus and pussy would be seen through.

“And then, together with the milking massage, I intend to continue the anal massage. So opening a anal hole in part of the leotards, I will insert a stick from there.”

Her putting on a see-through black leotard on the body, at the tip of her breasts the cloth part for the nipples is cut, dropped onto her hands and feet with the nipples exposed just like a milking cow. Along with a portion of her anus opened, inserted with an anal stick that has beads about the size of a ping-pong ball.

The appearance is too obscene just to imagining it.

“Well then, I leave this to your judgment, also I prepared an eyes mask so that you won’t be embarrassed as much as possible. It’s up to you whether you’ll use it.”

Not break from my persistence businesslike posture, I said while placing the black fabric tight leotard on the table and put the eye mask on top.

Ogasawara Makoto stares at them with a bright red face, reached out without saying anything and took the eye mask by the hand, holding it in her chest.

“How soon…will you begin it?”

And then muttered while looking down. Apparently it seems she’ll wear the transparent leotard. Furthermore, it seems she’ll wear the eye mask too.

“Oh, I want to begin it immediately if possible.”

“I understand. Then I’ll change my clothes.”

To my words she nods while looking down, stands up, and cuts around to the rear of the sofa. And made a rustling sound while seemingly beginning to change clothes

From the situation this morning, I thought that things will carry out smoothly without resistance, but she’s truly following obediently here.

Is it the transparent leotard? Is it just the nipples being exposed? In addition, is it also her anus being pricked recklessly? Won’t she normally resist a little more?

Although she began to fall this much into exposure, it’s indeed too easy.

I assumed she’ll resist this case, and prepared a plan to deceive her, but that has entirely been wasted.

Therefore, thinking up this plan got me too worked up. Give me back my sleeping time.

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(1) (TLNy: I couldn’t help it either, while translating I burst into a laugh; I think my mother believes I’m crazy.) (E.N:If this girl doesn’t suspect anything from that title she is not just an airhead I think she might just have some mental illness.)

(2) (E.N: If my calculations are correct MC will say “If you work hard enough milk might come out.” Ogasawara says”I-I-Is that So then i’ll do my best!”.)

(3) (TLNy: Pity moment for our MC. Let us all take grace, for we all know this guys studied way harder then we all have or will ever do.) (E.N: The M.C created a research paper looking through hundreds of sources in a single night, while we take an entire week. Godly Seduction and studying skills.)

(4) (E.N Too bad. You’re skilled more in women than you are in school. All playboys faults it seems.)

(5) (TLNY: The thirst is real.)

(6) (TLNY: YES, GET A COLLAR TOO! I WANNA TRANSLATE THAT!)(E.N: . . . . . I am disappointed you Yabia. . . . . You forgot the leash.) (TLNY: The leash is a given with a collar, psh)(TLNJ: It must be red with spikes)(TLNY: YUSH, AGREED!)

(7) (TLNY: STAPH TEASING ME. I WANT IT NOW.)

(8) (TLNY: Is this a hypnosis?)(E.N: this guy is like that lazy prince in a series I forgot about. Very schemey but that guy was a little insane as well.)

(9) (E.N: She has totally fallen to the dark side with this.) (TLNY: But the MC already said that '-')(E.N: But a verbal confirmation always seal's the deal.)

(10) (TLNY: I would certainly say so.)(E.N: See, verbal confirmation is the breaker that ascertains all thing's. Just like how the woman must say yes to get married, she'll have to do the same to turn herself into his personal toilet.)(TLNY: I love you two points of comparison)

“I’m……ready.”

Sitting on the sofa while waiting for Ogasawara Makoto to finish changing, I hear a low voice from behind.

The voice is shaking and seem to vanish at any moment, I knew while being driven by shame she’s considerably tense.

It’s natural. This time it started from the contents of her clothes and massage. Milking and see-through leotard. So there is no reason she isn’t succumbed to shame.

I stood up from the sofa slowly, turning my head to look for her. She isn’t from behind where I heard the voice, this is because there seem to been somewhat visible distance.

She was soon found. Sitting on the bed while grasping her knees. In addition she’s already wearing the eye mask.

She put on the tight transparent black fabric leotard, witnessing her appearance in the flesh, it’s unexpectedly more obscene. Did she put on the eye mask so that her own body wasn’t in view?

Practically, her appearance, it wasn’t anything other than obscene.

So it won’t interfere with the massage; raven black hair was put up from behind like always.

A thin neck and collarbone stood out.

The black cloth which covers the bottom of the neck contrasts with the white skin. Although it's black, the tight fabric is rich in stretch ability, for the fabric stretches around her body. The skin is visible through it because of that.

Her two big breasts start to swell under her collarbone, the whole aspect is covered due to her squatting while holding her knees, but on the other hand her pussy is seen between the gap of the thighs.

If opened the pot of red meat pussy tracted with thin pubic hair is grotesque. By having hold the knees, it's tightly closed. Thus it was innocent as well as passion like

Ogasawara Makoto is used to having me stare at her anus. And it's also known that I seen her pussy at the same time. There is no need to mention that, but taking down the swimsuit and underwear so much to the bottom, there is no way it's believe it isn't visible, she also isn't that stupid.

No, she is stupid, but I don't want to think she's that stupid.

Until now she never exposed her breasts, but I've ogled her pussy and anus thoroughly, picking the anus with a tools and finger exceedingly, and observed the inside until taking a picture after.

By that result, exposing the breasts will embarrass her more than exposing the pussy and anus. Normally exposing the female genitalia

that’s concealed would be first and foremost, which is because she choose to cover the breasts. Even her thought way priority is ridiculous.

It seems to have ended up with a strange partial resistance towards exposure and shame. Getting used to it is a surprising thing.

When I approach the bed slowly, she reacts with turning her face towards me.

Due to the eye mask blocking the view, her hearing has became sensitive.

“Kijima-san?”

While blushing, the whisper trembles uneasily while asking me.

“Yes”

When returning an answer, she exhales a little as if relieved.

It’s only me and her in here. So if a sound was made, it would be me. Nevertheless she still checks simply because of anxiety. And saying she was relieved to hear my voice, she has already been prepared herself.

That’s to be milked.

Though it’s milking, today is the first day. Therefore without using

appliances I'll perform it directly by hand. And decided to postpone the anus massage today.

On the first day the mentally is sensitive one way or another. When the stimulation is too strong, the pleasant feeling might go pass to remembering a sense of fear.

There's time. Let's gradually train.

Arrived at the bed, I take off my shoes and got on. The bed shook and made a sound, her body bounced significantly.

Sweat thinly ran out. Reaping breath bit by bit. Cheeks are dyed scarlet. The ears a fiery red.

Even if she prepared herself, the tension, shyness, and uneasiness don't fade away.

On the occasion of first doing it in the anus, she wasn't able to climax with the anus after. I was able to surpass that obstacle with the recording sessions at the science room, but I must make sure not fall into the same situation twice.

In order to not step on the same ditch twice, make use of lessons.

"Ogasawara, just to have worn that leotard, today we worked far more than enough. So why not practice within tomorrow?"

While sitting on the bed, I ask with some distance from her. She then turns her face towards me, chewing her lower lip and shakes her head.

“I-I disagree. I-I disagree on that. You said to me, I’m capable of assisting. However, you fussing about me, is incapacitating me to assistant……”

The voice and body shakes. And yet she answers with a smile.

The record meetings in the science room was a wise decision after all. Her added tolerance to the exposure and shame, encourages submission.

The situation is completely different from the time when she reached the first climax with the anus. Even if I more or less unreasonably drive her into a corner, it’s very likely her willpower will exceed it.

But don’t be careless. Be pretty much certain. Further encourage her obedience.

“Incapacitating as an assistance? What are you saying. We share a lot in common. Even I can’t completely perform everything. I also fail, thereby it might be troubling to you. Even you troubled me before. We’re are very much on equal status on this, so don’t worry. “

Everyone has failures. I don’t want to seclude myself from this matter. Particularly to types like Ogasawara Makoto, who has a tendency to fail. For this reason enough mental care beforehand is necessary.

Beforecare doesn’t become Aftercare.

“K-Kijima-san……”

Ogasawara Makoto listened to my story in silence, murmurs my name in seamlessly vanishing voice, and then separates both hands which held her knees, knocking them down onto the bed in a girl sit. From there when she fell forward on the bed with both hands, she got down on all fours and went towards me.

One step, one step again and feeling around by hand, came towards where I’m at.

She looks afraid to remove the eye mask, taking in the plunge she strongly held on her feelings.

It no use, this fellow is that helplessly stupid. It’s important to give up on these things.

Her breasts are refine by being down on all fours with tight black cloth wrapped around, but it’s lays entirely bare.

Her two big breasts hang down to the lower region due to gravity. They shake whenever she moves. And on top of that, although they’re covered in tight black cloth, clearly a different color of skin was vividly revealed.

By witnessing it, I unintentionally swallow my saliva.

Because of the black fabrics’ tightness, I don’t properly see the color,

but it completely shows the size and shape of her areola and nipple. They're not too large, on the other hand it isn't too small, when seeing the breasts they come off very balance.

Her head is slow, but this person is really great raw material. There doesn't seem to be any found drawbacks in terms to the body, it would be right to think that was made just to please a man.

If I had to say she would enter the delicate category, yet it isn't too much, it has a sensual charm. In addition to this it has huge tits. Furthermore a baby face which is childish also remains.

Everything of her is a perfectly balanced, a flesh doll to arouse the passions of man.

"Ogasawara, you idiot……"

Purposely shaking my voice and muttering, approached Ogasawara Makoto who was slowly coming towards me on all four, waving my hand on her shoulder.

"Don't become too competent. Otherwise, I'll become nervous. "

Even while being disgusted at myself with saying a ridiculous thing, I talk with as much feeling as possible. To that she stopped the movement and began trembling, suddenly rising up and reached an embrace toward me. And then approached her face to my chest and buried her it.

"I-is it true?"

“Huh?”

Ogasawara Makoto trembles as if like an abandoned puppy, asking me in a shaking low voice just like the body.

“S-saying I’m also capable, is it true? Since I am no use, are you saying you don’t mind?

She says so rubbing her cheeks and still coming near my chest. Just without regret, I said something I don’t really mean.

If I were to deny or something like that, there is a tendency she’ll burst into tears.

She probably wants me to say it. You’re capable. She wants me say it again and again. And only wants me to delight herself, this fellow.

What will I do? This moron is easy to deal with and very wonderfully, but it’s also to a degree.

Then I began to feel contact with her. This person surely isn’t used to being praised.

She’s the owner of a beautiful face, it’s natural to be praised for being pretty from her surroundings. There it isn’t strange even if the typical character became more domineering.

She also has an original personality, but it must be large due to the fact that it has been repressed from the surroundings.

Unlike her beautiful appearance, she hates appear in public, I'm sure it has also been convenient for neighboring women.

While she originally haves skills to dominate the high rank herself, it must have felt joyful to desperately flatter her. And continue swatting abusing it so that a stump didn't appear.

I still follow abusing an appeared stump, but I find it very hard to understand beating a stump that hasn't appeared. (Unsure 出る杭を叩くのならまだわかるが、出ていない杭を叩くなど理解に苦しむ。)

And, the biggest cause to her resulted servility so far. It's no mistake that it's because of Sasaki.

Sasaki probably never praise her appearance. He might have gently and honestly praised her personality, but never deemed her appearance to be cute.

As for Ogasawara Makoto that doesn't have any confidence towards herself, the cause is due to those circumstances.

It's the result of them spending too much time together. Or Sasaki personally regard such weak point hard to deal with. (長く一緒に居過ぎたせいなのか。それとも佐々木自身がそういった事を苦手としているのか。)

Even a single word of praise, she would have fallen. She's also an idiot,

but Sasaki seems to be a hopeless idiot.

He left this mere easy to handle woman run loose.

Even if I raped her in front of Sasaki, if she wants it, he probably won't say anything. And then he will run home and wrap in a futon, muffling his idiotic cries.

Ridiculous. That fool is hopelessly pathetic. That's why I'm irritated.

To the occasion when her training is completed, it would be amusing to let her expose her silliness in front of Sasaki's eyes. What would Sasaki do if he saw it?

I'll praise him if he hit me. If he used all his strength to take her back, I'll praise and applaud it. And then she may return to him.

But if he ran away, I get to break her, returning it in ribbons.

"You're capable. You're certainly a reliable assistant. Having a assistance other than you, I haven't considered it, Ogasawara……"

I gently embrace her who has been clinging to me, whispering to her in a sweet tone of voice. Thereupon she shivers, clinging to me more strongly.

By having said what was wanted, she's became befuddled enough to feel chills.

Well, the Beforecare is here. Her obedience has suddenly risen too much, in addition to this she may depend on me too much. This is where I want it in this situation, but it could become a negative factor in any situation other than this.

In other words, it might become rather difficult that she isn't willing to leave my side at any time. In addition, with her sudden expansion, it will suddenly snap. For that reason gradually, steadily, carefully, cautiously expanding, is necessary to build up the doll so it doesn't break so easily.

There aren't any shortcuts. The thing was no more than made sloppy, but bringing up the thing under personal care, it gives the thing balance benefit.

———

Before my eyes Ogasawara Makoto is on all fours. The body shakes little by little, although the expression in the eyes cannot be verified due to the eye mask, the cheeks are dyed in a burning scarlet. As for the ears, the skin except the parts covered with the tight fabric leotard is similar.

And if I listen carefully, there's rough pieces of breathing.

If I go around to the rear; from the tight black fabric that covers the crotch and ass, the pussy and anus appears transparent. Which the large breasts hanging down by being down on all fours is the same.

The nipple and areola that's usually impossible to reveal to another

person is exposed.

Excitement, strain, uneasiness, and shame. She has all those urges at once.

Unlike the science room, here it isn't necessary to worry about the intervention of another person. But with wearing the uniform that covers the body in the science room, only the anus and woman caliber was exposed. However with the leotard worn now, the cloth is transparent, making the appearance stire shame that just being completely nude.

Along with the development of the breasts, this training experience also adds resistance to exposure; I intend to gradually raise the exposure degree for every early morning record meeting in the science room.

"Then Ogasawara, before beginning the massage, I'll cut part of the cloth on the nipple."

"Y-yes. Please treat me well……"

To my interjection, she says the usual treat me well.

By getting a consent with Ogasawara Makoto that's slightly loose in the head, I slouch forward staring at her breasts.

They're quite big. Although I don't a lot about the sizes of the female chests, measurement by eyes is an E, or it's wrong and is actually bigger.

Stretching out my left hand towards the breast, I pinched the nipple portion of the tight transparent cloth that covers the skin. A finger touches the nipple, thereupon her body was trembles.

When I shift my line of sight to confirm her expression, Ogasawara Makoto had her head down while biting her lower lip, face dyed entirely bright red and shaking.

Pulling the fabric that I pinched, I extend my right hand that held a pair a scissors, carefully cutting the fabric. The cloth which I pinched with fingers thereby separates, adhered to the skin.

Only the tip of the breast is cut, finally fully exposing the nipple.

In contrast with her white as snow skin, she's red like a ripe fruit. Moreover because of the tight black fabric that covers the other parts, it's abnormally vivid, and has unusual allure.

I stand up, went around to the other side, repeating the same work. Thereby, the red nipples which are on top of the two breasts, came out from the tight black cloth.

It's ridiculous, it's really a ridiculous figure. The figure is stupid it's laughable. And it's indecent above all.

"Ogasawara, the preparations are set. I safely succeeded in revealing only the nipples. Feel relieved since I properly revealed only the nipples."

When speaking to Ogasawara Makoto in a serene tone, she looks

further and further down, shakily raising breath.

Repeatedly saying and indecent word named nipple, saying it when it doesn't need to be said expressly, raises the sense of shame to the maximum.

"And then Ogasawara, today is the first day of beginning this new massage. Originally I was going to perform the breast massage and the anus massage at the same time, but I plan to only do the breasts today. So being forceful isn't allowed."

To my breakdown, slightly putting up her face, showed a mannerism like she was going to say something to me. The faintly lips move but eventually nothing is said, only a small nod.

Your feelings look transparent Ogasawara Makoto. Hearing that there isn't an anus massage today, she seems discouraged. Thus she was going to try to get me to somehow perform the anal massage, but hasn't found a way to perway me, she probably tearfully gave it up.

Basically, with today's massage, you can never reach an climax. Because it's known, will it be hard for her?

"Then with this, I'll perform the massage to encourage the breast and nipple breast milk mass."

"Y-yes……please treat me well."

To my words, she wishes please treat me favorably like a parrot cry of a

fool. Probably has no choice but to request.

I dripping the usually used lotion in the palm of my hand, assiduity plastering it.

Making sure that both hands became covered with the lotion, I go around to the front of Ogasawara Makoto on all fours, stretching out both hands to the breasts gently.

“Ah”

The moment when both hands touched her breasts, her waist popped and raises a small voice.

“Is it alright?”

In a split second as I ask, she puts up her face, while the eyes are covered with an eye mask a smile raises by the corners of the mouth, nodding.

What an admirable smile.

Confirming it, I hold the breasts and began rubbing them.

“Nn……”

She raises a subtle voice. The soft touch spreads to both my hands,

nevertheless the hidden elasticity that pushed back doesn't get tired no matter how long I rub.

The breasts become painted from the lotion on both hands, separating a hand I replenish the palm with lotion. And apply it on the breast.

Repeating this several times, I thoroughly applied lotion on both her breasts. However or more accurately, other than the nipple.

Moving from her front to the left surface side, I cup the left breast with both hands, letting it slide towards the bottom.

"Nn……ah……"

Both hands smoothly glide, just before reaching the nipple I separate from the breast, sliding down again from the start.

The breasts which were covered in tight black cloth, were gently massaged by my hands, furthermore because the lotion dripping to the lower part at the same time, it drips from the nipple to the bed just like breast milk. Moreover unlike breast milk,

from pulling the thread it drips, it was strangely obscene.

Replenishing the decreased lotion, I massage the breasts from top to bottom without touching the nipple, after some extent I go around to the right side, massaging the right breast with the same procedure.

Slowly, carefully, thoroughly, I took one hour completely enjoying both breasts

“Waa, Waa, Ah, Waa, Waa”

Raising her breathing intensely, her waist occasionally pops while gasping.

Even while thoroughly rubbing the breasts, the pleasure isn’t sufficient enough. Anyways, the nipples is never touched because the proud maximum sensitivity is in the utter.

So, I never touch the nipples. However by continuous rubbing the breasts, the nipples which I didn’t touch clearly became bigger than at first.

They’re erect. They vividly show her feelings.

I want you to touch them. I want you to make them feel good. I want you to go mad so my mind becomes blank. The erected nipples and rough breathing, and sweat pants silently appeal to me.

Since I’m at the right side of her, I don’t know what’s happening to the rear. But it’s an easy thing to imagine.

Surely the anus and pussy is twitching, and would be dripping large amounts of love juice from the snatch.

I'll give the pleasure if you want it. But it will be an opening to hell. With the current Ogasawara Makoto, it's impossible to cum with the nipples. But devoting herself to the pleasure for how long, the wall can't be suppressed with that.

If she doesn't know the great pleasure from the climax, it's possible it may be endured. But she knows it. The world of pleasure is beyond the wall point.

"Ogasawara, should I begin stimulating the nipples and start the breast massage?"

To my question, Ogasawara Makoto picks up her face to my increasing anticipation, greatly nodded with a big smile while dripping beads of sweat.

You would think I was used to it being this easy.

Today's massage has a remaining of two hours. Well, lets endure the sightseeing for now.

———

"Ah, Ahn, Hiuu, AHNnnNNN"

The waist bends, shaking her head several times towards facing the ceiling, she is gushing large amounts of sweat from the whole body while grasping the intense moans continued to rise.

I sit cross legged in front of her, stretching out my hands from the side to evade her hands attached to the bed, pinching both nipples with my fingers. And then continue to gently caress the stiffness.

One hour from them, the bright red nipple is further erected striff from the act of endlessly caressing it.

Frictional force is reduced by the lotion, the nipple slippery escaping even if I pinch it up strongly.

It is hell. Without the lotion she wouldn't have tasted the strong pleasure. But it's bad because of the rich lubricity, the tit immediately flies out and hangs when added with more constant strength.

Thereby, I can't caress with deliberately picking it up tenderly, but for Ogasawara Makoto the half kill will be an excellent place.

Nevertheless still being with a body in only agony and raising moans, it isn't a state that she asks help from me with words.

An excellent assistant. Those words keep her forcibly reasonable.

"Aan, Hluuuuu, UKuuUUUU"

Drool dribbles from the edge of her lip, she shakes her head violently.

I want my bottom banged. And then embrace the desires I have thrown

open, I want to be comfortable soon. I entirely know that thought was just about to come out from her mouth, but nevertheless it's still fun to watch the appearance admirably endure.

Lightly picking at the nipple with a finger, I rub with a circle motion. Then Ogasawara Makoto gives a moan, letting the body twitch in agony.

Then considering to give a little more pleasure, I lay emphasis on a finger, with firmly flattening the nipple, the nipple immediately flies out and hangs from the finger. By that her waist waist pops, rising a noticeable moan.

She's agonizing. The pleasure is too small. But even so the shame continues to give endless pleasure, the sense of shame further exposes an indecent figure and fuels the small induce pleasure.

The pleasure absolutely isn't enough, growing her desire to climax, if the limit were to increase it should be asked from herself. With I want to cum.

But she can't cum. Only when I decide she can cum. Otherwise she cannot cum.

Everything is my personal choice. That's vital.

But well, it's the first day. It's no better to suffer from a trauma. I'll release her soon.

When I separated the fingers from both nipples that have been toyed

with, Ogasawara Makoto who has been looking up at the ceiling suddenly turns her face down disappointingly, raising a intense breathing.

"Ogasawara, today is the first day. Although it's a little earlier than usual, today's massage ends with this."

I tell her as she gasps for air; vigorously raising her face, she bits her lower lip and shivers.

I want to cum. Stopping those words from coming out of her mouth, she desperately endures it.

Well, she starts enduring it or she's losing to desire.

It's good she becomes horny, but it's useless if she thereby disobeys my instructions. Surely being drunk in pleasure for how long, she'll become an obedient puppet that has top priority with my instruction ideals.

Therefore, suppressing glorious desires, if she was able overcome it, I'll give a reward.

"I-I'm……an excellent assistant……right?

She turns her face towards me, spitting fragmented words with a rough sigh.

I can't check the eyes with the eye mask, but I know if I look at the lips.

Right now, Ogasawara Makoto is struggling between reason and interval desire. That's why she's wishing for me to help.

You're an excellent assistant. She wants me to say that. A whisper of honey to her is as good as pleasure. Being needed by me, from hearing it as words, she wants to hold on to reason that's about to break.

Seeking relief from me. It's violating the rule that I made. Naturally the action is given a punishment, welll, I'll forgive her here today.

"I, dislike saying what I really think. And, also say the same thing many times over."

Saying it deliberately in a low voice, her body starts to tremble, trying to withdraw on all her fours.

She obviously became frightened. She seem to even think that she'll be scolded by me. Nevertheless it's splendid. She usually picks up a leave, Hence why I'll put up a don't worry. (Unsure 明らかに怯えている。俺から叱られるとでも思ったのだろう。だが甘い。落として上げるのが常套手段。心配しなくても今から上げてやる。)

"But, I'll only say this how many times. When asked by you how often, I'll answer."

To my words, the body of Ogasawara Makoto who was about to retreat suddenly stopped, did you finish? She inclined her head to the side in curiosity.

The state is different then with scolding, she probably was a little confused.

“You are an excellent assistant. The best assistant who isn’t possible to be replaced. Also ask how many times. I’ll answer it each time.”

Af if I resonated with my words, her body begins to shivers.

“You’re indisposable to me, Ogasawara, from now on lend me your power.”

“Ah……Ahuuu”

That’s, quite a pathetic appearance.

Eyes covered with an eye mask, wearing a see through black leotard on her body, yet only her nipples are exposed and she gets down on all fours like a dog, while relation tears overflow from the gaps of the eye mas and cried while shaking.

“K-Kijima-san, where? Kijima-san, where are you?”

And then she began to staggerly advance, turning right and left searching for me, calling my name

It’s already completely dog. A lost dog, franticly searching to see it’s favorite owner.

“Here. Ogasawara, I’m over here.”

If the eye mask is removed then the story ends, even with a shocked heart, the feeling pretty much called out to her.

Well, because she approached me it should be a good story, since the present Ogasawara Makoto looks very interesting and decided to daringly guide with a voice.

Relying on my voice she staggered approaches. The face hits my abdomen and causes her to stop advancing.

You approached me, what do you intend to do? Feeling anxious about it, I silently observed her. Then Ogasawara Makoto began to smell me. Moreover as one would assume it was unexpected and in a moment breathing leaked from her mouth, but endured the blow with covering her lips with both hands.

“This’s the smell of Kijima-san……”

As she muttered, the abdominal muscle and diaphragm convulsed grandly, nearly falling into hyperpnoea.

Judging someone with their smell, it’s like a dog, no that isn’t it, it’s already truly the dog itself.

“O, Ogasawara, t, that’s right, it’s me…….”

Gasping I shake my voice freely with surplus distress, taking it the direction that I was overcome with emotion, she jumped at it.

“Kijima-san is—heree! Don’t leave from me anymore!”

She arrived with hugging me tightly. Um, this may have gone too far. She seems to depend on me more than anticipated.

This is a very difficult place. With the current Ogasawara Makoto, she’ll be at loss if pushed aside and in danger of secluding herself.

On the other hand if I give candy excessively, she will depend further. In which case I’m troubled. I want to avoid as much contact in the school building as possible, however she might wag her tail like a dog and approach me without permission.

Today she overcame pleasure I intended to reward her, but this would be better to pass up. Also rather than that, she visibly delighted as she already got a reward. I can’t delight her anymore then this.

In the shower room when appearing to leave hot water, I intended to finger her anus to be able to cum once, but that’s on hold.

Ogasawara Makoto's degree of dependence towards me suddenly risen. This is a serious situation.(1)

In the original plan, I wanted to raise the dependence as far as I could. Ogasawara Makoto's straightforward feelings for Sasaki were suitable for me, and furthermore I thought that rising the dependence on me would be considerably difficult.

However, if the lid is opened, she'll depend of me day by day. Moreover when it suddenly risen once, it seemed to soar further as if it's multiplied by second increment.

Furthermore, I misread that Sasaki who is famous for having a beautiful body seems to be inexperienced in handling a woman, while Ogasawara Makoto is famous for being a beautiful girl isn't used to be given praise.

In addition the only man who is close to her is Sasaki, as such Ogasawara Makoto only knows Sasaki which is why he has become the standard for men.

I don't particularly mind him becoming the standard. The problem is to say he's worthless.

Who on earth could say they expected such a thing. Of course it would be believed that the beautiful Sasaki whose naturally been surrounded by women since childhood was good at handling women. I was convinced too. That was a mistake. And then I thought Ogasawara Makoto was deeply attached to the beautiful childhood friend.

But in actuality, to Ogasawara Makoto, my existence could be called considerably fresh. It should be, because I'm always ahead of the curve while sealing her escape routes, reading her mental state and thoughts, and giving lashes and candy while gradually leading her.

In that case to her, I'm an existence that gives a proper scolding and praise. In other words it's the first time she came across that type of man.

The type like Ogasawara Makoto, when scolding them you better scold them firmly. Normally anyone usually hates being scolded, but types like her with no self confidence, often appears to be convinced when scolded they're looked after. Besides with the act of scolding, it isn't the responsibility of the scolder and we don't have to worry about the one being scolded.

That's to say the type that's timid like her, when scolded they will push all the responsibility onto themselves. To put it simply, scolding the person would relieve them.

This person scolds earnestly. Looks after me seriously. I have all the responsibility. Therefore I, should just follow this person without thinking. (2)

I believe it's likely that sort of thought process.

Because I have given candy at every crucial point, that's the reason dependence suddenly risen.

This has became extremely bad. I completely misread it. I expected that

she would be easy, but I didn't think it was easy to this extent.

It's nice that she's dependent. But it's earlier than planned. Due to the rapid expansion, the time to build a solid foundation isn't good enough.

Unshakable loyalty and unwavering dependence. Until the two sublimates are perfect, a slight tremble in her heart contains danger to change loyalties to Sasaki.

In which case she'll become unstable. Then I can't move freely.

Assuming my said existence existence is known to Sasaki and he began to move, there is no problem. If there isn't such positive evidence, I don't need to pay for the training I stepped forward on.

Her being exposed in a situation where there are others around, it will be difficult training her to climax in that condition. In order to reach there, a rock solid foundation is essential above all else.

Before then, it would be very troubling for her to come into contact with me in the public eye. Sasaki cannot have any knowledge about this right now.

Two months, no, I want at least a month's worth of time. It will be impossible to completely finish in one month, but at least even if Sasaki began to move the foundation would be solid enough for her to not easily switch sides.

The mind sways easily. While she heavily depends and swore loyalty to

me, if Sasaki's existence becomes worrisome to the point she'll waver, it will only increase the fun.

Just a more. If it's interrupted now by Sasaki, the things that I've piled up until now will collapse.

I thought that. I thought that and got impatient inside. However, she blew my imagination in an unusual way.

I had forgot. That she's declared stupid.

———

When I finished the early morning training in the science room, I went to the classroom giving a prayer. 'Please, don't let Ogasawara Makoto come into the classroom today either.'

Naturally, I've warned her repeatedly. I don't have qualifications and still no confidence in the skill. So because I don't want it to be known to another person till I become self confident, I currently want to refrain from contact in front of others as much as possible.

I want you to not tell to others that you take massages from me, because if it's known a person might appear saying they desire a massage performed, and or something like that to deceive her.

She honestly heard my request and obeyed foolishly, but it's said feeling of devotion drive people mad. It's possible to get an unpredictable action if her management is ignored here.

Therefore I can't relax. So in a casual, but repetitive way I thoroughly rub the warning in a brainwashing manner over and over again. Nevertheless the so called love feelings doesn't give me peace of mind.

It's difficult to control a mad man.

That's why I, unless it's necessary by all means, will make sure not go out of the classroom. This is because if I leave the classroom the probability of contact with her scientifically rises. But still, since it's the end if she enters the classrooms I pray.

'Idiot, I wish that idiot listens to my advice and firmly obeys it like a stupid fool. With pride as an idiot, goes forward as an idiot.'

But because it's said that idiots go for stupid actions, I want to believe the stupidity isn't up there.

While praying for such a thing, I still can't refuse the physiological phenomenas. In short, you must go to the restroom no matter what. And the need to do it has came with bad timing.

The moment when I leave the classroom to go to the restroom, a group of girls pass in front of me. Ogasawara Makoto was in it.

Suddenly stopping to stare at her, she notices from the state of my gaze and also looks at me.

Eye to eye, I instantly saw heart marks floating in her brown eyes.

It was over. She'll surely call out to me. Because of that I'll be exposed as Ogasawara Makoto's acquaintance to the surroundings.

Normally such a thing isn't a problem, but it's a problem since the other person is Ogasawara Makoto.

Because of her sweet appearance and neat atmosphere, and also combined with charm from her baby face and contradicting big tits, the beauty receives tremendous support from young males at the back.

But her childhood friend Sasaki is earnest and beautiful, unless the male students have suitable self confidence in their appearance they don't come near, specifically they watch this protected species in the background.

Besides she's bashful, timid, and shy. In the end, only Sasaki is closest male student.

If an acquaintance of hers becomes known, that alone will cause various rumors. And if Sasaki hears it, even though he is part of the idiot group, should think questionably.

'Recently Ogasawara Makoto is unsociable. It's may possibly be related with a man.'

Certainly it was hard to assume. It is a chat that just reformed the plan. To the extent that it's somewhat hard to influence. That chat alone. (大丈

夫だ、想定はしていた事だ。プランを変えればいいだけの話だ。多少動きづらくなる程度。それだけの話だ。)

“Makoto, what’s wrong?”

Looking at her I stop, the other girls also stopped and looked at Ogasawara Makoto dubiously. And then looked at me, showing a state of vigilance and then immediately fixed their posture.

Seven girls, with each standing position determined, established a iron wall formation led by Ogasawara Makoto. And then glared at me at once with a shooting frigid glare.

It’s quite like they’re protecting a princess.

However what oozed out from the school girls didn’t feel anything like good will.

I distinctly sensed a vortex of jealously. As I expected, Ogasawara Makoto seems to be low rank person among the women group.

By pretending to protect, it makes sure a male doesn’t approach her. It appears she gains trouble one way or another.

Sasaki doesn’t get involved with Ogasawara Makoto, however there was a reason not to get involved in this.

Due to the girls taking position and spreading out to form a defensive

iron wall, the students who were walking in the hall began to gather. Hearing the commotion, students peeped their faces out from the classrooms.

Tsk, this has became troublesome. I can't deal with this on plan B. If that's the case then plan C? There is no helping it, it has became harder and hard to move.

"Makoto? Is this an acquaintance? How come we, never heard such a thing?

"Makoto, do you know him? To keep a secret from us, what's your intention?"

"You can do whatever you like, but then it's goodbye to you. Shouldn't you never keep secrets from a friend?"

"No, no, impossible. Aah, I believed in you. I'm disappointed."

"Aren't you just the worst? Not discussing it all. Are you really a friend? Think about it."

"Isn't that just horrible? Not discussing it all. Is that really a friend? Think about it."

"Because you were by your lonesome self I called out to become friends, but even so you betrayed it." (3)

“I’m also amazed at Sasaki. You’re baggage to him. You know?”

And all at once the torching began. No, should I say bombing?

Not listening to generally similar abusive language, seven people hurl abuse at the same time to Ogasawara Makoto. Their breathing is too coordinated.

These guys are getting quite disgustingly skilled. Did they up to now pin her down this way?

Furthermore in the seven girls, I recognized certain faces here and there. They’re the girls who are in the top grade in the school year castle. Moreover among them, they are schoolgirls who have been in my line of sight for prey. Well, the raw material was still too harsh and I gave up.

You should thank Ogasawara Makoto. Because someone among you might have became game if I didn’t make her my prey.

Moreover unlike the obedient and straightforward Ogasawara Makoto, if it’s an excessively strong willed rebounder, appropriate mental cornering would have been used.

“Haha, isn’t that right? When I meet a man, I’ll properly introduce him to everyone. “

Despite being severely spoken ill of, she still held her smile while pointing it to everyone. It’s far from the smile shown to me, it felt pitiful just looking at it.

“Wellll, this is Kijima-san. Yesterday, I had him pick up a misplaced object. Along with a misplaced pass holder. “

While she clinged to that sort of smile, I lower the end of my eyebrow when looking at her for a moment.

I didn’t want to be seen. The eye showed it.

The idiot seems to properly understand. Saying so got herself tormented and ridiculed.

Friend? Absurd. I say whenever this is a friend. Using her timid personality, they enjoy knocking the beautiful girl with outstanding beauty to her knees.

If resisted then I’ll alienate you. Knock you down many times if betrayed. Follow in silence if it’s unpleasant. She receives that sort of treatment.

Not at all passable, it’s a uncivilized crudge mind guidance. Words of violence and attitude, in addition cornering with numbers. It’s the most easiest, but at the same time it’s full of flaws.

“Ha? You dropped the commuter pass? Again? How many times is this.”

“Haa, I can’t say I’m surprised at how clumsy she is.”

“And a natural airhead.”

“She’s able to study but is rather slow”

“Oh yes, then being excellent in studies isn’t the kind to pass in society well?”

“Ahahaha! Seriously it’s Makoto, right? When I graduate from high school and she’s separated from us, isn’t it a straight path to NEET?”

“Isn’t it laughable because it’s truly possible? Kiyahahaha!”

Because of her explanation it was determined I’m not anquitanted with her, but at their own free will each began to lash at her.

It was unnecessary fear. I don’t need to worry, she won’t tell anyone her relationship with me. There is no way it can be said in this situation.

But then, does Sasaki know about this situation? Of course I knew. If that fool wasn’t aware then his incompetent.

Assuming he knew, did he then leave it alone? Is he not able to get get in between her friends? This? His saying to leave this alone?

And yet Ogasawara Makoto was trying to protect him. And then was successfully caught by a spider web.

I’m not going to justify my actions. I’m also the same garbage as these guys. In order to enjoy myself, I prey on her.

I’m the same kind. We’re the same kind of garbage.

“Haa, she’s an idiot. But it looks like there is no way Makoto will betray us.”

“Yup, after all aren’t we best friends?”

“Yeah we’re.”

“Ah, Makoto, later go buy bread and also more juice. The usual.”

“Me too, me too!”

“Also don’t make a mistake, kay? Since I love yakisoba bread. How did you mistake it with melon bread?”

“Well, it’s Makoto”

“Other than studying she’s really worthless, isn’t that right Makoto? Kiyahahaha!”

Among the schoolgirls that have began to walk in a group, Ogasawara Makoto also began to walk. But side glanced at me for just a moment and bowing slightly.

Preoccupied with Sasaki's and her relationship, it was a mistake to not have fully checked the relationship with her friends.

"Those trash. Playing with my toy freely……"

Muttering so, I began to walk towards the restroom. (4)

It was really a mistake. There seems to be seven interesting toys this close to me. I also feel sorry for them. If I didn't have eyes on Ogasawara Makoto, I surely would have sent you to an enjoyable high school life.

Kuku, a trash will accompany a trash, so just dance along happily.

———

I suspended Ogasawara Makoto's training for the moment and started investigating the personal lives of the garbage.

It requires only 3 days. That much, only that much I'll leave pass. Things that appears to be shortcoming, had turn up a reservoir of garbage. (たったそれだけで出るわ出るわ)

Cheating, shoplifting, blackmailing. They're only mere child's play.

It's their relationship with the opposite sex that got my attention. Except Ogasawara Makoto, the seven school girls seem to have a steady boyfriend. Nevertheless in the same way appears to be naturally fooling

around, it's also with the same man.

It's a man that attracts women by that extent. Of course something to that amount also becomes know.

It's baffling, although there is a lady's man loitering around the area, it seems like he hasn't made a pass at Ogasawara Makoto.

Those seven girls each are famous for being beauties in their own way, but everyone fall short behind Ogasawara.

Going to the extra mile of breaking through the group for low class beauties. It strange for a womanizer to be left alone.

If fooling around is a daily occurrence, it's only natural to consider flirting with her.

Therefore I made a certain guess. Perhaps it's jealousy. With anxiety that their man might be stolen, they probably was forced to face the reality they're still no match for her.

That jealousy is what conversed the thought of protecting her.

Then using an appropriate man there will be a method to soil her, that is if they understand and took into consideration bottleneck Sasaki.

Even though he has the very best looks in our school, Sasaki Tatsuya has a keen mind on top of his distinguished style. If it's an amorous woman,

this gem would want to be obtained by all means. If Sasaki became their boyfriend, it would turn up boasted to everyone.

To do this they first mustn't attract Sasaki's attention, if they did attract attention before soiling his childhood friend Ogasawara Makoto, it will poorly incur his enmity.

That's why the foundation first needs to be harden to influence her into becoming a perfect submissive puppet, then use the puppet and make a connections with Sasaki. And to separate his feelings for her after having captivated his heart to some extent, they'll use a man to soil her.

Exposing the foolery of her to Sasaki as a Coupe de grâce, perfectly completes the disdain.

And this is the plan that I came up with. I don't know whether or not those idiots could elaborate to that extent.

Anyways, there isn't a shadow of a man around her. If it was true, she wouldn't go to the level of diligently attending the warehouse everyday.

While thinking about such a thing, I got depressed. It's pathetic that I of all people had once thought to target such women.

From the bottom of my heart I believed targeting Ogasawara Makoto was beneficial.

———

Setting out on the third evening day to investigate, I tracked a certain schoolgirl’s location and witnessed something unexpectedly fantastic.

In the evening at the park she shook her waist with the adulterous partner male.

Achieving the perfect camera situation, I arrived at the road home while overjoyed.

The next day, the female student was absent from school. Naturally I edited the image and clip through the night, and attached the photographed evidence of shoplifting and blackmailing, then quietly mailed it in the mailbox when I went to school girl’s house while skipping in the early morning.

Of course, without forgetting to mail the same thing in the mailbox of the boyfriend’s house.

Thanks to that I got a lack of sleep, however my brain kept on reviving.

And then over a period of one week, if one was alone again, I carefully crushed and turned around.

Since I mailed the evidence in the landlord’s name in order for the families to know, it will certainly create an uproar.

I don’t intend to hide the tail, I act as I please even if I say I am this

world’s king. Therefore I’ll impose on cowardice trash similar to me.(5)

Cautiously, diligent, and careful; thoroughly ensuring perfection. I who’s a coward, doesn’t leave any evidence and loves slowly driving them in a corner that way.

Eventually, all seven female student friends voluntarily dropped out of school together. Because the seven girls appeared to be close friends, they would certainly be pleased to be able to quit school together.

Concerning that, I didn’t put my hand. They left on their own.

But then I guess it was natural. Promiscuity, blackmailing, shoplifting, and mailing that said evidence at their home mailboxes, silently showing the evidence to the head. If it’s submitted to the school side, no, when it’s spilled to the mass it will end the family.

It was sent to the home daringly, nothing was forced. It isn’t even to serve as threatening.

It postpones it. There isn’t staging a silent threat.

There is no choice but to flee. In order to protect the family, they have no choice but to expel their nice adorable daughter to a distant place. As I have been, the parents kicked them aside. I only diligently collected that much material to attach wrapping paper and give it as a present.

Cornering them a little more would thoroughly destroyed and greatly crippled their mind, but I’m busy. There isn’t time to care about

fragmented trash.(7)

I've once and for all disposed the garbage, while at the same time confirmed the progress to push the plan forward.

Ogasawara Makoto has a parasitic habit. Although she's reserved and timid, the biggest reason she joined that group of girls is because of her fear being alone.

If she could be together, if she wasn't casted out, any group would be fine. But with outstanding beauty and also an apparent opposing weakness, she set eyes on the worst group.

Nevertheless with the garbage disposed of, Ogasawara Makoto became lonely. She should be unless it didn't work. That's highly unlikely to miss.

This one week, while investigating the personal life of garbage and sending courtesy to Makoto, I choose a group of female students diligent in their own way.

I indirectly fed the information to the students who like gossip in class.

"There is Ogasawara Makoto. That famous beautiful girl. Although I heard it from a rumor, there is a girl Tanaka-san of set four and the person seems to be seriously caring. Given that, it seem Ogasawara strongly likes such a person. Well, it's a rumor."

Tanka of set four. They aren't acquaintances but her reputation is good, it's said she's an caring elder sister in the flesh. Moreover with the scums

that has been severe in the top ranking academic year castle, it became known that a school girl appeared to possess the power that could oppose alone.

And it's a preference, but in any case seems to like adorable things. Because of that she seemed to be interested in Ogasawara Makoto's existence for a long time, but because she was a member of the opposed group, didn't seem to advance in contact. (7)

"It looked like Ogasawara-san joined in the bullying, or something like that. However that's rumored. Is she in the girl's group? They, appeared to enjoy themselves tormenting Ogasawara-san. Therefore Ogasawara-san isn't a member of the group, more like detained. But it's just a rumor."

The rumor spread further that Ogasawara Makoto wasn't in the group willingly.

I had a hard time spreading such a rumor, but once the tail and fins began to spread it ran like wind. (8)

Since the trash have already been absent from school at that time, she is currently free. Rumored Tanaka heard the rumor poked at Ogasawara Makoto by chance and contacted her.

And then seven people peacefully quit school independently. My plan is finished at that point. The problems afterwards shouldn't be my concern.

———

Exhausted by the daily massage training, I who decided to take a one week relaxation, plopped myself down on the sofa in the warehouse then grandly exhaled a sigh.

Let alone relaxation, this one week I nearly didn't sleep. Thanks to that four kilos(9 pounds)of my body weight has dropped.

———

Suddenly feeling a soft sensation in the back of my head, I slightly open my eyes.

It isn't the touch of the sofa. It is softer, and despite there being tension, it's a warm thing.

Something bleeds through my blurred vision. Rubbing my eyes by hand and blinking the eyelids several times, my field of vision began to focus.

There is a red ribbon scarf on a black sailor suit. When raising my glance from there, Ogasawara Makoto's face looked onto mine.

I realized that she seem to put my head on her lap somehow or another. But during when? Lying down on the sofa, I don't remember her entering the warehouse and placing my head on her lap.

Perhaps, before I knew it I had fell asleep.

“Good morning. Because of the one week break, did you get a sleep habit?”

Towards her brown eyes as she said with a laughing smile, wet tears collected enough to overflow at any moment.

“Why are you crying? Is there something?”

To me who pretending to be ignorant, she shook her head with a smile.

“It is nothing. Only, this one week, I couldn’t meet you and was just lonely……”

Being excited, her voice shook slightly. At the same time her voice spoke from her pale pink lips, the tears that almost overflowed drew a straight line on her cheeks.

And then she bent forward, pressing her big breasts on my face and tightly hugged me close.

“Thank you……”

Tiny, the voice muttered was really tiny. But that doesn’t matter, I can’t breath with the huge tits’ pressure.

“FUeHIFUoHIFaeFUHIFaeFaFaHI”

There isn’t a reason to thank me is what I was trying to say, but I wasn’t able to talk because of the huge breasts pressed on the front of my face.

“Ehehe, you don’t know such troubling things. Besides, this one week you leisurely took a break. You being worn out is my imagination. And the shadows under the eyes is because of playing a game until midnight, isn’t that right……?”

The low voice shook with slowly speaking. The body shakes as if it’s sympathizing with the whisper.

“But, I feel that I want to say thank you. Nothing more to say. So, will you accept the thank you?”

Saying that, she hugged me even more tightly.

Well I was prepared, but I thought that there was a possibility that I wouldn’t be noticed since she’s stupid. Even so she did notice.

Immediately after I said that I’ll be taking a break, the people who tormented herself began to disappear in sequence and an ideal person emerged as a friend

devised there.

The series of events would probably be noticed as things by my plan. But there isn’t evidence. I didn’t leave evidence.

Therefore she won't pursue it. Because she's aware I'll deny it. And if it's denied, there isn't evidence to overthrow it.

It's all well and good, this airhead does huge misunderstanding. She's under the impression that I saved her.

Stupid woman, there is no such reason. I just got irritated because they simply played with my toy as they pleased. It's the same as hating them. Besides, putting their hands on a person's plaything, there is no way they'll get off scot free. (9)

Nothing but smashing scrap garbage. That's all.

I'm also the same kind, there isn't a reason that she should thank me.

And then concerning Tanaka, it would be troubling to me if she breaks. Until the training is finished, she must maintain a decent mentality. Hence it's for that purpose, it contains none further feelings.

This airhead is taking it that she was saved by me, disgustingly delighted on her own accord. Quite like a dunce clown. It's excellent for me to manipulate because of such a thing.

Well her plan to disclosing our relation with the surroundings is fine, she now understands my intention with not coming into contact in public, so the problem with how much dependence had disappeared. I better train her to be obediently dependent as much as possible.

“Tanaka-san is really kind. She politely teaches even if I fail, and encourages it. She never says to go shopping at the school store. She never says to kneel on the ground. Really a reliable person and it’s very fun together. But, but it’s……”

Strengthening the power that’s holding me close, she tightly presses my face into her huge breasts.

Oi, I will seriously die. I meekly put on an embrace, but this is unexpectedly driven to a corner situation. I strike my right hand on a portion of her shoulder to convey a give in, but did she notice?



“I calm down the most with you……”

A whisper was heard from slightly far away. Pressure from the big breasts blocked my field of vision, and although darkness should stretch the area whitens for some reason. (10)

Pressure death due to huge tits. The death isn't that bad, but I don't want to die yet if possible. If I am going to die the after I finish this airhead's training. I can't die till then no matter what.

"FaFU, FaFU, FaFaFaFU, FaaaFU"

Oi, HEY, separate, or do you intend to kill me? Even with a desperate convey, I still can't directly speak.

Besides, unpleasantly, it has gone past pain and became somewhat comfortable. Please release me! I'll really die.

Hitting the place of her shoulder by my hand, I was going to try to get up from the power in both legs. But the posture is too bad. This state is used to pin down a face in a lying condition, it's a position close to the Upper Four Quarter Hold Down as it's called in Judo. Furthermore, I am completely in a dilemma.

Even if there is how much of a difference between a man and a woman's power, I can't easily overturn this.

"FUeFU, FUeFU,FUeeeFU"

Due to being pressed against big boobs the muffled voice can't be raised by me, surely it's Ogasawara Makoto slipping out a laugh.

This person is freakin' laughing. Even though I'm suffering, she's god damn laughing. I can't allow it.

Eventually when she separated from me at the last minute, I jumped up breathing heavily while she held her sides beginning to burst into laughter.

Overflowing with tears that gathered in her eyes, she continued to laugh while crying with a bright red face. This is like, the suffering I accumulated until now, seemed to be entirely discharged.

At the same time, I had a feeling that the fragility and instability that was felt up to now was disappearing.

“Ahahahaha! This is the first time that I saw such flustered from you! It’s cute!”

“Y-you……I really thought I’d die. “

Staring at Ogasawara Makoto with scornful that was shedding tears and laughing I blew out a sigh while amazed.

It won’t be long that she can laugh. Since from now on harder training awaits you. Laugh to the utmost before it’s too late. Stupid woman.

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(1) (TLNY: CODE RED, CODE RED!)(E.N:CODE TEDDY BEAR.)

(2) (TLNY: Note, this is just a minor thing since it might be apparent his mocking her as it’s worded, but he used ‘私’ or watashi when saying ‘I’.

‘私’ is a gender free way of saying ‘I’ and what Makoto addresses her themselves as. Our MC addresses himself as ‘俺’ or ‘Ore’, which is a rough or arrogant way a man could address himself as. Think of it as someone in English outright saying,”I’m better then all of you casuals!” or something along those lines. So what his doing, is outright acting her out.)

(3)(TLNY: Oh my fricking god, talk about a drama queen.)

(4)(TLNY: I would like everyone to imagine our MC walking to the restroom with a while mumbling…)

(5)(TLNY: I believe when he means tail, his talking about the ‘dirt’ he got off the girls. In other words, his going all out.)

(6)(TLNY: Pushes away what he did off the bat, just like it was nothing xD)(E.N: Like a boss.)

(7)(TLNY: I smell a forbidden yuri love…)

(8)(TLNY: This MC is a very sneaky and smart bastard. Despite what his family says of him not being good enough, I swear he must be a hella smart to be able to do this all in a week.)

(9)(TLNY: http://i.imgur.com/HofbFNX.png I’ll just drop this quietly….)

(10)(TLNY: OGASAWARA, LET GO NOW! WE CAN’T HAVE THE MC DIE ON THE 8TH CHAPTER.)(E.N: Yeah let go of him we can’t have you going yandere and say “Hehe do you notice me now? Now those b*tches are out of the way it’s only you and me. Hehe do you want me to hold you closer, hehe your such a ero ero. But I still love you for that.” Kind of situation)

“Thank you! Kijima-san!”

A lively voice resounds brightly when I enter the warehouse.

For me who prefers a standard of silence, I wish that place greetings were moderately reserved.

“It’s tea! There are also sweets! Although I baked the cookies! I’ll be happy if it meets your tastes!”

She stood up from the sofa she was sitting on and at the same time rushed over to me, grabbing and pulling my uniform jacket, then forced sit me down on the sofa while forcibly recommending me tea and cookies.

The cookies appear to be homemade and irregular shaped, silently indicating her clumsiness in itself.

“How is it!? Is it delicious!? I’m not confident in the taste, but I’m confident of the heart!” (1)

And then fixes her upturned eyes filled with hope and anxiety fixes and gazes on my face, asking about the taste even though I didn’t eat it.

Furthermore she wrapped both arms on my right arm and fixed herself tightly against me with her supple breasts, purposely conveying stubbornly that she won’t let go. Because of that I can’t move about at all. Arm aside, I never expected that huge tits can be used like this.

Incidentally, this, seems like I'll be in bed for about one week if I say it's bad.

She'll request a comment if I eat, and since it's troublesome I'll casually decline.

"My principle is to not eat between meals—"

"How is the taste!!!!!!"(2)

"I-I'll eat it……"

But overwhelmed from the intimidating sight of her bloodcurdling approach, I accepted.

Recently, I somewhat feel that I'm often becoming overwhelmed by her force. (3)

———

Ever since I disposed of the trash, Ogasawara Makoto has clearly changed. She reached the point of smiling a lot more, I feel like she's overflowing with self confidence everyday.

Her new friends seem to also be good, and it has become a custom in the warehouse for me to exclusively listen to her stories of Tanka.

Spreading a lively smile, in any case she's honestly obedient. But it's difficult to pass through her lively spirit to do training. While it may be true that I want to be careful, there is nothing worth being careful with since she isn't particularly hard to deal with.

"Oi Ogasawara, soon ma—"

"It's massage practicing! I understand!

"I, Is that so. Then change your clothes—"

"To be honest, I'm already wearing it under my uniform! So we can begin anytime!" (4)

Interrupting all my words, she beats me to the punch. This sort of Ogasawara Makoto who is lively as capable doesn't seem like her.

I somewhat miss the former Ogasawara Makoto. Was it a mistake to remove the trash?

Moreover, did she wear that under her uniform? It isn't a swimsuit, it's a black leotard with see through tight cloth. What happened to the underwear? Did she really take a class braless and pantyless? Wow, there's a pervert here.(5)

Normally that's unthinkable, but it's scary because it's really a possible from her.

As for her putting it on she has a full marks for feeling awfully motivated, but when changing her clothes secretly in the corner of the warehouse, her face immediately reddens as she took off her uniform and began to feel bashful.

It doesn’t seem to be the reaction of a fellow that wore a see through leotard since morning.

“I-I’m……ready.”

Right hand on her chest, left hand covering her groin, she calls out to me timidly on the bed. And then put on the eye mask slowly and stance herself on all fours waiting for me.

Subtly raising deep breaths, her face and skin are a burning scarlet,

She’s embarrassed, but that isn’t just it. She seems to begin feeling pleasure by exposing her own foolishness to me.

If this state is inside the warehouse she also won’t refuse becoming nude. Then the time to step into exposing outside is soon.

“Ah, then I’ll begin.”

I stood up from the sofa, picking up the bag packed with sex tools and went to the bed.

These days, in contrast with her liveness, frustration is amassing. The cause is something due to my training.

Just now when the dependence for me soared, I test how far she can endure it obediently, and the situation is favorable. She seems to intend withstand my orders forever.

“Then with today’s nipple stimulating massage to make the breast milk flow better, I’ll massage the anus at the same time.” (6)

When I got on the bed and sat down behind Ogasawara Makoto that got down on all fours, I say this in the usual serene businesslike tone.

“Y-yes. T-thank you in advance……”

Ogasawara Makoto lets out a clear rough sigh due to my statement, clearly her skin except the part the leotard covered finished dyeing in a lovely pink. And in spite of eye mask covering his view shut, she twists her head behind to face towards me and answered with a obedient nod.

Contrary to the obedient behavior, she has a slightly tense atmosphere. Imagining the torment to commence after this, her decision to desperately endure will be harder.

“Ogasawara, don’t move. I’ll cut the anus part of the leotard.”

“O-Okay……”

Confirming her approval, I take out scissors from the bag packed with sex tools and she pushes her buttock towards me, then I pinch the cloth covering the anus and pull it. Whereupon her waist twitched from a finger subtly touching the anus.

When I cut the pinched cloth with the scissors, the fabric clinging to her ass separates as I pull it with my fingers.

The black cloth is tight while being thin. Only the anus was revealed inside.

Whether it's cause the cloth is cut off and it was exposed to the air or she's merely excited, the pale pink anus twitches and spasms, beautiful enough to not think the organ's purpose is originally used to excretion.

Well, since knowing it is picked and turned by me, that's why I pay attention to its maintenance to some degree, but there is also natural born talent.

"Then I'll insert this anal stick. Ogasawara, open the anus as usual."

When I ask her while staring at the anus twitch and wriggle, the anus firmly tightens. And then began flapping open and closing like the mouth of a fish, stretching the hole. It monumentally closed tightly and then gaped greatly open.

This anus opening and shutting technique increases in precision day by day. Since the anus closes due to muscle, it will become possible to move it freely the more that muscle is used.

By developing the anus muscle, it can be said that my plan to make the anus be sublimated to a second pussy is doing really well.

Taking out the anal stick endowed with certain bead spheres about the size as ping pong ball, I diligently apply lotion. And then with inserting the pointed tip of the lotion placed in a plastic container into her anus, I apply pressure by lightly grasping the container and injected the lotion inside.

“Nu……FUuu”

As the lotion was injected Ogasawara Makoto leaked out a sweet coquettish voice, tightening the anus again and impatiently tried to open it again. However her fluster didn’t result so well, it repeated to flap open and close.

It’s as if, a common carp was given bait seemed to eat the bait franticly.

Before I would loosen it with a finger then insert the stick, but now it isn’t a necessary process.

At the time of inserting the test tubes of early mornings in the science room, it must’ve somewhat loosened with the morning fingering, but after school training in the warehouse, furthermore from the fact that she always uses an enema before coming to the warehouse, that’s the reason it is considerably loose.

In addition due to the improvement of the anus opening and closing

technique, it can promptly bring in the anus stick.

That is in other words, except early mornings a sudden penis thrust in the anus would get the flexibility support. If that's the case it would be comfortable to use.

If I give even more severe training and develop the anus and surrounding muscles, it's possible to move freely as well as improve comfortability.

"Aa, Aa, NNu"

When the preparations are set I push the tip of the stick's globe to the anus, stuffing it in slowly. Thereby muffled sweet moans rise.

The anus suddenly began swallowing the globes and the hole's size becomes the same as the maximum diameter of the sphere, from which the globe is slowly swallowed. Even so at the same time the spread open anus abruptly retracks, twitching and squirming.

Rising appetizing moans with the waist fearfully shakes.

While having fun watching her reactions, I push one and another globe into the inside of the anus.

"WAa, WAa, WAa, Nu, WAa, WAa"

The anus gulps down all the globes inside, and the stick insertion is

over. Due to the pleasure given to her, her waist trembles and she breathes heavily.

The pleasure is far from a climax. To achieve a climax at the anus, Ogasawara Makoto knows that the insertion wasn't the best. It's the same even if I give stimulation as it's inside.

To climax at the anus something is essential. That is the great pleasure that can obtained at the time of discharge.

With the increased lubrication state due to the lotion, and by pulling out the spheres one after another that are also about size of ping pong balls, it will produce a pleasure quite different from the usual defecation. Moreover because of the beads, the pleasant feeling can be tasted in succession.

Still cumming would be difficult. The climax is impossible by discharging once at the anus, insertion and ejection must be repeated.

Therefore, even if vibration function of the stick is turned on, it can't reach the climax by only doubling the pleasure. The act of pulling in and out with the stick is essential for her to be able to cum.

"AA, WAuuu, it's burburbur, burburbur is echoing in my the stomaaachh"

Her buttocks pops and moans greatly intense by having turned on the vibration function.

Vibration of the stick isn't only to give pleasure in the anus. Rather than the anus the aim is to train other points except the anus.

Because the vagina is one sheet across the intestinal wall, the vibration is transmitted to the vagina by pressing it with a big globe. By the vibrations spreading expect in the abdomen, the pleasure created seemed to be particular.

Even though her vagina has never been used, it has been developing from the inside of her anus.

To the vibrating stick, Ogasawara Makoto shakes the waist up and down while raising sweet moans.

This is enough of the anus for now.

I stood up and picked back up the plugged sex toy, sneaking around to the front of Ogasawara Makoto that's down on all fours.

"Okay Ogasawara, since I'm beginning the nipple massage stand on the knees."

When I ask as she shakes her head in agonizing pleasure, she stopped and nodded while holding out her right hand. When the right hand is grasped the left hand is presented next.

Because her vision is blocked from her wearing a mask, this disadvantaged air head needs my guidance to stand on her knees.

Of course even if the visibility is actually blocked she would be able to kneel. In other words, she behaves like a baby to me with the reasoning of blocked vision.

Well, since this level of dependence isn't a hindrance to the training, it's tolerable.

Without stint about exposing herself, Ogasawara Makoto stands on her knees.

Her body that is wrapped in an black see through leotard is more degrading obscene than nude.

A thin white neck and collarbone stood out. Her big breasts deny such a delicate impression.

Although the breasts are large they have a good form, firmly supporting its own weight as if it refuses to hang down. That tension alone persists silently.

In spite of the pointed teat seen on the tip of her breast covered by the leotard, with the form size clearly rising it's clear that even though it has yet to be touched it was already completely erect.

When lowering my gaze from such indecent breasts, tone slender waist and an excellent ass drew a stream curve figure from there. And plump thighs.

Although the places were tightly well knit, the body's contradicting

plump didn't damage the sexy charm. This because she's a baby face on top of being weak minded, something like this is also agreed to be popular with male students.

In essence, the sadistic heart of males are fans in both her appearance and the character. Generally, how many wild delusions have been among the males until now?

"Ogasawara, the nipples seem to be erected, but this is a side effect of the anus massage, or is it due to the action with massaging the nipples day after day, what do you think?"

Then intending to bully a little bit, I boldly ask with a indifferent business like manner about indecent things that's never asked to a maiden.

The reason the nipples are erect. Being asked about such a thing, how ever will she answer?

"I-It……um……."

I study her physical changes happening with the massage training. To me who calmly say such an indecent title, her face changed color to a bright red then stammered.

Sweat rose to the surface on the cheeks and forehead from the anus continuing to be stimulated. It's the same from head to toe, due to the difficult question that's hard to answer even more sweat gushes out.

I want to contribute to his practice. For Ogasawara Makoto that thinks so, an obedient reply will be returned in place to the question asked. But shame repulses to the thought, torturing her physically and mentally.

"U-um……t-that……"

Biting the lower lip, she desperately fights the shame and raises her face with resolve.

"T, The, bot, tum……was stimulated, differently……t, the nip, nip, ple……it became solid. A, And then……"

The low shaking voice spoke brokenly. And then she resound a kokur in her throat, opening the lips again and inhaled a small breath.

"U-Usually, it's like this, from now on, since Kijima-san, touches the, t, the, ni, nipl, nipl, les, I think…….I guess, it just did, become stiff……excuse me."

Her body slightly trembled when speaking indecent words from her sweet pale pink lips. Furthermore she even ended it with an apology.

Out of a single minded desire to contribute to me, Ogasawara Makoto used a lecherous answer that opposes a slut's nature to shame. And then saying an apology with it, it's probably because she's self aware the nipples erected from herself being lewd.

It's practically something like a physiological phenomenon, but one way or another it's convenient to convince herself that she's lewd.

“Is that right? Above all else the words from this subject serve as reference. It’s embarrassing, but survive and answer honest like that. Thank you, Ogasawara.”

When I wave my hand to her cheek, I draw as gentle tone in the whisper. Thereupon she grabbed on my hand that touched her cheeks and rubbed it on them, laughing and nodding joyfully.

If I say it’s for practice, I’m now free to do anything. It’s really a good trend. Then shall I ask a question to step up a level?

Well, lets see whether she’ll reply.

“Ogasawara, it’s a difficult question to hear, but I want you to answer if possible.”

To my question she trembles. A question that’s difficult to ask. She would reacted to those words. At any rate I calmly asked about the erected nipples and said that question will be difficult to hear. If that’s the case it can be easily imaged the question being even more shameful.

“Y-yes…….”

Clearing her throat, Ogasawara Makoto nods while sweat streamed down her cheek. It looks like even if the question is how shamefully, she appears ready to answer.

“I was interested for some time, but when I start the practice the genital secretion like thing over flowings from the vangia. By any change Ogasawara, are you sexually excited by receiving a massage?” (7)

To my question her body greatly jump and her body began to greatly tremble.

The question poked out was too frank and convening. Although she was prepared to an extent, she still didn’t expect such a straightforward question.

Noticing her being entirely flustered, she seem to be past confusion and disorder.

“Ogasawara? You alright? The current question doesn’t have any other intentions. Furthermore, it isn’t even strange being in heat since I stimulate the erogenous zone.”

With kindly whispering it to her state of confusion, she moves her lips, seeming to be desperately trying to say something. But the lips move idly with any words coming out.

The quantity of sweat oozing out from her whole body adds, and the skin that’s flushed further increases red.

“I-I love!”

And the words pressed out was that.

I love. She isn't indicating to the massage, perhaps, no, surely those word harbor feelings towards me. Falling into a deranged panic, the strongest feelings that had swirled in her heart may have left from the mouth arbitrary.

I know that she has feelings of favor to me. That's why I utilizes affection emotions, but as a main premise, the favourable impression I have towards her isn't affection, for a subject or capable assistant, reminiscences toward being practical is required

Therefore it's necessary to lightly doge the hot though of Ogasawara Makoto that confessed to me in a confused state with splendid sleek.

"I love? From the received the massage? Is that right? Are you pleased with it like that? Then without spare I must sincerely devote great effort. But then, it's me that said to you to show it in behavior and not in words. There are no words to return, so then in silence I'll say to you I'll improve my ability. Haha"

To my words, she continues to wither away before my eyes.

"Y-yeah……r-right……Ha, ahaha, ahahah…….ha."

And Ogasawara Makoto who shivers while muttering in a low voice, raises a sad and dry laughter.

Although she had confessed in involuntarily momentum, she probably hoped I would more or else answer her feelings. It was dodged and she

seems to have become depressed.

She must thinks I’m insensitive in the heart.

But she immediately tightens her lips and nods uh-huh. She appears to have understood something, but what on earth did she get?

Probably,’It isn’t that he started started being dense, over a period of time turn he’ll around! Yeah, hang on me!’ She may have thought something like that on her own.

“I-I, I love……your massages!”

And then when raising a bright lively voice she sticks out her chest. Thereby completely exposing her shaking chest and transparent nipples.

What she said with the indecent and lewd bewitching figure, it’s even more stupidlike.

And it has been left unanswered about the love juices overflowing from her pussy, but oh well, I had fun tormenting her in my own way.

———

Only the tip of leotard chest piece was cut, and two nipples which are red sharp revealed erected. And then vibrating sounds could be heard subtly. It’s evidence that the vibration function of the inserted anal stick in anus is running.

“AAh, Hluu, Nuuu, AHKUuuu”

Standing on her knees at the front, she places both hands on both my shoulders while clutching my worn jacket, and continues to give sweet moans that contain sadness and pain.

The applied lotion on the nipples reflect with the interior light, gleaming a bloodshot red and oily obscene stiffness. I endlessly play at the nipples with a finger.

I pick up the nipple, I knead it with a thumb and index finger. And stroking the nipple by sliding a finger, I firmly flatten it. Then the nipple easily escapes from the finger due to the lotion applied, causing her body to fearfully shake.

She occurs a moan and rough sigh. Due to indulging in the heat, it was vividly expressed she how felt it.

She occurs a moan and rough sigh. Due to indulging in their sweet heat, how she felt was vividly shown.

Her sensitivity in the nipples smoothly increased. But looking at her state, it will be awfully impossible to climax with the nipples.

Also furthermore the anal stick only gives vibrates with being inserted in the anus, it doesn’t invite her to climax.

Greed and a desire to climax accumulates day by day. Even if it isn't austerities like stopping just before the limit, for her knowing the intense pleasure and pleasant feeling of climaxing, it will be an act that's able to be called torture.

I want to climax, I want to climax to my heart's content. I want to only immerse this body into the sea of pleasure with a blank head. She probably would think such a thing, but thinks another to try to offset the feeling.

I want to contribute to Kijima's practice. I want to be praised if things go well. And I want to make you somehow turn around. Probably thinking that sort of thing to desperately suppressing her greed and try to be an excellent assistant.

While playing with the erected nipples self indulgently, I thought about such a thing and chucked to myself.

Sweat spurts out. Body shakes. Lower lip is bitten. A sad gasp.

Of course there is a reason why I won't allow her to cum. Its to added tolerance to feelings of guilt.

These past several days, including the early morning training, Ogasawara Makoto never reached a climax.

After the anus was developed so that there was a cumming habit, and since entering the nipple development, her frustration of not doing a climax will reach the limit any time now. What will you do if it becomes

so? There is only cumming by yourself.

And this is only my speculation, but she probably doesn't have experience masturbating.

Alone in her room, the act of cumming takes place. For Ogasawara Makoto that spends time as honor student, exactly how much sensation of immorality and guilt will that kind of act bear in mind?

Besides if she doesn't have experience masturbating, then it's very probable to do masturbation using the places that experienced the climax. That means don't rub the most popular masturbating clitoris, masturbate using the anus.

Instead of me ordering to perform such an immoral act, she herself needs to carry it out.

Due to the increase of sensation immorality and feelings of guilt, she'll probably fall into masturbating knowing that the pleasure also doubles.

Thereby she'll always have a sense of guilt and will be trying to escape from her consciousness sin. In other words, she should depend on receiving the training from me more and more.

This is a buttock massage. It's neither in the slightest obscene nor wrong. Deceiving herself that way, she changes more and more lascivious.

And the sex tool that will be used for masturbation, that is the familiar

anal stick, I'll let her steal this.

Due to that, weak honest Ogasawara Makoto tormented with guilt will then escape by drowning in more pleasure.

Therefore, I'll create a stealing sex tool situation.

Although, because there is a said possibility that Ogasawara Makoto won't steal the sex toy after observing the situation to some extent, I also thought about handing her the sex tool to masturbate. But if possible I want her to secretly steal it and work hard masturbating.

After today's training ends, bathing in her perspiration and breathing heavily, she fell down on the bed after running out of energy.

The anal stick's handle sticking out from her anus as she plopped down on her stomach was really ridiculous.

And now is the biggest event of this animal's training, which is the discharging of the anal stick. Only for one moment she'll feel immense pleasure. If that's the case to her it will be the place that she wants to somehow reach a climax from, however I won't permit such a thing.

Besides to begin with she won't reach a climax from the likes of one discharge, even Ogasawara Makoto and naturally I understand this.

Still I want to cum. I want to cum by all means. If I still don't cum, I have no choice then cum by myself. She should arrive at that thought, but times like these the lovely neat and high mortal honor student to nature

is a hindrance.

But then, that just means I need to work hard to surpass that masturbation wall.

“NaaAAa—AAA……KUuuu,Uuu”

Without either notice or declaration when the anal stick was pulled out from the anus, her whole body intensely convulsions as she laid face down and gave a coquettish voice. However the voice gradually stained with sadness and misery.

As expected she didn’t cum. Are you agonizing? Is it agonizing? Look, since I placed the anal stick that you love on the table, you should take it home.

After taking a little break, she goes to take a shower with heavy steps. With sorrow in the figure and from the eyes which looked at me for a moment when leaving the warehouse, it felt similar to a sad abandoned dog.

Please let me cum. She cannot say those few words.

Furthermore, from going out of the warehouse as the leotards nipple and anus part cut off, and a desire to climax, various senses including her sense of shame seem numb.

Furthermore, since she left the warehouse as the leotards nipple and anus part cut off, a desire to climax seem to have numbed various senses

including her shame.

Although it's how dark, going out with such an appearance, what in the world kind of excuse do you intend to make if you meet a person?

Passing Ogasawara Makoto that came back wrapped in a towel, I left a word I'm leaving the warehouse to go to the restroom.

I arranged sex tools on the table in a flaunting way. Moreover I displayed some of the same types of anal sticks, displaying it that even if one disappears it won't be noticed.

Because I did it at that and left her alone expressly, she should go for action.

Since only the school building has a rest room, it's unnatural to return too early. Therefore I killed some time away from the warehouse, then turned back to at the right moment. And then I will desperately endured nearly raising a delighted voice.

Ogasawara Makoto that changed into her uniform and sat on the sofa, stood up when noticing I entered the warehouse and greeted me. However her tone of voice didn't have the usual liveliness. On the contrary, it was trembling as if it has been seized with fear.

The eyes restlessly swam and the face was burning bright red. And while the fingers of both hands crossed in front of her skirt, Ogasawara Makoto's knees quivered like a newborn fawn.

The suspicious behavior is too obvious. When looking at the table for a moment, one of the anal sticks that I displayed disappeared.

She freakin' did it at last. She finally god damn stole it. No, should I say I succeeded in lettering her steal it?

With me mentioning nothing about an vanished anal stick, she behaved suspiciously the entire time.

Ogasawara Makoto that will be tormented by great guilt without even knowing she successfully fell into my plan, spoke usually very few words up to the point of separating from leaving the warehouse that day.

There isn't conclusive evidence, but it's likely she'll masturbate for the first time in her life. Moreover since she stole an anal stick, there is no doubt that she'll perform the masturbation using her anus. The first onanism is with the anus, it's really going to be a laughable story.

Now, in the first time of her life she'll experience masturbating, what on world kind of face will she show up with tomorrow? I can't wait to enjoy myself.

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(1) (TLNY: Lady, that's good and all, but I can't eat your heart unless I want to be a cannibal. And to be honest, it isn't worth it.) (E.N: I would rather he just Ate her up instead.)

(2) (E.N:..... Ooookkkkaaayyyy..... please don't turn into a yandere. I

don’t know how to handle those female heroines.)

(3) (TLNY: Heh, she’s catching up!)(E.N: The perfect remedy for a tsundere is to build up as much momentum as you can, and then capture them when they’re unbalanced by you.)

(4) (TLNY: Wah……She isn’t scared of wearing that in public……)

(5) (E.N:..... I literally almost died reading this sentence.)

(6) (TLN: That got to be an mouthful.)

(7)(TLNY: Damn son. You’re not beating around the bush, are ya’?)

In early morning of the following day of when I let Ogasawara Makoto steal an anal stick, I left the apartment while my heart pounded.

Losing to her greed and desire, she stole a sex tool from loved and respected me. How long has it tormented her?

Furthermore as an honor student alone in a room and as well as the act of working hard to masturbate using a sex tool, it should straight out torment the timid Ogasawara Makoto.

And then pound into her like sweet nectar.

If I look the behavior and character of Ogasawara Makoto, then I can gather that to some degree there has been training in common sense and etiquette since the time of infancy.

However she didn't receive discipline in relation with masturbation. It should have been planted naturally. If the act to comfort themselves by oneself is certainly a very embarrassing thing.

You mustn't do it. You shouldn't do it. When it is an obscene act that contradicts with such morals, she should've been aware of it over time.

Presently she doesn't know the act itself is called masturbation, but still even something like that would probably look similar. She should know since she stole an anal stick.

However without knowing the act is called masturbation and saying

that she is going to taste pleasure only brought from me by herself, it is interesting in its own right.

The act of comforting oneself by themselves and learning a great sense of shame that doubles the feeling of guilt and corruption, the more she tries to run away from it the more she'll proceed to immerse in the act.

And if she notices being swallowed into the vortex of pleasure, it will be too late.

By all means I want to see Ogasawara Makoto become lascivious that you don't get without masturbation.

———

Probably because I got too excited, it seems I unconsciously changed into a faster pace and arrived at the high school early.

What kind of appearance will she have when she turns up? Receiving a miserable postponement from me and clearing that frustration by mastubrating, I wonder if she'll have a refreshing appearance after climaxing in a long time.

Or be driven with guilt and a feeling of corruption, will her expression warp the moment she looks at me?

Or is it both, will she show an expression that nobody knows?

And then there is another possibility. Because she's seized with feelings of guilt and corruption, she didn't do masturbation. If so then I don't particularly mind. No, rather I want it to be so.

If she cannot step into masturbation from her hindrance moral values, I'll just continue the animal training in the science room and warehouse, absolutely not letting her cum. That way her desire will increases higher than the limit and eventually issue her hand into masturbating.

If that happens, immersing herself into masturbation she has already forgotten herself. And then on her own letting the lascivious-ification advance, she'll be disappointed in herself with such a thing, degrade herself, and fall into the abyss of despair.

The problem is that stealing a sex tool was a necessary process for her to masturbate. To her stealing my personal belongings was the biggest hurdle. Once she passed through there, the patience game is left. That is the point I wished for.

It is the most enjoyable to slowly corner her this way. That being the case it also doesn't matter how much time it will take if I enjoy myself. Besides the more time she takes for it, the enjoyment to be obtain doubles that way.

Then in that sense, it may be said that I am very patient.(1)

———

After entering the entrance of the school, I walk along the hallway and

head to the science room.

The school building fell silent. Only my footstep resounded in the hallway.

When confirming the time with my watch, I was fifteen minutes early than usual. However Ogasawara Makoto should already be waiting in the science room.

The reason why is by committing the act of stealing my sex tool, the current Ogasawara Makoto should be involuntarily cornered.

If it’s disclosed to me that an anal stick was stolen. Without even thinking to work it out, her state of mind would be to attend school earlier.

Even so, this is a category full of speculation, but perhaps she must be feeling relieved deep down.

Even if it’s exposed an anal stick was stolen to me, there is a very high possibility she believes deep down I won’t get angry.

In order to make think so, I spent time cautiously, carefully, and persistently rubbing it into her with I am patient.

Speaking as gently and affectionate as possible, and whispering that guided the mind.

That's why I have been struggling so far. It's vexing if I'm considered like such a small caliber man, to the extent of scorning her for stealing an anal stick.

Surely Kijima-san will forgive me and give a wry smile. She has to think that. Otherwise, because Ogasawara Makoto's weak mind is taken by guilt, the worst could result from not being able to attend school.

I'll ask her. Then show her everyday a foolish manner, and if I am a man of high caliber she misunderstood me. Otherwise it will one way or another affect the animal training in the future.

While thinking about such a thing, I arrive at the science room.

"Hm? Huh?"

Inside the room falls silent. There wasn't the figure of Ogasawara Makoto that should be waiting for me there.

Was it misread? If her current mental state was true, then I thought she'll attend school earlier than usual and be waiting for me. No, rather than thinking, I was convinced.

Did I misread? Certainly, no, there is no way I misread it here. Ogasawara Makoto must already be in the science room.

Funny, it's strange. It's fine if I misread her state of mind and a subtle behavior then about wrongly interpreting such a simple action.

I thought that the possibility was considerably low, but did it really become the worst build up?

Because of excessive frustration, she stole personal belongings from the loved and respected me, and from intensely regretting it after going home, withdrew into her shell. This sort of development was reached.

Was it a mistake? No, it's strange. If it's the current Ogasawara Makoto, rather than refusing to go to school and not meet me, there should be a higher possibility of coming to apologize and confess to stealing my sex toy.

Besides in the first place she shouldn't use the term stolen. Even though it a conducted voluntary practices, if she made an excuse with 'borrowing' the anal stick that was placed on the warehouse's table, far from being scolded by me I would've praised.

Even if she didn't think about it to that extent, the likes of stealing an anal stick stick shouldn't result in not attending school—No, I can't declare absolutely never with Ogasawara Makoto.

This……is troubling.

Certainly if you think about it clearly, this type of choice also comes to that conclusion.

Regarding Ogasawara Makoto's dependence and loyalty to me, it could also result in pushing out a congenital masochistic habit to the front if I

make a mistake inducing the direction.

Is it a failure? Was stealing too much for timid Ogasawara Makoto? No no, wait wait, it's still early to label it as a failure. She may just be late by some sort of circumstance, and the time now is also earlier than usual.

It is premature to give an conclusion. I should wait here a little more.

However a strange uneasiness spreads through my heart.

She should've attended school earlier. It being an event determined from me, I believed it to be impossible to misread it. That the reality there is no appearance of her in this places makes my heart rustle.

———-

Five minutes passed from the arranged time. However she still hasn't shown up.

Far from her actuality behavior doesn't always come before five minutes, she never once been the likes of being tardy,

It was a mistake. The plan to stir up guilt with stealing was a failure.

I'll admit it. I'll admit it and think about the next move. If I take measures the quicker the better. Before a scar spreads.

I was about to leave the science room thinking so. But then I step one foot forward and then stop there.

Came. She came. Entering the science room staggerly. But doesn't looking at me. A bright red face with quite a nightmarish heat and eyes that didn't come together.

The walk is also shaky, leading to an obvious abnormality.

Is it a cold? Because she caught a cold she was late? I see, such a possibility also wasn't zero, but I still wasn't able to predict it. Because after all there wasn't that sort of sign at all yesterday.

"Good morning, Ogasawara. Your face is red, did you catch a cold?"

Calling out to the unsteadily walking Ogasawara Makoto, I had also began to walk towards her.

"AFue? Kimijwa-shan?"

While the drowsiness melts away the hollow eyes that didn't come to a focus turn to me, and the voice that came out melted away like the eyes reached to my ears.

A feeling of discomfort instantly spread. Strange, I have a feel it is something a little different then catching a cold.

A flushed face. Sweat. Rough breathing. Eyes that melted away. They

closely resemble symptoms of a cold, but something is absolutely different. However I don't completely understand that something.

"Kimijwa-shan, Kimijwa-shan, Kimijwa-shan……"

When she noticed my presence, tears collected in an instant within her eyes and unsteadily walked towards me.

What, what is this strange condition of hers. What on earth had happened to her? I didn't anticipate this sort of outcome.

"Ah, awh, owne, stu stwupiwd, hwead pwull, two waiwt……"

Shaking eyes and juncture speech that doesn't function well. She stretched out both hands towards me, it looked entirely like a zombie in heat because of the state and steps.

Is it sexual excitement? It looks like sexual excitement to me. Current Ogasawara Makoto receives animal training from me, seems seem to have an impression of her state has deteriorated even more from not reaching a climax

I have not yet given the stopping just before training, but if I begin such training the condition may be like current her. Present Ogasawara Makoto overlaps with the image completely.

If it came to it, did she perform the stopping just before training by herself? Why? Why strike a lash at yourself?

Wait a minute, give me just a minute. As one would expect due to this beyond unexpected development, my thoughts don't catch up with the situation.

By having stole the anal stick, she masturbated or stayed her ground. Add another to the two, she lost to feelings of guilt and withdrawing herself in her shell. I divided the predictions into a concluded big three, but did she perform stopping just before herself? As it expected, such an unusual action is impossible to predict.

"Kimijwa-shan, idio ido idiot……"

Stares only at me she approaches like a zombie, used up all of her strength and nearly falls down from staggering there.

"Ogasawara!"

I that approached her half way, stretched out a hand toward the slowly collapsing Ogasawara Makoto, rushed up with a leap I embraced her.

T, that was dangerous. There are a lot of pointed things in a science room. For example, experiments are in the corner of the table among other things. If her body was banged on such a thing causing her to even become injured, my precious toy will become a damaged good.(2)

"Wauu, Kimijwa-shan rwally cwomes owut bweautifully rewfined wiwth hwuggin……"(3)

“Wa? O, Oi, Ogasawara? You, alright?”

The articulation don’t turn, but I can understand what she says. According to it, perhaps she concludes the reality me before her very eyes as of now isn’t hugging her, and seems to be convinced she’s having a dream.

Why? Why is she convinced that it’s a dream? Did she attend school on foot? If that’s so, then is it saying that before leaving the house she was under the impression that this is a dream?

By how?

This is bad, I still can’t comprehend thoughts beyond lack of common sense.

What in the hell kind of situation am I in with this fellow.

“NFUu, FUNFUN……EHEHE, Kimijwa-shan’s swell ish eqlegant…….”

“Ha? Eh? A, ah……ah?”

Burring her face in my chest, she laughs and sniffs the smell.

What on earth is this? The heck is this kind of situation?

Calm down, analyze the situation then grasp it. There are always cause

and effect phenomenons and processes to an event. They're connected by one thread. Following the string always leads to an result.

Yesterday, she stole an anal stick that was my personal belonging. And then brought it to her home……what happened that turned it out this way? No good, I don't understand the process at all.

"O, Ogasawara…….Oi Ogasawara! Get a grip! This isn't a dream! It's real!"

"Fue? Iwts Rewal?"

Separating from Ogasawara that I held close, I call out to her while grabbing both her shoulders and jolting them, as for Ogasawara Makoto that stares at me with the same enchanted eyes, tilted her head and laughed.

Unless, this is useless. Reluctantly she completely dived into another world.

I concluding this situation is not making any progress and with carrying her I hastily left the science room. And while leaving the school building with being watchful to the surroundings, I went to the warehouse.

Attending school earlier than usual was genuinely good. Regarding someone seeing her like this today, my plan would've collapsed.

———

“What did this airhead make me do since morning……”

Even though I’m in a bad mood from low blood pressure as it is in the morning, the likes of moving carried a person alone from the science room to the warehouse is an action I’d never do everyday.

It is special, this time it is genuinely a special. What in the world happened to her body? My actions’ purpose is to check that, it’s absolutely not an action taken for the sake of her.

There is no next time. Next time if this sort of situation happens, I’ll leave to chance. I don’t know what afterwards.

While I plop myself down on my back in the bed, and scowl at her sleeping peacefully despite giggling, I complained inside my mind.

In the end, I wasn’t able to find out what happen to her body.

Thank god she slept on the bed, when she woke up she became fairly proper and was able to exchange a conversation. But when I tried to ask about her abnormal state, her face flushed and lowered her face, she ended up refusing to say anything. (4)

Even though I felt irritated at this her, I returned to thinking while making sure to not take it out at face. However with not being able to investigating the cause, I came back to the school building.

What on frickin’ earth! There wasn’t such a possibility. There was no such development in my plan.

There isn’t a problem if I have to change a few arranges, but in the first place I shouldn’t be confronted with this situation that wasn’t predicted let alone haven’t been planned, and inside I got impatient.

I can’t see a blueprint to even recompose a plan. In addition so far it’s thoroughly impossible to put together a plan. How on earth do you advise with this?

———

In the early morning of the next day, I carry Ogasawara Makoto and go to the warehouse.

The same state happened again.

The enchanted eyes and not functioning articulation tone. And then after pushing out both hands, she faces me like an unsteady zombie.

And I catch her on the spot at the place she almosts collapsed, then she buried her face in my chest and smells me.

It is entirely the same as yesterday. I especially carried her yesterday, but today is also special. In no way will I feel fine if I don’t investigate the cause of her unusual state.

Arrived at the warehouse, I lay Ogasawara Makoto on her back in the bed the same way as yesterday, and while greatly sighing I wiped the sweat that rose to the surface of my brow with my backhand.

So I'd got to say I'm in a bad mood from low blood pressure.

"Kijima-shan……"

Ogasawara Makoto that has no way of knowing my resentment, moves her lips with a mumble and sleep talks with a giggle.

Ah, so this is what it's called to really have an urge to kill. I understood it for the first time.

———

I perform the usual animal training on the pretence of a massage in the warehouse. But I can't quite concentrate.

"Ah, aah, it feels gooddd, being stiff I like a lottt"

Ogasawara Makoto that's wearing the eye mask, and the usual see through black leotard on her body that as usual also has a portion of the nipples' cloth only cut, exposing the red nipples that are erected from being fumbled down.

Of course the anal stick is inserted in the anus and is operating in a vibration state function.

Standing on her knees, she puts both hands on my shoulders in the same front that she stands on her knees, grasping the both hands tightly while shaking.

When clenching her teeth, drool hands from the edge of her lips. Breathing heavily and moaning.

Whenever a nipple is played with she bends backwards, pushing out her big tits out to me, shaking her waist and appears to immerse herself in the pleasure, however still can’t reach a climax.

That sort of her usually doesn’t change, but simply because it doesn’t change it’s strange.

What about the anal stick that was stolen? Has she not used it to nothing but masturbate everyday? If that’s so then would’ve she vented a little frustration?

And yet as expected, her frustration feels that it’s accumulating every day. No, it seem to even stockpile desire than ever before.

Besides, she would’ve tried to skillfully hide it to that section. I have no doubt she remembers the guilty feeling to me. However, I have a certain feeling that even by masturbating the desire isn’t let out.

Then what in the world is she doing in the morning? These several days every time she entered in the science room with a nightmarish state of heat, and while looking at me with melted eyes that can’t seem to focus,

she stretches out both hands halfway like a zombie.

Thanks to that dream-like state it's actually become a management to see her.

What the hell? It should be connected with the desire increase accumulation before. Nevertheless I don't understand it at all.

In general, what's she doing in her house? She should know how to use an anal stick. However, what is this abnormal morning state? An answer can't be derived no matter how many speculations I make. (5)

Before Ogasawara Makoto became to this disregarding state I thought about advancing, but I cannot help feeling uneasy.

Furthermore even if it isn't a hindrance now, I still must keep grasping the state of her since I think it will cause a hindrance later on.

Meanwhile one week passes, because of that the sensitivity of her nipples has risen remarkably.

During training, I continuously stimulate the stiff nipples with a finger due to being lost in thought.

Ogasawara Makoto morning trance period is the same as before. That abnormal state hasn't improved. The cause also remains unknown.

No, there is a cause. The condition started since she stole an anal stick.

The cause should surely be there.

When it results in it being revealed that Ogasawara Makoto stole an anal stick by the person himself, cross examining the matter in question, will information draw out from there?

It might become to quite a fighting scene, but as it is if my irritates grows worse it becomes variously pointless.

Being on point thinking so, the classroom teacher calls out to me and I went to the warehouse slower than usual.

By all means I'll get the reason of her abnormal state out of her today. And I know the spoiled plan will deteriorate the situation even more. If comes to it will I changing the training direction, or will I give up on her?

Shit, why am I getting irritated like this? I don't mind the morning abnormality condition and should only discussion advancing the training, but even so I persist it no matter what.

Did I catch her stupidity? No, I am decent. I am normal. I am warped and go mad normally.

While persuading that to myself and calming my heart, I notice I've arrived at the warehouse.

When checking my watch, I am one hour late than usual.

Despite already being irritated, I took up unnecessary frickin' time. The honor student outward appearance can be used in many ways, but on the other hand, teachers relying on me can't help being annoying. Moreover I can't refuse with asking to leave since I am playing the honor student.

Drawing a hand to the warehouses' door knob while clicking my tongue, I turn the knob and open the door.

"Ki, Kijima-saan, that isss, there is even stronggg, AaN, the differenceee, it isn't vibrancyyyy, please jam it even more voliently yyy, in the insidee, pull out and jam in one go from insideee,"

Ogasawara Makoto that was waiting for me, seems to have gotten tired waiting and began masturbating.

She performed the masturbation as expected. But, if that's true why hasn't her desire broke off?

Perhaps, there may be some kind of problem in the masturbating itself.

Reaching at such a thought, I softly open the door and observe inside the warehouse.

"Ki, Kijima-saan, please don't be cruelll, even more voliettt, jam itt, for all thatt as beforee"

I hear the fierce gasping voice that doesn't even have a hint of hesitation from the bed. When I turn my eyes to that place, Ogasawara

Makoto that wore the uniform got down on all fours in the bed. Moreover thanks to turning the buttock towards over here, she didn't notice my being at all.

Prior to that, it looks like she entirely doesn't hear the likes of surrounding sounds with being in a masturbation trance.

I went inside the warehouse by sliding myself from the door gap, crotching when quietly closing the door and approached the bed with erased all traces of me.

Thereupon the scene which I saw is not even a fragment in my prediction, nevertheless I was able to comprehend about her abnormal state.

It came unexpectedly, or rather an expected blind spot, or more precisely I couldn't predict the norm. But if I knew the result, then I would've been able to get an more precise understanding with her.

Ogasawara Makoto that's down on all fours in the bed, took down her underwear and the anal stick's handle stuck out from the anus. In other words, she was swallowing all the globs in her anus.

The handle which stuck out from the anus, her right hand grasps it. And then was desperately trying to drag it out.

So given that she was trying to drag it out, she couldn't.

With an appearance called crawling, she sticks her left hand to the bed

and turns her right hand's state to the rear. Grasping the anal stick's handle that's inserted with the right hand turned at the rear and still tries to stir it.

"Jaaaammm ittt, AaN, don't go smoothlyyyy, Kijima-san don't go smoothlyylikeee"

She failed in masturbating.

Truly how clumsy. I forgot. Even I understand that she's stupid, but I took the clumsiness lightly.

In other words, although she tries to drag out the anus stick with the right hand, the added slanted power doesn't go smoothly.

It would accompany with pain rather than pleasure with that.

With such a clumsy her, inserting and pulling the anal stick in the anus with her own hands will be the most difficult skill. Moreover it seems to be almost impossible when it comes to being intense. If that is so, shouldn't she change the way she thinks?

That is to say, don't move the anal stick, simply fix the anal stick and move the waist. Then shaking the ass back and forth will be able to pull and push.

When clumsiness is applied to a idiot, this sort of result turns out. I see.

Her abnormal state was due to failure of masturbation. Moreover judging from her state in the morning, she seem to be considerably trying her best. When becoming exhausted from not being satisfied at all with a climax, desire was continuing to piling up.

Furthermore not just in night, since she probably also puts effort with masturbating in the mornings, I think that lack of sleep increases as well. So when I carry her to the warehouse's bed, did she fall asleep peacefully when lied down?

Hahaha, being able to foresee this? Stop bullshitting me.

But although she's how much of a idiot, I can't ignore the present condition as it is.

Masterbation feels good and at the same time gives pleasure within limitation, she must be taught that to be able to break off some desire to an extent. Nevertheless it's meaningless unless she realizes it by Ogasawara Makoto self.

It has no meaning if it was done by me. Noticing it herself and going into it, she becomes a pleasure prisoner while also despairing at her lewdness. That must be the case.

However, then in what way should I let her succeed in masturbating. If the develope of the clitoris advances performing masturbating will be easy, but it's the anus.

Instead of moving the anal stick, fix the anal stick and she should reach

the idea to shake her waist, but that will be impossible. It's only unless expecting that from an idiot.

On the other hand, I am not suppose to know she stole an anal stick so that also means I can't give advice.

Good grief, she's really troublesome, this fellow.

———

In the end, she continued failing in masturbation till the training time became finished. Meanwhile, I who hid behind the bed and observed the situation, sent an email to her while hiding.

'Today I decided to cancel training because of having urgent business.'

Without even noticing that email Ogasawara Makoto works hard at masturbating, and then when one hour passed, she finally noticed the email and breathed a grand sign.

"Please contact me earlier if you can't come. Idiot Kijima-san……"

She muttered such a thing, but pressed the mobile to her lips and laughed.

What you said was disgusting. And you're the idiot.

I thought that she'll return afterwards, but she went towards the corner of the warehouse, approaches the hanger rack which the cloths I wear during the training massage are hung, and picked up mine and smelled it with foolishly bursting into laughter. Holding the clothes tightly close, she ended up beginning to dance inside the warehouse.

'You listen up and quickly get out,' I wanted to shout.

Like that she hung around aimless inside the warehouse, not easily returning, but eventually after 30 minutes she returned.

And when I finally left the shadow from the bed, I first of all approach the hanger, picked up my clothes that she smelled and hugged, and threw it into the washing machine.

It doesn't mean that I said it felt particularly dirty. What I declared is since stupidity seems to be strongly contagious I intended to sanitize it.

Nevertheless, how should I let her succeed with masturbating?

Working out a plan until the washing was over, I sat down on the sofa.

———

The following day after school, I brought a chair into the warehouse.

There is a hole in the center of the chair, and an anal stick is fixed in that hole.

Yesterday after I went on my way home, I didn't directly go to the apartment, I stopped at an Home center and purchased various materials. (6)

Fixing the anal stick was no trouble, but having it fixed only for that idiot, I took it thoroughly into consideration that she'll fail with masturbating again if not dealt with well.

Furthermore it's necessary to present the fixed anal stick to that idiot indirectly. For that reason it takes the name of the anus electronic massager that even one person can use, which is why it was made a considerably large scaled appliance.

Thanks to that, I had once again carried out an all night activity. I somewhat feel like I've had many sleepless nights these days. Nevertheless that is unnecessary.

"What, is that?"

Ogasawara Makoto that approaches me installing the anus massager in the corner of the warehouse, squats down next to me while tilting her head and staring with upturned eyes.

Ahhh, I'm getting irritated with you. 'What is this?', it's an Onanie machine which I made especially for you.

But then, it's too simplistic of a structure to be called a machine.

Lowering the extended back to the chair, I fix the anal stick to pierce through the seat that's for the anus to insert and shake the waist up and down. That thing alone is for her.

"Ah, I think this thing is able to do an anus massage even alone. It's a trial product that is made to try out. But well, if I use this I cannot practice. I don't think there is a need to use it, but because I went through great pains building it I'll put it in the warehouse."

Explaining it to her in a natural causal manner, I addressed the speech I thought about yesterday lightly to Ogasawara Makoto squatting down next to me as.

I say lightly, but could you imagine how many hours it took thinking out these lines? It is the lines that took great pains to figure out so that there isn't a feeling of the onanism machine being out of place in the warehouse.

"Huh, alone……?"

She muttered so in a whisper, blushing and resounding a rokur in her throat. It seems she have arrived at the thought that masturbation could succeed if she used this.

I did it even though it took how much trouble preparing. If I fail with this, I don't know anymore.

———

The next day, I was able to take the day off from training with saying that I had urgent business and hid in the warehouse.

Then as expected, her supposed sneakily state appears hanging around the warehouse. But the eyes are established to the corner of the warehouse. In other words she side glanced at the onanism machine frequently.

She appears to be ashamed to go toward the onanism machine directly.

Sitting down on a sofa drinking tea, she takes a look at the massage related documents I put. Meanwhile, she looks at the warehouse's corner askance looking frequently, reddening her face alone.

I'm getting irritated. Just quickly masterbate idiot!

About 20 minutes have passed, Ogasawara Makoto that greatly stretched herself, stands up from the sofa to the onanism machine..... but without going towards the hanger in the opposite corner, picking up my clothes again and began smelling it.

Enough though I washed it yesterday, I have come again to wash it.

Holding my clothes close while aimless wandering over there around the warehouse, she slowly approaches the onanism machine, and when she stood in front of the onanism machine she checked the surround as if she is cautious.

"M, my duty as an assistant is to check the use state of the applicant

Kijima-san built…….right?”

And then muttered to no one.

Persisting it isn’t masturbation, it seems she’s making an excuse to herself that she’s devoting her life to me and checking the performance and comfort level.

And then she slowly puts both hands to her skirt, flinged her underwear off and sat in the extended chair. I have become greatly perplexed seeing that.

How about the bottom lotion? Will it be put on next when noticed? Although it expands how much, it will accompany with pain without lotion. Furthermore there is also small pleasure from the lubrication nature.

Even though I should’ve reluctantly put in a lesson saying the usefulness of lotion, how did this person forget.

Ahhh, this fellow is really stupid. Must I teach everything in great detail?

“Nn, th, this may be a little painful……” (7)

As Ogasawara Makoto stopped dropping the hips midway muttering so, I felt that fatigue suddenly rushing out.

Why? Why are the corner of my eyes becoming hot? Why do I also feel like I want to cry so much? (8)

Tomorrow I'll paint the lotion beforehand. So that this idiot will be satisfied.

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(1)(E.N: He is truly a being of patience. :'( )

(2)E.N wow he actually said it. It's been proclaimed official. Kijima is a Tsundere.)

(3)TLNY: Note when translating these drowsy lines I was freaking stressing. So with that in mind, I may be wrong, but Ogasawara Makoto says 'だっこ', which is children's language of saying hug. She freaking out of it.)

(4)E.N: Just one question: if she is in such heat, how the hell does she leave home and get to the school with a single f*coming person seeing her state? Including family, pedestrians, security guards, and other students? Just asking.)

(5)E.N: I'm clueless too. Come on Kijima you can do use some kind of mind bending psycho stuff to figure her out. I'm using you as a reference book. Don't fail me now!!!)

(6)TLNY: DIY projects!)

(7)TLNY: -facepalm-)

(8)TLNY: -cough-, I'll just quote what our MC said like at the beginning of this chapter,"Then in that sense, it may be said that I am very patient.")

Because of the onanism machine that I created, Ogasawara Makoto seemed to break off frustration wonderfully.

But with the device that I made using the chair, it still isn't possible to steal. Or rather, it will be impossible to bring such a thing into a home.

I as well met such a matter when thinking that. But my judgement seems to be a bit too naive.

———

A few days from installing the chair in the warehouse, Ogasawara Makoto went diligently to the warehouse in the early morning and worked hard at masturbating.

In order to not disrupt the training in the science room, she'll leave her home the time the sky grows bright and starts masturbating as soon as she arrives at the warehouse.

Thanks to that I also must get up early every day, the days of sleep deprivation continues.

At first I wasn't able to watch her excessive clumsiness, but in three days she seems to have gotten used to it as well as reaching the point of smoothly moving her waist up and down.

With the chair creaking and moans echoing in the warehouse, she was able to reach a climax on the fourth day.

And then rolls down hill as she completely absorbs in the masturbation

Not satisfied with just the early morning, she leaves the warehouse with me after school and when I finished the training, pretends to head home.

When Ogasawara Makoto that walks a while on the school road after parting from me muttered,"Ah, I accidentally left something at the warehouse" to no one, turned back, went through the bypath to the warehouse's back, and when she returned to the warehouse she spent all her time masturbating till satisfied.

She appears satisfied when she reaches a climax about three times, then afterwards she returned home while skipping.

In the early mornings within the science training room she masturbates. And also due to the teasing in the warehouse after school, she pretends to head home then comes back to mastrubate in the warehouse.

She seems weak in exercising, but her physical strength is a great one. And her lust is also not usual.

I've awakened a sleeping lion. Such words float in my brain, but I am manipulating her. I remind myself that there weren't any problems.

I believe there are no bad signs. From the beginning the plan was to get her caught in masturbating, and instead it can be said the present state are good signs. But I am not satisfied one bit.

She doesn't feel not a lot of guilt and immorality. She seems to make excuses to herself saying,"Because Kijima-san made it" and,"Because it is the duty of an assistant to use this device." it seems her feelings of guilt and corruption have faded.

Or perhaps I should say, she's instead triumphantly working hard at masturbating.

Moreover, it looks like she has completely forgotten the anal stick which she stole from me.

I do want her to return it if it isn't needed.

The expectation is different. Even though things should be going as planned, such thought that isn't possible became strong every day.

It's strange, it's suspicious. She should be manipulated in the palm of my hand, but even so something is different.

What do I say, rather than being manipulated it's like she willingly dances, and furthermore I have a feeling like she enjoys said dance.

Did I made a mistake somewhere? Did I make a mistake in anything? No, it going by the script. There is no problem.

I persuaded so to myself. Until that day.

On that day I arrived at the warehouse, I stood there in utter

amazement and hardly could believed my eyes.

It isn't there. It wasn't there. It was missing. The onanism machine that I made.

When I turned my eyes on the sofa, Ogasawara Makoto that behaved suspiciously with a bright red face, holding a mug by a shaking hand, sipping tea.

This frickin' person did it.

Why? Why did you think to steal such a prominently household search thing? Did you even think you wouldn't get caught? Stupid, no matter how you put it wouldn't she be found out?

What do I? What do I say in this situation?

It was still a point in my plan about me noticing that she's mired in masturbating.

Soaking thoroughly into the pleasure, plunged into a situation to where she can't return, then I was going to notice for the first time. And look down on her that fell into masturbating with cold eyes, then verbally abuse.

It's still early for that. If I take such an action now, it's very likely that she'll stop masturbating. In addition, she'll suffer from a trauma and refuse the pleasure. In which case would be a problem.

And yet however, but still it. Such an large scaled appliance to suddenly disappear, it's too unnatural to not notice it. Having said that, if I notice then I have to press questions to her.

What should I do? How should I get over this situation? Think, circulate thoughts, I can't afford to remain standing at the warehouse's entrance as it is. (1)

Damn her. Why get into such a hasty action? No matter how you look at it, it's beyond absurd. I'm begging you, catch a little more common sense.

Have no choice to plunge in. I can't afford to look the other way. While plugging in as well, I have to make a good escape for her to do a clever excuse.

I have no choice but to plunge in. As expected it's pointless. Therefore that's why I must indirectly lead.

"Ogasawara, the applicant which I made here is missing, but do you know anything?"

While experiencing anger boiling in the bowels of my heart, I walk to her with an ignorant air.

Then Ogasawara Makoto that's sitting down on the sofa, shaking the mug she held in hand, hardening her expression as her smile became stiff and letting her eyes swim as to being abnormal.

It seems she thinks I noticed among other things. Idiot, there is no way that I wouldn't notice. It would've been unnatural if a person didn't notice.

"Eh!? T, that? It is missing!? A, ah! It, it, it, it, it's true! It, it is, is, is, is missing!"

Ogasawara Makoto answered while trembling and stuttering unnaturally, her face so pale it looked like she might faint at any given time, and because she was breathing so heavily she might hyperventilate as well.

Ah, I want to hit this fellow hard.

Well, I'd say the meaning reaction is as expected. Her unreasonable actions weren't readable, but her words and actions when I went plunged into that type of behavior is awfully easy to read.

Then if I press the question as it is, Ogasawara will easily confess. Thus desperately apologizing and being depressed without an end, she would blame herself.

If that's the cause it'll create feeling of obliged to her and it will become easier to train. But then it doesn't follow the true meaning of the word falling into hell.

It's no good the falling is caused by an excuse. In which case it isn't "falling down", it would be,"made to fall down." My desired,"fall down" I expect won't be an easy thing. Due to falling by her own choice, it made

her a slave to the pleasure to the extent that she can never again turn back. That must be the case.

Therefore I must also do something here.

"……By any chance."

"Eeep!"

When putting a hand on my chin muttering, Ogasawara Makoto vigorously raised from the sofa with a squeal, shaking intensely to the extent of saying whether she'd even explode.

Furthermore because she stood up while holding a mug in hand, the uniform was covered in tea.

"O, Oi! Are you alright!?"

I only muttered, by no means did I think it'll shake her this far and furthermore be a serious matter with covering her body in boiling water.

Rather it was surprising to me. The idiot is too shaken. I'd be troubled if my precious toy is ruined by a burn.

I immediately ran towards her, grasping the uniform to myself.

"Did you burn yourself!? Take off the uniform! COOL IT DOWN WITH

WATER IMMEDIATELY!”

“Iwn, I awm. I awmmm awlrightt”

Holding down Ogasawara Makoto that continued to shake and rattle, I tried to take off the uniform by force. But realizing by touch, it was lukewarm water poured on.

Heaving a sigh of relief, I dropped my lower back to the sofa when I separated my hands from her.

Saying that the had contained lukewarm water, that points out some time had passed with holding the cup in hand. In other words, it is said that she was troubled in various ways about having stolen the onanism machine.

I felt a little relieved that even this idiot seemed to more less have an idea of common sense.

“U, Umm, um umm, to to tell tell telll, to tell you the truth—”

Ogasawara Makoto that shakes and rattles as she remains standing, raises her voice as if she had made up her mind.

I thought it’d leak it out, but does she intend to confess on her own accord? Then that would be a problem.

“Ogasawara, thank you.”

While desperately endring the impulse that wants to hit her hard, I muttered in a gentle tone as possible.

“Eh?”

Ogasawara Makoto that heard my mutter, looked at me blankly. She’s supposed to be apologizing, but doesn’t seem to understand the situation by me thanking her.

“Here recently your motivation was something spectacular. I think that you’re really doing your best. But, don’t overdo it too much ok? Nothing good comes with harming one’s health.”

Spinning my words calmly, she listened attentively with an expression at loss.

“If your health is harmed by massage practice, it wouldn’t become a funny story either, it’s you Ogasawara.”

———

Saying so, I looked up at her standing still and smiled refreshingly as possible. Looking at me, her expression instantly became bright red. And then heart marks appeared in her big black eyes.(2)

Aah, saved, from this fellow is easy to save.

“Did you carry home the application to independently practice? Indeed, you’re a natural hard worker. “

She reacted to my words with a flinch, letting her eyes swim and in a moment her expression twisted awkwardly.

She stole it for the sake of masturbationing, althought saying she’s a hardworker will make her feel guilty.

Asking her. She’ll be seized with a guilty consciousness and do the confession. If that’s the case she’ll go along with my misunderstanding that insists she’s independently practicing. And since everything is settled peacefully, it goes without saying that coaxing well is an unnecessary thing.

Although she lost to the temptation of pleasure, her roots are earnest and cowardice. And if she succumbs with guilt to tell a lie at the loved and respected me, this fellow will be crushed.

Shit, it didn’t occur to me with this plan. If I had time I would’ve coaxed her well, but as expected I had no more time.

On the other I’m also not able to look the other way. With looking the other way, this timidity mannerism idiot really will come out with a bold action.

Yet as for this, I have no choice but to bet on her sexual desire. Please lose to your greed and lie to me.

She remains slightly standing for a while, then quietly took down her lower back next to, drawed close and rubbed next to me. The expression succumbed to guilt while a dark shadow also casted, because I realized that she obviously lost to desire I was smiling.

What I said there is significantly handy to her.

In the end, she didn't neither deny nor affirm my question toward her. If I misunderstood it, then it seems she intends to still keep it as is. If she answered, she'd tell a lie to me. Therefore that means she chose to adrift the matter without answering anything.

She's sly in her own way, this woman.

———

Due to having brought the onanism machine that I made home, her training advanced very smoothly. Moreover, I succeeded in planting guilt as originally planned.

Regarding her not having corrected what I misunderstood as taking the chair home to independently practice, she seems to be feeling considerable guilt.

The script I drew is a little off, but in general it can be said it's favorable. Since she should eventually arrive at the same conclusion.

And, I decide to go into a new training from today. Here on out I'll plant different desires than before.

So far I increased the desire by not making her climax, which guided her in order to immerse into masturbation, however it'll be different from here.

Due to making her climax by my hand, I gave a pleasure that can't be obtained by masturbation. Thereby I'll make her further enslaved to pleasure and greed towards desire.

On the first day, I resolved to stashed away my anger in the early morning within the science room.

I installed a video camera in the science room. Since I am used to photographing with a digital camera, I decided to shoot with this from now on.

Ogasawara Makoto doesn't say anything particular about it, pushes out her white buttock towards the video camera's lens installed on a tripod.

She's in the usual bent forward posture, but both hands aren't attached to the usual table. Both of the hands grip her own ass and opens the anus to its limit.

From opening the anus slippery intestinal fluid begins to overflow. It appears that she fully enjoyed waking up to a onanism machine. She's ready from the early morning to the extent that steam rises.

"C, Class one of second grade, th, third attendance number, O, Ogasawara, Makoto……"

As she exposed her anus to the video camera's lens, she started to introduce herself. I stood behind the video camera and stared at the state with an serious look.

But I feel like having a big laugh inside my head.

"October 22th, six forty-five, today of, doing, my, a, anus, st, state, document……"

Because of overwhelming embarrassment, her low shaking voice vanished. Moreover her white buttock rapidly reddened.

"T, The usual state, is good. A, About an hour ago from now, de, defecation was, completely, by putting on, enema. B, Bowel movements also, good……"

Matched to her spinning words, her anus wiggled and twitched opened to the limit. It's just like the anus is talking, truly hilarious.

Moreover with me seeing such a deplorable figure, on top of recording it as a document, she continously is driven by great shame and feeling pleasure. Genital fluid overflows from her vagina without an end.

This record meeting takes on truly different method than before.

I worked on it myself and recorded it, but this time I decided to let it be recorded completely by her hand.

From installing the video camera up to the shooting, Ogasawara Makoto will work it all.

Up until now I was “undertaking it” state, but from now on it becomes ”performing it personally.” The shame will be twice the score of before.

‘Something from there is abnormally slow. Therefore to be able to notice that unusual presence right away, I want you to be accustomed to the working and record it yourself’, to those words said by me, she readily approved it.

With such a thing, exactly how am I saying that I can notice this abnormal presence? It is an inconsistent reason if I do say so myself, but because the person herself is convinced it will be fine.

Only times likes this idiots can’t be helped.

“F, From here, insert, the test tube……”

With her voice shaking, she gets ups separating both hands from the buttock, turning a hand to her hip. And then when she takes down the skirt’s fastener by a shaking hand, the skirt was taken off.

As she wears her uniform blouse, only the lower part of her body is a state of bare. Furthermore while wearing indoor shoes and knee socks.

It was quite a stupid, and indecent desire-like figure.

Furthermore, the thin public hair neatly trimmed around is quite laughable.

Ogasawara Makoto that raised breath, got on the table and took off her underwear. And then looks back as she looked down so that her face won't be seen. It seems she wouldn't like her face to be filmed with the video camera.

She squatted down on the table, picks up the test tube that was placed on the table facing down, then slightly raised her head and pointed the test tube to the camera.

"In, Insert, this into the anus' inside……"

Saying so she puts the test tube on the table, gets up and steps over the test tube, taking down her waist slowly.

It is a place where the lotion is primarily used, but the person herself didn't afford to read into things to that extent, appearing to completely forget.

But I don't interfere at all. I only look at the state.

I let her thoroughly do everything. It fuels her sense of shame and on top of that leads to raising independence.

She mustn't disobey my intentions, but even so it's troublesome to give orders in every particular. I want to foresee things, so for this reason independent behavior is necessary.

Even so it's lotion, but well it will be no problem, since she thoroughly endeavor in masturbating since morning, lotion will have already penetrated in the anus.

The lotion is placed on the table. If she feels pain from inserting the test tube, she'll use it by noticing.

"Nn, Uu, it, it has enteredd, sll, slowlyyy, te, test tube, in, inserted, in the anuss"

Ogasawara Makoto that does a goddamn play-by-play, raised a mixed moan with a bright red face.

It was completely different from the trembling undertone voice up to a while ago. By having felt the pleasure, her desire has begun to exceed shame.

She'll changed into lecherous if she feels pleasure. Quite favorable.

Ogasawara Makoto that continued to drop her waist while raising gasps, placed her ass on the seat with a slam. That expresses all of the test tube was inserted in the anus.

She swallowed all the test tube that was also about the thickness of a milk bottle into the anus' inside, and turned her buttock over towards the camera while squatting.

And when she picks up the penlight that I placed on the table, she turns the light on. Having the penlight by the right hand, she turned the right hand at the rear.

“I, It will illuminate, the anus…….”

With saying so she got down on all fours and pushed the buttock towards the video camera, putting the penlight in the test tube inserted in her anus.

Now at the current video camera position, even if it’s however much irradiated by a penlight, it’s impossible to shoot the anus. In that case she could try to either operate the zoom by the video camera, or approach the video camera itself from the anus.

Because I intend not to interfere, it will be fine this time. There it isn’t a problem by whether or not it comes out. The significant itself is to act like that in front of a video camera.

It is taking the consciousness to inducing her sense of shame, and yet it gives pleasure and drives her mad.

“T, Then, I’ll check, the presence or absence, of abnormal, discharge……”

She got up while saying so, and squatted down on the table as she turned her back of the video camera. Seeing the state from behind, it’s quite like the appearance of squatting across with a Japanese style toilet. (3)

After having taken several deep breaths, she turned the right hand to the rear and began to brace her legs by stiffening the entire body. Thus, the test tube inserted in the anus started to discharge out.

“NNn. Aahh, com, coming outtt, it’s coming outtt”

Once the discharge began, the test tube revealed the whole picture. Covered with lotion and intestinal fluid, the slimy test tube was shining. Before it was exhausted entirely, her right hand turned to the rear grabbing it and pushed it in again.

“Nuuu, aah, iss, is discharging goodd, justt to make suree, several timeess, I’lll carry it outtt”

Saying that she began to brace her legs again, discharging the test tube that she inserted by herself and repeated it five times.

Naturally, to that degree she was able to arrive at a climax.

With great shame, the pleasant sensation also didn’t correspond with it. The desire of Ogasawara Makoto is thereby risen to her limit.

No doubt that I believe she will want to head home early. And then straddle on the onanism machine, thoroughly waving her waist then cumming ought to feel comfortable.

But it’s still early morning. After this she takes classes, then after school awaits her training in the warehouse. Furthermore since the main torture training in the warehouse is the nipple, there is also no possibility to cum

there. Should would’ve expected.

Today after school, she so far has no way of knowing if she’ll be able to taste the climax.

———

After school I head to the warehouse.

When I entered in the open door Ogasawara Makoto’s expression melts away, staring at the empty space with vacant eyes that don’t focus, while sitting on the sofa.

As for Ogasawara Makoto that became horny by the early morning training, there isn’t a means to quiet the desire for pleasure welling up, and her heart appears to be in condition to it here.

If she learned masturbation with the clitoris it would be able to even dispel the desire at school, but current Ogasawara won’t be able to climax if I don’t allow her to or there is no onanism machine.

When there was an onanism machine at the warehouse, she came in the early morning to work hard at masturbating. But the important onanism machine is at her home.

In order to satisfy her desires by climaxing, she has to receive my permission to cum or return to her home and repeatedly use the favorite onanism machine.

But since I won't give her permission to cum, it means she'll want to go home early and shake her waist. There is no longer nothing but that in her head.

As proof she didn't even notice that I entered in the warehouse, appearing to favorably go mad, truly satisfying.

"Ogasawara, what happened?"

I headed to the sofa and sat down while calling out to Ogasawara Makoto that was staring at an empty space, then overcome with surprise her cheeks redden.

"Eh? Ah, twanks fwor twhe hward weork, Kwijimaw-swama……"

It looks like she suddenly pulled herself together, but the eyes are melted away as ever and the tongue movements don't turn.

She said she's alright however the pronunciation isn't functioning well, but I won't press in there.

"Is that so? If you say you're okay……."

While showing a mannerism like I'm worried about her from the bottom of my heart, I pick up the bag which I placed aside and took some devices from inside.

Development of the nipples advanced more than planned. Thanks to being thoroughly fiddled with they're considerably sensitive now.

The training that I intended was going to start even earlier in the schedule. However because of numerous reasons, this training should show more effectiveness at first and advance the nipple development further than expected.

I took out from the bag a sex tool that I bought by mail order. With a big transparent bowl shape container, a rubber tube extends from the apex of the container. At glance it looks like a milking machine, but it isn't that sort of sweet stuff.

This is a sex tool for milking play. It isn't essential to use it for milking, it's merely used for erotic play. In other words, it made to specializes in giving pleasure.

The bowl shape container attaches to the breast to wear as a bra. Then the nipple of the container's backside has a structure applied from the extend rubber tube section. And closely packed delicate hair springs out, then the hair shakes when the appliance operates.

That isn't all. A motor is attached to the tip of the rubber tube, which is essential to perform the milking play. Moreover another rubber tube extends from the motor and connects the container.

This rubber tube performs a certain function at the same time with the suction. That is circulates lotion.

So it doesn't accompany with pain by the vibrations micro hairs and suction, lotion constantly circulates in the rubber tube, then continues circulating the lotion that remains while penetrating into the container's inside.

When used for a long time bear in mind that the lotion leaks out, it is a must to refill the lotion. However that's about once per two from one hours.

Her nipple's sensitivity has skyrocketed compared to before. The nipples stimulated continually with micro hairs and sucked like a milking cow. With that pleasure, touching with only a finger cannot compare.

"Ogasawara, by today I plan to go into practice drawing out breast milk. Because of that I'll use this device, but are you really alright? Isn't it better to return today?"

When I call out to her genuinely worried, she pays no attention to the device I am holding and shakes her head while staring with charmed eyes to mine.

"I am alright. Lets begin immediately."

Although her pronunciation has begun to turn her delirious fever state has grown worse, fumes are likely to rise up from her head at any time.

After this practice starts she'll never be able to reach a climax. She should be convinced so. It's natural to think that since it was so up until now.

“Ah, and Ogasawara, I will cut the leotards’ cloth further from this time, but isn’t that alright?”

Ogasawara Makoto nods without being troubled when I asked casually.

I got the approval about the device and cutting the cloth. Ogasawara Makoto that will be undergoing training consented to everything.

Perhaps this practice will be first feeling of hell. Sometimes with oversized pleasure it will feel painful. Nevertheless her body has been thoroughly developed by me, if I feel like it I can easily make her climax. And because this training time I feel like carrying it out, it will sure enough be reached.

The climax will continuate to the extent she’ll faint. She will sink in that sort of unfathomable whirlpool of pleasure.

———

Ogasawara Makoto took off her uniform and wore the usual sheer black leotard appearance, and when getting on the bed she puts on the eyes mask and gets on all fours.

The anus’ cloth part is already cut, but I won’t cut the cloth part for the nipples this time. Because after all cutting the nipple isn’t the only part.

“Ogasawara, then I’ll cut the fabric. Since it’s dangerous don’t move.”

She answers to my words readily. I stretched out my hand on the seen breast.

“Nn”

When my hand touches to her breast, she trembles and raises a subtly feeble voice. The lips instantly become stiff.

She noticed. How much leotard did I cut.

“U, Um…….”

“Hm? Is something wrong?”

“N, No……”

Her mouth warps uneasy, calling out to me when she turned her face towards me while with wearing the mask. But shakes her head with hearing my voice, then drooped her face.

As well as the face and also the ears burned red.

All the cloth covering the breast was cut. I know she is dying from shame.

It is considerably shameful even if it’s only letting a nipple exposed, but

it won't be when she's familiar to it. If anything, only exposing the nipples and seeing to be an obscene person is enjoyable.

But there is almost no meaning with putting a leotard on the body if all of the breasts are exposed to the light. Only the abdomen and the vagina are hidden. Even so that's also transparent.

Cutting both of the cloth that was covering the breasts jointly, the soft appearing breasts became bare.

Only the red nipples stood out because till now it was covered with black cloth, but with the breast completely exposed, the contrasts with red and white whets passion abnormally.

Just like two raspberries grew on a snowy field, it was that sort of figure which excited appetite and sexual desire beautifully.

It's truly appetizing breasts, stirring up my urges that is to suck at it.

"Ogasawara, I'll attach the appliance."

"Y, Yes……u, um, please, treat me well……"

The requesting to me doesn't have the usual lively virtue. She's clearly upset.

Because she approved it lightly without hearing my discussion, this happened.

Haven’t you learn,’Listen to the person’s story sufficiently’?

As she’s on all fours I mount the applicant as putting on a bra.

By having check her bust size beforehand and according to the several size prepared to match her breast, the bowl shape container was a perfect fit.

The white breasts just stuck tightly to the transparent container. And the nipples were properly covered by the top micro hairs.

With this if this device operates vibrating hairs will attack at the nipple. And then since it has seduction with that, it will be intolerable.

Wearing the completed mounted fake milking machine, I check her face that was looking down shaking.

In the eye’s expression that the mask covers, I was able to grasp a clear uneasiness, fear, and a sight anticipation.

She also noticed. That is saying how much pleasure this application will produce. And yet there is no cummng. This isn’t someone expecting hell.

But the expectation in itself is splendid. Rather then cumming, from now on you will go mad.

At first it will be hell, but when she gets used to it she’ll no doubtly

become addicted. Until then, in order not to go vertiginously mad she'll really endure at the most.

Understanding her appearance is trembling scared, I sneak around to the back while feeling joy.

When preparing the usual anal stick that also was to the size of ping pong balls, I carefully plasted the lotion. And when I grasped the pushed out buttock with my left hand, I open the anus with the thumb while holding the anal stick in the right as I push it in, ignoring her buttock popping.

After severely being developed, it's nothing but a lewd hole from masturbaing day in and day out with an onanism machine as she pleases. It won't be necessary to expand it more as well as loosen it now.

"Nnaa, aah, it's comeee, innn tooo"

When I put all the power in my right hand the sphere easily sank. And then at the same time the buttock convulsions and sweet moans rise.

Every time I lightly add power the anus opens and swallows a globe. Thus all the globes instantly were swallowed.

When I check her expression, she is spouting sweat and breathing heavily, her whole body blushes and appearing to be completely in heat.

All the preparations are set. Then shall we begin? Lets open the abyss' door entrance of pleasure hell.

Ogasawara Makoto will never be able to return to the original anymore. It has been decided she'll taste the pleasure to that extent.

To operate the fake milking machine while thinking so and indulging in deep emotion, I switched on the motor. At the same time I grab the handle of the anal stick and inserted in the anus, then dragged it out in one go.

Come now, it's the start of the party. Cum to your heart's content then go mad.

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(1)(TLNY: Okay, this is getting ridiculous. I'm on team Makoto-Is-Playing-Dumb since it seems like she loves to make it hard on him.)

(2)(E.N:Is this a Manga or a Ln???)

(3)TLNY: I believe his talking about this. Who would even use those…so not comfy.)



On the way back home after the training in the warehouse finished, I entered into the pharmacy that incidentally caught my eyes.

The store's appearance in itself looks worn out, but the store is neatly organized and has a pharmacy's flow like a drugstore.

Indeed, I have resorted to relying on the power of medicine.

It is humiliating, it is nothing but humiliation. But that means it can't be left alone either. Somehow I have reached this situation before Ogasawara Makoto fell into pleasure hell.

Walking the path between the shelves where medicine is lined up, I went to the counter.

A middle age man in a white robe, which is the pharmacy's uniform, stood at the counter.

"Welcome! You look very pale? Are you slightly ill?"

The bald middle aged man greeted me with a friendly grin, and when he clasps his forehead at ease with his palm, he looked at me slightly concerned.

No, I can't properly grasp him well enough since he's a fine line with how he stares, but in any case he the old man seems like a good person.

"How bad is your condition? Because I'll issues medicine that is in

accord to the use if you say, so don't delay speaking."

To the warm tone that included a tenderness, I almost instinctively ran away.

I don't need the likes of comfort. Since I didn't lose. Everything is alright. I have nothing to feel ashamed.

But why is it? When he speaks his gentle words, I feel like it is being said that you completely lost, and unable to endure I want to run away.

Idiot, am I saying that I have accepted it? That it is my own defeat.

Don't mess with me, I didn't lose.

"Gu.....u"

"A, Are you alright!?"

The old man that looked at me holding my stomach and nearly collapsed on the spot, jumped out from the counter surprised and caught my arm then supporting it.

I didn't lose. Everything is alright. But as it is, it is also true that in my condition it will be difficult to directly continue the training.

Putting all my strength into my legs to stand firm on both feet, I tightly

grasp my stomach with my right hand and gritted my teeth. And then I glared at the fine line grandfather that stared at me anxiously while grasping my arm.

"Stomach medicine……please give me the strongest possible stomachic medicine."

"Your stomach hurts? Student-sans now of days are a disaster."

With the old man face's worried more to my words, he leads me to a chair near the counter, lets me sit down on it and went to the product shelf.

I really have been forced to rely on the strength of stomach medicine.

———

The park bench illuminated in the dark by the outdoor lights.

When I lowered my waist on the bench, I open the box of stomach medicine that I bought at the drugstore and the plastic bottle mineral water that I got from the old man. And then I took the powder in my mouth and washed it down by water.

The bitterness that spread in the mouth soaked into my stomach through the throat.

At the stomach that ached to the extent of breaking out a cold sweat, I

held my abdomen with bold hands and waited patiently.

If the pharmacy's old man prescription is true, the medicine will appear to fully work after five minutes, but it has been recommended if it isn't relieved to see a doctor at the Hospital.

"Kuu……I am really agonized by this stomach ache……"

The inner canthus of my eyes are hot by the pain in my stomach and the patheticness, but desperately bore my feels and waited for the medicine to work.(1)

Presently I am mentally as well as physically weak. Then applied to the stomach pain, I am even more depressed.

It is alright, I can stand up again if I can relieve this stomach pain.

I am not defeated. Rather she had suffered defeat. But, but until the end she…….

And yet she had came to suggest such a stupid thing.

———

The fake milking machine that was attached to her breasts and the anal stick inserted in her anus retracted in one go, made her bend back greatly on all fours and looked up at the ceiling, opening her mouth slovenly.

The buttock convulsing intensely shows the pleasure quantities vividly.

By having operated the fake milking machine the motor started the suction.

Joined with the low motor sound, the suction contained resounding moist sounds.

When the teat is breathed in in by the suction mouth, the tube is blocked off and suction isn’t possible. It isn’t a problem since it continues to suck the nipple, but then there is a little pleasure.

The true worth of the breast pump is the fine hairs.

The micro hairs vibrating by the motor prevents the nipple from being sucked into the suction mouth. In addition it makes a gap between the suction mouth and the hair, also becoming possible to draw out lotion.

In that regard the lotion that comes out around the nipples continues to be soaked up, and the micro hair wrapping the nipples vibrates and stimulates freely.

Moreover the suction strength changes in a fixed rhythm, performing strong or weak suction alternately.

Herewith letting the hair vibrations stimulate the nipple leniency and severity as well as irregularly, the breasts that’s wrapped in the container

are in a state entirely like being held and wholly rubbed. This irregular movement produces an intolerable pleasure.

Because it was bought by mail order, I was in fact skeptical towards the structure and performance, but it seems to be a “hit”.

The anal stick was pulled out, and as if it’s even saying it wants it back in soon, the hole wiggles and twitches.

While the breasts and nipples are stimulated, both her hands attached to the bed continues shaking and the buttock fearfully convulsions……

Then an overwhelming uneasiness.

I do not hear the voice that I should be hearing. If I see her state it is clear at glance. No more than once, having the anal stick pulled out just once, she’d certainly arrived at a climax. It would also be big with having the breasts and teats stimulated at the same time.

It makes the whole body twitch, arch upwards, and an appearance of her opening her mouth slovenly while looking up to the ceiling.

Before now she has never felt a fierce climax. There is no doubt that such pleasure to that degree is attacking her. However, this woman, does not leak out one gasp.

She is enduring it. This woman is for some reason fighting against the surging pleasure. Why? Why is there a need to fight it?

Due to training so far, it should have induced her to devote herself to pleasure. In addition by letting her masturbate, it has also succeeded in making her greedy for desire.

But even so why does she resist? No, it can't be said that she's completely against from having a climax. Then what on earth is this woman fighting against?

"Mo—"

However the uneasiness was also transient, she leaked a voice from her open mouth sluggishly.

Mo—. The followed words following after that are orderly. She wants to become more comfortable. She wants to say so.

It was my imagination. Yes, a large pleasant feeling might not even give a voice. It was my imagination. This person has already fallen into an abyss of despair. She can no longer get out of this pleasure hell.

I grab her buttock with my left hand when I re-grip the anal stick's handle strongly with my right, pushing the tip into the anus. As a result, the ass that's already convulsing violently jumped.

Perfect skill and insight are necessary from here on out.

Ogasawara Makoto consecutively climaxing was completely a prisoner

of pleasure. But it is useless to overdo. While giving some interval, I continue giving pleasure just barely from fainting as long as possible.

A chain of cumming tidal waves where she'll becomes insane.

While it is granted, it will be accompanied with screaming agony and soon wanting forgiveness. But the hell becomes a splendid memory overtime by exquisite adjustments.

And she'd want to soak in that pleasure hell.

Yearning for the call of chain eternity pleasure, she will gradually come to demand it by herself.

The best pleasure that can never be tasted by masturbation.

Goodbye to the Ogasawara Makoto until today. It may come a time I feel nostalgic for your stupidity.

And then nice to meet you, Ogasawara Makoto the sex slave. You can never go back to being the same again……

"MooOOO!"

The moment when I was just about to sick the anal stick in her anus, which has been repeatedly opening and closing like a fish's mouth, a strange voice echoed in the warehouse.

With listening to her sweet moans countless times, she was clearly different.

“MoooOOO! NmoooOO!”

When her voice is raised regularly, moans become even more heightened, and the adorable gasps that contained sweetness would stir a male’s animal passion.

But the voice I am hearing now isn’t a moan. I realize she shortened her voice deliberately.

It is as if she’s imitating a cow’s cry.

Such a stupid thing can’t be possible. The current her shouldn’t even have time to idle with the likes of imitating that sort of animal……

At that time, a memory went through my mind at tremendous speed.

A cow, a dairy cow, a holstein. I remember these keywords.

So, it was written in the documents that I made before beginning the breast massage.

If it is mother’s milk ask a dairy cow. Of course I thought it was no more than a little practical joke, but she swallows the documents that I made and repeatedly read the documents eagerly.

After that, Ogasawara Makoto has said this to me several times.

[Basically by turning into a milking cow, the massage effects will increases further, right?]

Completely believing in the fake documents while staring at me with twinked eyes, I properly floated an agreed from hearing that sort of idiotic thing often.

No, that is impossible, that sort of Ogasawara Makoto, just now turned into a milking cow?

“MooOOO! NMoooOOO! UnmoooOOO!”

A slightly lowered groan echoed in the warehouse. It is still so. This person turned into a damn milking cow.

It is not the same state. The arranged plan is not in favor of making her controvert into a milking cow. Wait, wait for god’s sake. Don’t go to there. It is a different direction.

I am not asking for an impersonation of a dairy cow.

“O, Ogasawara……Oi Ogasawara……”

While calming and telling to myself to cool it, I called out to her that continues to imitate a cow. But my voice shakes involuntarily.

Anger? No it is different. I am trying to desperately gloss over my emotions welling in my heart.

This is dread. It is fear. This person, Ogasawara, in all aspects penetrates through my category understandings on a slant.

Can I handle it? This stupidity? Won't it be better to stop around about here? The massage training comes to an end and I am no longer concerned with this fellow?

Without a doubt she is just going straight in drawn will. However me predicting that mysterious unimaginable thought circuit was impossible for me.

Moreover if she's going to disorder my scheme then she better be tricky, because it is repulsive if she's seriously trying to honestly help me.

If she was immersed in a continuous climax of pleasure hell, then who on earth could say they expected her suddenly starting of imitating a cow.

Was my guess too superficial? Is it different? Would anyone fall into a panic if she suddenly went for such an ambiguous action?

It isn't me being strange. Ogasawara Makoto is the strange one. Her through circuit is eccentric.

"K, Kijima-san……"

While clenching the anal stick, a voice that was stupefaction reached my ear that.

Suddenly coming to my senses, I noticed that from my whole body broke out in a cold sweat.

Looking at my hand, it is trembling against my will. When I look at the front, the white buttock wrapped in sheer black leotard, exposes only the anus fearfully convulsing.

It is the named reaction, but it is totally different.

She doesn't have any hesitation. But hesitation is spreading through my heart. The collected fear makes even more hesitation.

"C, Cow……likes hay."

As my vision became dim, Ogasawara Makoto that is in a crawling position and body convulsing due to the pleasure given with the nipples and breasts, turns her head to face the rear while she's flushed and the whole body is sporting sweat.

Regardless of the eyes' expression hidden with the worn eyemask, I knew that she was full of joy.

And the pinkish lips also floated a faint smile, trying to convey that joy to me.

“I, I bought a cow book. It is a book of Holsteins. By turning into cow, I’ll become a help to you……”

Saying so while both hands were attached on the bed, Ogasawara Makoto separated the left hand from the bed and suddenly grasped her palm tightly into a fist.

“Perhaps, to a cow, if I turn into a milking cow……I thought breast milk might flow!”(2)

The voice that doesn’t have any hesitation echos in the warehouse.

Eh? If she turns into a cow breast milk flows? Eh? Oh? Hm? Why?

Breast milk is something that comes out with enthusiasm? Would it not? It would be impossible to come out. Is this person stupid? Ah, come to think of it, she was stupid.

“I, I don’t think that it’ll come out.”

“Perhaps! I believe there is no harm trying!”

She answers to my words so vigorously.

Taking a chance isn’t a loss. I certainly agree. It isn’t a loss to me. It isn’t a loss but she’s mistaken, it’s not like that.

The see through leotard is put on, the breasts and anus are exposed, an appliance is attached to the breasts, the anus is teased in its own way, and she's allowed to climax.

In addition at the science room in the early morning, the test tube was personally inserted into the anus and the end result was even storied in video form.

In spite of her being subjected to training painted with shame that normally would be begged and cried for forgiveness, and far from this fellow hating it, if she imitates a dairy cow she thinks breast milk might come out?

It won't.

"O, Ogasawara. U, Um, this is practice. This is a massage for a women's period when breast milk comes out, you don't need to force yourself to get out breast milk—"

"But the practice will come closer to putting into practice! Isn't that right?"

"……isss that so."

It is useless, this person is taking this seriously. Whether or not she know it will appear, or perhaps I should say will not appear, she still has the mind to produce it.

If the person herself is motivated here then it is okay if she keeps at it on her own, but what is this strange languor.

"In fact I bought a DVD which casted breeding and milking scenes of a Holstein. Therefore I also can imitate a cry up to professional standards! Moo! MooOOO! UnmoooOOO! Right?"

"……Am, Amazing amazing, it is very similar."

As she's on all fours, Ogasawara Makoto does a boastful cow impression while being milked with the device.

That is, peculiar. My stomach somehow became painful. Pain is grinding around my stomach.

"Kijima-san, please work hard practicing with my body as usual! Using the knowledge that I also got in my own studying, I'll surely give breast milk!"

"…..A, Ah, that is, thanks."

Her eye expression isn't shown because of the mask, but she put back her face towards the front, tightening her expression and continued putting effort and enthusiasm into imitating a cow's squeal.

"MooOOO! UnmoooOOO! I have a feeling tightening in my chest! It might come out—if you continue this, this practice!"

It won't.

While holding my aching stomach with my left hand without issuing that statement, I thrusted the anal stick I had by my right hand promptly into the hole.

"NaaAAA, KUuuu, it feeeelss goodd, but I will not loose! Moo! MOoOOo! UnmoooOOO!"

Making her buttock convulse and gasp, she continued to imitate the cow's bark without losing to the pleasure.

What is this? I notice that I feel like I am being swallowed in her pace, is it my imagination?

"H, Hey Ogasawara. If you trying take it out forcibly it still won't come out, I also think it isn't good for the body—"

While I thrusting and pulling out the anal stick in the anus, I talk to her.

"Ann, Hiuu, I am, I am alrightyy, naa. I, I, I'll hang on since—Moo! MoooOOO, unmoooOOO!"

As her whole body makes spasms, Ogasawara Makoto full of pride spouts sweat, drools at the edge of her lips, breathes heavily and raises her voice. The cow's call imitation still continued.

The person herself is saying she wants to do it. It isn't an inconvenience

if she imitates a cow. I will ignore the likes of her strange actions and just talk about continuing the training from me.

But I don’t understand.

She is desperately making great effort for me. The effort is going towards an uncertain direction vector, however this person is dead serious.

A hopeless feeling cannot help but spread through my heart when I look at her such state. It grows steadily bigger and torments me.

I feel uneasy to train her.

What on earth is this? Is she just messing around? Is there such a training scene? If it is training then it will have more negative emotions ruling over the space, dark greed swirling, smeared with unbearable shame and humiliation, resentment, curses, and still disappointed in oneself for giving into the pleasure. Isn’t there such feelings?

I thought that something was strange for a long time, but I have a hunch that the distorted strain has been around ever since she stole the anal stick.

Did I even say when I felt the difference of Ogasawara Makoto?

It was after I had my onanism machine stolen that it became decisive. I have a feeling that it began to swallow her pace steadily from there.

It is no use in this situation. As it is my plan has been rapidly derailing.

I have to correct the track.

My thoughts were optimistic. So that she'll fall into hell by her own will, I gave her guidance and some freedom. That was bad.

Then, I'll direct her will and forcibly sink her to hell. First the plan will be completely changed, but that isn't something to grumble about. If I don't quickly strike the hand, then Ogasawara Makoto will sometime soon become an out of hand existence. That gives me fear.

I can't allow her to behave like a spoiled child anymore. I won't give her freedom. I'll completely change the training for a meat toilet that's convenient for me.

"Ogasawara, stop imitating the cow."

"Moo?"

When she reacted to my low voice with a flinch, she twisted her neck behind to my face.

"Breast milk doesn't flow even if you imitate a cow. Stop that sort of stupid thing right now—"

"I'll get it out!"

Ogasawara Makoto interrupted my words, got up from the on all fours posture, stood on her knees and unfastened the mask. And then looked back with the anal stick stuck in the anus.

Her honest eyes having neither a speck of hesitation nor cloudiness pierced through me.

“If……then if breast milk comes out…….”

The breast continued being sucked by the fake milking machine and stimulated by the micro vibrating hairs, and while letting her whole body twitch as well as breathing heavily, she quietly muttered words that were full of ambition to the extent of being unusual.

Feeling the overwhelming intimidation of her, I could do nothing other than stare at her in utter amazement.

“If breast milk flows, please accompany me!”

The voice resounded like it was from a distance.

Accompany? If breast milk flows? What the heck is this person saying?

To the words of Ogasawara Makoto that was staring straight at me with cheeks dyed bright red, I could only nod.

Rather than even being positive, my thinking stopped and nothing was

thought over.

———

Sitting down on the park bench, I blew out a sigh while looking up at the night sky.

I want you to accompany me if breast milk flows. To the words of her, I had nodded.

“What the heck freakin’ happens in her head……”

I have to break the promise. I mean, because breast milk won’t flow, there isn’t even a damned promise.

The problem isn’t in her bullshit, it is that I had nodded. That shows I had yielded to her will.

I flinched. To those too beyond straightforward eyes. To the eyes that neither had a speck of hesitation nor cloudiness, only pure.

I lost? No I didn’t lose. Her excessive eccentric behavior made a surprise attack on me, I only fell into panic. If I calm down and think, her behavior won’t contain anything to cause a hindrance in the animal training.

If she wants to imitate a cow then do she’ll have to do it on her own. I am not swallowed in her pace anymore. I’ll stick to my own intent and discard the stupid plan up to now, reforming and revise the plan to

thoroughly discipline her.

My thoughts had began to turn at high speed while the stomach medicine did its job, drawing back the stomach pains. The new training plan is also being made in my brain at sequence.

She wants to produce mother's milk. There isn't a hand that can't used for it.

"When I also think about it, it becomes a good excuse to make her do indoor exposure, doesn't it?"

She will do anything if I call it training to produce breast milk. For example, shame stimulates female hormones and somehow makes them generate breast milk.

That is right, it's a point that is suppose to soon begin the outdoor exposure training. It is a story that should use her mysterious thinking circuit in reverse. There is no need to feel down.

When the grand scheme looks good, I'll draw up the plan and process of the training with my PC at once.

I stood up from the bench, and due to the pain in my stomach gone as well as the guideline for the future having been decided, I stepped forward by foot in a bright mood. But that sort of feeling followed until the first step. The moment I had witnessed the person standing at front, my stomach once again was putting out gripping pain.

“U, Um……A, Actually, today, my family is absent. S, So, if you’re good, I hoped you could stay with me?”

Makoto that is behaving suspiciously and said such a thing with a flushed face, looked at me frequently while letting her eyes swim.

Why does this fellow go for an action that break through my anticipations on a slant, and spoils my plan.

“Don’t carelessly say for a man to stay at your house. Even if Tanaka accepts lodging with you being alone can surely be unpleasant. Later.”

When I spit so out and begin walking at a quicken pace, footsteps clinged my rear.

When I sidelong glance behind, a figure of Ogasawara Makoto desperately pursues me. There appears to be no intention to return.

Well it’s fine if I arrive at my apartment. If it happens that I have to enter the apartment by force, she will go down obediently if I threaten to report the police of house trespassing.

The idea that I thought about before arriving in front of my apartment, was shattered the moment turned around and saw her.

By the words that she issues.

“It will be Sunday tomorrow. The school is closed. Therefore let’s train in

your room.”

To the words, I wasn’t able to say anything back.

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(1)(TLNY: I assumed this would happen sometime. I mean he has lack of sleep, stress from his plans being crushed, and being lead by Ogasawara.)

(2)(TLNY:……)(E.N:……wh….what….the….what the h***lllllllll?????????)

Sitting cross legged on the floor of my room sweating, I threw out a big sigh with a hung head.

Massage practice. When those words were given, I was stumped with no words to retort. First of all the massage practice was something I proposed as a means to make Ogasawara Makoto fall into the abyss of despair. That was the reason I continued to stubbornly endeavor in the practice.

In response to receiving her proposal of giving up my weekend to practice, why would I decline?

I can decline if it's just this time. But then she'll probably come over here often and would bring up wanting to reside with me. It is obvious that it would become difficult to dodge that properly every time.

If I can't deny her at all, then it's better that I inviting her in before she learns of my feeling of unease. But I still didn't want her to enter my room if possible.

Even if I raise my head and look around, there is no distinctive characteristic worth mentioning in particular. The room is as cold as ever.

Speaking of things that are different from usual, the mug left on the table is still giving off steam and there's a pile of personal belongings on the floor.

Until a while ago, Ogasawara Makoto had sat in a seiza drinking tea. She's taking a bath as of now.

After asking if she wanted to enter the bath, she had gone into the bathroom with an immediate reply.

I had assumed that she'll come here eventually. But it still should have been in the considerable future. Nevertheless, I had thought I wouldn't be too uncomposed even if she suddenly visited, because I always properly manage and store those articles that would be bad to find.

But I actually got flustered when she came. When she goes for an action that disregarded my plans, or tries putting it to practical use. When falling into an unexpected situation it's necessary to become flexible and have the power to get through, but I realized that it appears I am lacking in that type of ability.

No, rather than my ability is limited, I think this person's behavior is too wild. But even if I whine and say she's to blame, it's no use. Because I was the one who decided she was the prey, no one else.

"How can I draw back now……"

I intended to break off connections with her by ending the training known as massage practice soon, but that would mean I have accepted defeat.

It is alright if I'm defeated by my older brother, I just don't want to lose to that idiot.

Besides, I can't escape. I will be the one to fall into the abyss of despair

if I run away here. And then I will never be able to crawl up again. I have that sort of feeling.

That being said, for the sake of pulling her pace into my pace, I had her take a bath.

Now, information is necessary. Why did she suddenly come over to my house? Did she really come to practice the massage? Or else……

In order to know, the most quickest and effective way is to ask her directly. But since it is her, I cannot deny the possibility that she'll suddenly say something outrageous.

There isn't a problem if she came to practice the massage, but supposing, if by chance it was different…….

Thus, I decided to check her belongings to get information.

Checking her things, there are main bag contents and a smartphone. In particular, the smartphone is a treasure house for information. By checking her email history I might be able to collect evidence for her sudden behavior.

When I listen carefully I hear subtle water sounds. It's the sound of Ogasawara Makoto taking a shower.

I filled the bathtub with hot water, but she will rinse off her body with the shower before soaking in the bathtub.

I already established beyond doubt with saying she loves cleanliness in itself.

Even though this season is also reaching the final days of October, after the training in the warehouse is over she always takes a shower. Although even if it has reached the point that hot water comes out, using the crude shower room that I built outside the warehouse, she takes a shower despite bearing a risk of exposing her naked body outside. It's easy to tell that she loves to be clean.

Besides her head being stupid, she still seems to pay attention to her appearance. I've never seen her bed hair.

And yet it's different from usual today. She entered into the house of the partner whom she has feelings for. As a high school female student whose at the height of puberty, it's a proper thought wanting to cleanse the body more than usual.

In other words, it will take time before she comes out of the bathroom.

But still the opponent is her, which is the reason I am prepared for an unexpected situation. It isn't a loss to be cautious.

I stood up quietly while erasing my presence and approach her belongings. And then while listening carefully to investigate her movement, I stretch out a hand to the belongings.

At opening the bag, my hand then stopped. No, it wasn't just my hand.

My very thoughts themselves stopped.

"W, Why, she, this……"

The item which I saw at the time I opened the bag. A plastic bag. It was a bag I recognize.

Sunflower pharmacy. It is definitely written so on the bag. It was a plastic bag with the same pharmacy name as where I bought stomach medicine.

Experiencing chills running along my back, I felt cold sweat beginning to sprout.

Did by chance she also drop in the pharmacy before or after I stopped by? No, it's different. Thinking stochastically, it is better to think it's intentional. That is more natural.

Basically, after Ogasawara Makoto parted from me, she followed me. She saw that I dropped by the drug store and……why did she need to also drop in? Without buying anything excessively, couldn't she have just waited until I came out?

If that is the case, was it necessary to shop at the pharmacy? Then, stopping by at the same pharmacy, was a crazy coincidence? No, it wasn't a coincidence. This is because the pharmacy's direction is in the exact opposite direction of her school route.

My heartbeat intensely increases and my breathing starts to increase

on it’s own.

My prey that I thought was completely grasped, tailed me. And I didn’t notice a thing. (1)

“It cannot be a coincidence. Let’s stop the optimistic thinking. She tailed me from the beginning. It’s better to consider like so……”

Mixed with dread and impatience, anger wells up. I was tailed by the prey I should’ve had grasped. That fact cannot help but irritate me.

For her to spy on my movements with her status as prey.

I am the predator, and she is the prey. I am the sadist, she is the masochist. For a person on the hunted side to spy on the movements of someone on the hunting side like me, that must not be allowed.

I can’t allow it. Above all, I can’t tolerate that I didn’t notice that sort of behavior of hers.

“……It is my fault.”

Shit, I am completely spent. My spirit is dampened. Were my thoughts driven mad by that cow imitation?

Thinking so, the unnatural points come to mind one by one.

Imitating a cow. Enthusiastically saying that she'll produce breast milk. Remarking that she wants me to associate with her if she succeeds in producing breast milk. And then the action of intruding in my home on the very same day.

Based on those, I am lead to the worst conclusion when I predict what is in the drugstore bag.

As I feel cold sweat dripping down my cheek, I swallow my saliva. And then I took the plastic bag out of her bag timidly.

In the plastic bag was a light brown paper bag. It is a bag within a bag. Nevertheless the brown bag is so that the goods inside won't be seen.

When a customer buys something that's mainly for women, the store side will be considerate and use an additional bag. In other words, it is a menstrual product.

However the bag is small for a menstrual product. I cannot deny the possibility that she bought a single item for one day, but I have conclusive evidence to deny it.

After all, training was performed in the warehouse today. At that time I had witnessed her vagina. In short, she isn't on her period.

I suppose that there is a slight possibility of considering she purchased menstrual supplies because her period will be coming soon, but that also can be denied.

When knowing her period is near, would she come to a man's side intentionally? A female high school student at the peak of puberty would normally avoid it on those days.

In that case what are the contents? Is it as I expect? (2)

Without even coming up with four or five possible conclusions, I decide to therefore open the paper bag and check the contents.

I take out the brown paper bag from the plastic bag quietly, then I tear off the cellophane tape carefully.

"Shit, it is as I thought. That fellow is an frickin' idiot."

A small box and bottles came out. Written in big letters on the small bottles was "Super-Powerful Energy Tonic". Moreover there are two of them. Surely it was mine and her share.

To be honest, I wasn't expecting an energy drink. She really jumps over my predictions.

And then there's a small box, but it's stuff that I expected. Writing on the brightly styled colored box's surface is "Ultrathin".

So, it was birth control. (3)

She, that bitch, frickin' came here deciding to have a shot with me.

“You’re fucking kidding me……”

Whether she intended to make an established fact or whether she had any other plans was inconsequential.

The problem is that she was trying to eat me. (Eat is a pun of defeat as well as conquer [sexually], as Ziru mentioned)

What humiliation. What insult. It is not allowed for the prey to attack the predator.

She, this fellow, not being acquainted with a male lover, became lecherous from nothing but having her whole body exploited, an existence with only the purpose of dealing with a man’s lust while pure. That was the plan.

The likes of willingly giving her own purity absolutely cannot happen. I won’t give it to her no matter how much she wants it, and that desire spurs on her lechery. That was how it should have been.

I judged her character to never go for this sort of action, but this fellow is certainly growing. And she is leaving my prediction model.

As it is, the situation is not good. It really has gotten out of hand.

At any rate, since I am including the materials, I have plenty to threaten her.

The training in the science room. The training in the warehouse. The records and evidence of her silliness are shackles to her. But at the same time, those can also become weapons that strangle me.

If she publishes those recordings of her foolery by herself, all the criticism will center on me.

In other words, all the recordings of silliness that I maintained, making her debut with a prepared honorable death, becomes a double edged sword that drives me into ruin.

I think such a thing is impossible, but it should be kept in mind.

Ruin is the point I want, but this time the situation is different. If I became ruined by Ogasawara Makoto making her debut, I would be defeated by her. I hate it that much. I'll yield to another person, but never do I want to be defeated by her.

"Shit, why did it come to this? I should have always been holding the initiative and yet……"

All too soon, the initiative that I should've been holding has shifted to her. Moreover, for me to be surprised, this fellow is still obedient as ever to me and truly has no intention to cause a delay in the training.

I feel this fellow is too pure. It has driven my schemes mad.

Since it has come to this, I'll completely knock her down and then rape her on top of that, forcibly pushing her down into hell.

No, that's useless. In that situation it doesn't really mean that she has fallen. In the first place, does rape work with her? Even if I attack her by force she will likely be delighted and say the opposite,"I am glad to be so strongly wanted!"

After all the person marched here all ready, by herself. I would successfully fall into her expectations if I attack her.

Then what do I do? Do I send her away? How do I send her away? Because this fellow will clearly strike back with,"Then I will come again next week!" Moreover, the fact that she went up once to my room, might also give birth to the idea of me having room in my heart for her to come forcibly and constantly.

To begin with, it's already a stupid plan among stupid plans to push her aside. What will I do for the training after? She obeys anything I command. She depends on me to that extent. How much trouble do you think I had coming here? Am I saying that I destroyed the building blocks that I steadily piled up?

Ahh, shit, ahh, fuck, what in the world? Why do I have to be troubled from such a thing?

Enduring the pain as my stomach began to ache again, I put the vitality medicine and birth control back into the paper bag. And then, just as I was about to put back the paper bag in the pharmacy's plastic bag.

I thereupon came back to my senses.

What am I thinking? Am I not thinking of a setup based on her behaviour? Since this is so troubling, am I not irritated? Why do I have to adapt myself to her?

When thinking as well as seeing it, isn't this situation a dream come true?

Ogasawara Makoto wants to be embraced by me. I desired and wanted to destroy her purity. And now she's trying to be mine and only mine.

The shy and timid Ogasawara Makoto, is trying to tell me her feelings for me by coming out with such a bold action. She depends on me that much.

Why is it not the original plan? There is no inconvenience. It's just a case of avoiding her desires and pretending to be ignorant while continuing the training massage. It was only that, and yet why is my state of health also going amiss?

Judgement, insight, and analysis power are currently necessary to calm me. Presently I lack those.

Calm down, it is alright, nothing has resulted in disordering of my plan. Everything is smooth. Everything is going just as I want. I control everything of her.

Thinking so, I feel the pain in my stomach was somewhat relieved.

———

As expected, after I checked her smartphone, Tanaka also seemed to be affected in this affair.

However, my name isn't mentioned in the exchange by mail. The type of person this person is, what kind of girl does he like, how should the feelings be told, that sort of worthless exchange was continued endlessly.

And then for the conclusion of the exchange, Tanaka's derived reply was,"Maybe you should go from that useless type of girl and go do something forcefully." Then Ogasawara Makoto replied,"I see! Thank you! I'll do my best!"(4)

And this resulted in the current try-hard condition.

Incidentally, the birth control seemed to be Tanaka's advice. When a slow-developing, thick-headed man is the significant other, there is a high chance of him not preparing birth control. Furthermore, if the man has a high outlook on ethics and is intellectual, he won't make a move when there is no birth control, such extremely precise guidance.

The problem is, she prepared a birth control that is known to a man. That means, she had decided to come with such a plan from the beginning. In fact, I have reason to think so now.

Saying that she prepared birth control and even the pressing risk, she's definitely motivated that much.

“Id, Idiot, with a scheme full of holes like that, who are you deceiving? I am not a fool.”

There also isn’t a point to blame a weak point if there is no laying the groundwork. I was thoroughly slammed into her stupid scheme. However, that’s the reason why it is also terrifying.

For her, my said experience is that important. Offering her chastity and even wanting to be near me. I believe that amounted pure feelings will, in some cases, also lead to baring her fangs.

Simply because she’s genuine, the reaction to when she’s betrayed will become significant.

But that is no problem. Since Ogasawara Makoto became forever obedient from handling her well, it is rather convenient.

———

By the time she got out from the bath, a ruse which could be said to the exent perfect was built in my brain.

There are no longer any chances for me. From now on, no matter what kind of action she goes for, I’ll reject her splendidly and drag her into my pace. And then I’ll make her save her desire to the extent that it’ll exceed her limit, bringing her into the abyss—

“U, Um, excuse me. I forgot to, bring a change of clothes.”

“Huh?”

The wet, raven-black hair adds more luster than usual, and the fair skin that soaked in the bathtub was a warm pinkish-white. The swelled chest also pushes up.

Such a figure is bewitching while also lovely. What covered the naked body was only a bath towel. Other than the part hidden by the bath towel, skin was also exposed without frugality.

Suddenly intruding into a man’s house, entering the bath, and the laughable, stupid girl also didn’t bring underwear.

If I strip the bath towel, she’ll be naked. Without anything to hide it, it will expose her baby-born appearance.

Just the two of us in a room. A man and woman of marriageable age. In this sort of situation, exposing an appearance called completely nude to a man if the cloth sheet is torn off, he would attack without even saying a single word.

This person thinks she may be attacked by me……which, come to think of it, I was. Or perhaps, the reason is she wants to be attacked instead. After all, all she prepared were the birth control and vitality medicine.

Damn, again and again, she bypasses my expectations. If you don’t prepare a change of clothes, then don’t come to stay over. Buy underwear in a convenience story if you have time to arrange for birth control and

vitality medicine.

Was it on purpose? In order to create such a situation, she didn't bring a change of clothes on purpose?

That is obvious. Your scheme is too transparent. You're too frank. Think about it a bit more. Think about it. For heaven's sake.

"Ah, but, but, because we're practicing to produce breast milk, do you have a problem even if there is no underwear?"

Ogasawara Makoto, who is in a bath towel, stares at me sweating cross-legged on the floor, and said such a thing with a smile.

Wait a minute. Since when did I start the breast milk production training? I said I want to start a massage for improving breast milk for when it's time for women to bring out breast milk, but I did not say a single word about doing training for her breasts to produce breast milk.

Only Ogasawara Makoto wants to give breast milk. And yet, the way she spoke was as if I said it.

"So when do we start? I am ready at any time!"

Saying that, she held up the bath towel cloth and stopped it by the side of her breasts, speaking to me as if she's used to being nude all the time.

Dangerous dangerous dangerous, I am completely caught up in her

pace. Moreover, with what she's saying, there is nothing that is odd.

'I came to stay overnight to practice the massage. And I picked a bath towel to do the massage practicing.' Since it is an action that followed my request of wanting to practice massaging, I have no room to argue.

Why is it, why is it that even though it's full of holes, this plan is much more perfect? Even though the actions themselves are stupid, the method goes by well.

Because I am tired today. Because I want to rest today. It is also possible to say so and avoid it, but in this case it only becomes temporary.

This is the last category of my guesses, but it feels like she intends to come stay here every week from now on.

It is no good for a temporary measure. My domain will be steadily eroded if I don't make the first move.

Calm down, she's obedient to my orders. There is no need to get impatient. It is only natural, but as I order something, I cannot predict what kind of action she'll go for that is against the order.

Even though I generally know what this fellow thinks about, I don't really understand the kind of behavior she takes due to her speech and conduct.

Shit, stomach, my stomach ache……

“Fu”

“Fu?”

Ogasawara Makoto, who heard my voice, stared at me while looking puzzled and slowly took a step foot forward.

The distance was gradually shortened. Her cheeks directly blush and she smiles. Surrounding walls. A private room. There is no escape.

Escape? Why is it necessary to escape? Why do I need to escape?

“I’ll take a bath!”

“Ahh! I see! I am sorry, I forgot that I only entered!”

When I made my mind up, I raised my voice towards her, and Ogasawara Makoto, who was not frightened by my sort of tone which had an impression of being angry, puts both hands together in front of her chest. She then sticks out her tongue and laughed, having been embarrassed.

I left her there and began to run towards the bathroom. Okay, it is as if I totally ran away.

It is bad, as in it’s really bad. I don’t know at all, what’s the best thing to do?

———

Taking off my clothes, I open the door leading to the bathroom and collapse there.

A familiar object placed in a demure manner was on the bathroom floor. It is the anal stick that should have been stolen from me.

It appears as though it was put in the center of the bathroom floor.

“This was on purpose. She absolutely put it there on fucking purpose……”

Moreover, the anal stick was dressed in a slimy viscous liquid. In other words, it was used.

It silently conveys to me the action that she masturbated in this place.

“She did it. Is it me, that had fallen into her plan……”

When she stole the onanism machine, I pretended to believe that she voluntarily performed practice. And then I told her that.

She didn’t deny nor affirm it either, she merely left the opinion to me freely.

I thought she was a sly woman, but that is not so. She knew it was seen through by me that she did nothing but masturbating.

She stole the anal stick on purpose. But when I didn't notice such a small behavior, she stole the onanism machine. She deliberately went for such a bold action in order to tell me.

She was trying to tell me she's a lewd woman who consoles herself.

It was the opposite. This fellow wasn't trying to hide that she masturbated and went to the extent of going with a daring action for the sake of me realizing.

But I faked ignorance. Even though she stole such a large-scale object of mine without permission, I pretended to have thought she was voluntarily practicing.

Even she also noticed. That I knew it and avoided it on purpose.

But there is a difference in interpretation between me and her.

I went into such an action to train her smoothly.

And her believed reason was that I pretended to be ignorant had been taking her into consideration.

But either way, she noticed that I avoided it on purpose. For this reason she went to this much of a daring action.

If that is all, it's still fine. Supposing if it's different? The anal stick put on the bathroom floor. I also grasp the received message.

Even if it's transmitted silently, I received the message saying that practicing the massage on her wasn't the purpose. (5)

"How much……How much is she aware of?"

I am really lost. How much was her falling into my scheme, how far into the truth did she notice?

With receiving this, it can't be said that I grasped all of her.

She knew my plan, and yet that doesn't deny the possibility that she plunged into the plan.

I am no longer training her, it has resulted that she lets me train her.

"Shit, fucking shit. I don't know what is what. So I can't drawn back now……"

The anal stick placed on the bathroom floor seemed to be an existence to implant fear in me.

Is it me manipulating her or is it her?

Who on earth is it that's been caught in the spiderweb?

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(1) (TLNY: This is pretty damn freaky if you think of it as you being in his shoes. Actually, I take that back, it is freaky in any point of view.)

(2)(TLNY: I have an answer, open the goddamn bag instead of thinking up theories.)

(3)(TLNY: WAIT WHAT.)

(4)(TLNY: Tanaka, so you're are the one at fault with this…GOOD JOB! :D)

(5)(TLNY: Everyone who said she knew it was fricking right!)

The bath is good after all. Soaking in the hot bath, I relax my shoulders and breath out a big sigh.

After taking a shower, I promptly entered the bath and washed my face with the hot water.

As my stiff body loosens, my still and entangled thoughts also unwind. Because of that, I regained my composure quickly.

How much of my plan did she see through? That sort of thing was not worth worrying about.

Recall my original intentions. What started for me to decide her as my target?

It is a game. It is a game that I staked my life on. Whether Ogasawara Makoto falls into the abyss or I am ruined, it is a game where I'll laugh no matter who falls.

I had nothing to lose from the start. Nevertheless, what in the world was I so impatient, surprised, and afraid of?

How ridiculous. To begin with, it's strange I'm worried at this point of time. I'll stick to my thinking no matter what actions she takes. That will be fine. That should be so.

When I switch on the anal stick that I held in my right hand, the vibration sounds echo in the bathroom.

By leaving the anal stick in the bathroom unnaturally, was she trying to induce my discomposure, or did she merely forget it?

Even that is nothing to worry about. The bathroom door opening slightly, and the bloodshot eyes that peeping through the gap, is also trivial.

No, to be honest, it's scary. Because the bloodshot eyes looking here through the gap are quite creepy. It's scarier than a third-rate horror movie.

Even though I know that the owner of those bloodshot eyes is Ogawara Makoto, eerie things are eerie.

"Ogasawara, I don't think peeping on someone when they're bathing is an admirable act though?"

While I stir the hot bathwater with the vibrating anal stick, I call out towards the bloodshot eyes at the door.

Then with a clanking sound, the bloodshot eyes disappeared from the door gap.

"E, Eheheh, I wasn't peaking. U, Um, it just looked like I forgot something. ……"

The door opened slowly. It's obviously her standing there.

It doesn’t matter, but I guess I’ll have to let her look at me bathing. But I genuinely want her to stop looking through the door gap with bloodshot eyes. It might become a trauma and I won’t be able to bathe alone anymore.

“Is the thing you left behind, this?”

To her, who remained standing at the bathroom’s entrance, I wave the anal stick. When she saw it, she fidgeted and turned her gaze away from me awkwardly.

“I, I am sorry. That, I took it selfishly. A, And, um……the reason I have it is, the, the independent practice—”

“You thrust this in your anus and it felt good, right?

At my words, she looked at me with wide, open eyes, her face rapidly turning a cinnabar red.

By no means did she think I’d point this out so frankly. She must’ve believed that I would be misled into thinking she was voluntarily practicing just like before.

I assumed that this anal stick was left in the bathroom deliberately.

Because of that, I was able to make a surprise attack on her.

Idiot, I can't be rolled up in your pace forever. It is my turn from here on. No, you don't have any turns from here on out. It will be my turn throughout.

"Ahh, noo, umm, you're wrong."

She quickly panicked. The end of the bath towel tucked by her breasts unravelled, and the bath towel gently fell down as a result.

Her naked body was revealed. I saw it many times over the sheer, black leotard, but this is the first time I've seen it in a state with nothing obstructing it.

I was dumbstruck. By her physical beauty that was lascivious and too obscene.

I honestly thought that it was absolutely beautiful.

Gazing at her naked body before my eyes in a daze, I quickly pulled myself together. She was too upset to even notice that the bath towel came off, and was running about in utter confusion while her big chest shook.

"Ogasawara, calm down, your bath towel came off."

"Eh? Hiya? —AH HIYA!"

After hearing me point it out, her eyes turned to dots as she looked at

me and then she moved her eyes to her chest. And I thought she'd scream and hide her chest and nether region, but she raised both hands in a banzai pose instead.

She seems to be considerably confused.

And then she immediately squatted down and tried to pick up the bath towel, but she used too much force and fell backwards.

Because of that, her pussy and anus were completely exposed.

I don't think she has ever made an M-pose with this much sex appeal before.

With a headache in addition to my stomach ache, I succumbed to the urge to submerge my whole head in the bath.

There was the sound of a massive slam, and when I raise my head to look towards the sound, Ogasawara Makoto, who should have fallen down in an M-pose, had stood up again at some point, but had hit her head on the wall and fallen down once again.

Then with a thud, a naked Ogasawara Makoto had her bottom return to the floor like it was attached with gum. (1)

Seeing her with such an appearance, I remembered my discomfort.

Why did she need to be so panicked? Is it because I saw her naked?

That may be part of it, but I don’t feel that’s all.

I lower my gaze and looked at the anal stick in my right hand.

Is this it? Is this the cause? Perhaps, having the fact that she masturbated pointed out caused her to fall into a panic? Then……

Then it wasn’t left deliberately, and she really forgot it? (2)

As I realized that, a sobbing voice reached in my ears.

When I turn my eyes to her again, Ogasawara Makoto, who was sitting like a girl with her bottom attached to the floor, was desperately trying to stand up while crying.

I thought we’ll begin the usual one person meeting review, but this situation is quite different.

“I’m, I’m going home……”

Muttering that, Ogasawara Makoto grabbed the bath towel that had fallen onto the floor, stood up vigorously and once again collided with the wall. Blown away to the opposite wall by the recoil, she crashes again. Then she loses her footing and falls down grandly, nailing the back of her head on the floor.

I reflexively frown at the heavy sound.

As opposed to me thinking she'd crouch down in sharp pain, she rose up immediately, bolted off, and crashed into a wall once again. Despite she falling down she promptly stood up, and then disappeared from my sight.

But I heard a crash. It seems like she crashed into a wall in my room and fell down.

She has completely lost control of herself. Anyone can see that this is a dangerous state.

"Well, well. It looks like the wind has changed directions.."

Muttering so, I wrapped a towel around my waist as I left the bath and rushed out the bathroom.

———

When I entered my room, a miserable sight spread out before me.

"M, My room....."

Although I said it was empty, there were still the minimal living essentials.

A microwave, refrigerator, cutting board, and kitchen knife for example. Along with various others. They were scattered everywhere.

It is a result of her crashing everywhere.

I don’t have that much attachment to this room, but even I felt dizzy at the disastrous sight.

And then holding her bath towel in her hand while completely naked, she was squatting down on the floor, trying to grab her belongings.

Looking at her, there doesn’t appear to be any particular injuries to be found.

I suddenly had a trivial thought about her being surprisingly sturdy.

Still shedding tears and trembling, with her mouth turned down at the corners, Ogasawara Makoto was silently getting ready to go home.

She probably intended to rush out of the room nude while carrying her belongings.

Or rather, it is more likely that she forgot she was completely naked.

“Ogasawara, calm down—”

“I am going home!”

When I call out, she raised her voice to drown out mine, and as she held her items without even turning to look at me, she just began to run off as

I feared.

“Waitt, I said calm down!”

Ogasawara Makoto bolted and collided with the wall and I caught her from behind, forcibly pinning her in place.

“Please let go of me! I am going home!”

“I understand, it isn’t a problem that you’re leaving. But get dressed first. Kay? Now, will you settle down?”

She dropped the belongings she held, grasped the hand that pinned her in place and struggled.

“Even though I dressed up and came all the way here! Why do I always, always?!”

To the words of Ogasawara Makoto who continues to shed tears and act violently, I almost unintentionally agreed.

Really, you always, always cause me trouble. It is rather I, who want to complain, you fucking idiot.

“Look, you can head back home after you get dressed first, okay? Even without a change of clothes, you still have your uniform, right? Since it’s already dark outside, even not having underwear is fine. Besides, I’ll also escort you home.”

Ogasawara Makoto reacted to my words with a flinch, and this time she ceased struggling and burst into genuine tears.

As I presumed, there's no doubt now. She really had just forgotten the anal stick. It was all just in my imagination. This person doesn't have a scheme.

"Ogasawara, you may cry if you want to. When you settle down, can you change your clothes? And, did you have dinner yet? Because I'll treat you to a meal as I escort you home. Kay?"

When I separate both my hands that tightly pinned her in place, I tried leave her while asking kindly.

She may be okay being naked, but I am not. Because I jumped out of the bathtub with just a towel wrapped around on my waist, my body has gotten chilly.

As for me who's a bath enthusiast, I have to reenter the bath again.

"Do you, contempt me?"

Ogasawara Makoto who caught my hand as I turned to leave, muttered a few words while looking down.

Contempt you? What now? That is natural. I am tired of your stupidity. But only my health and appearance is something else.

“Contempt? What’s the matter?”

I pretend ignorance while desperately enduring the desire to burst into laughter.

“T, Taking it out, without permission……u, um, the thing I did, alone.”

A low shaking voice arrived to my ear.

Now, now it is definitely official. I grasp everything here. Or perhaps I should say, because I had induced it to be so.

“I don’t mind it. I also said before. The massage is accompany with a pleasant feeling. The whole body’s sensitivity for the erogenous zone also rises. So it is natural even if you want to masturbate. If you understand change your clothes. Since I’ll be taking a bath again.”

While speaking calmly, I separate her hand that caught my wrist gently, and turned around in order to reenter the bath.

I am only saying this here, but if she still rushes out of the room, then she can do as she likes. However, she probably won’t run away. I am convinced in the signs I experienced shown with the matter.

I stopped while thinking that sort of thing, and checked back with a side glance. Ogasawara Makoto who hanged her head down over there, followed after me.

As I suspected. Ogasawara Makoto, who's falling into a panic and current consciousness state muddled, doesn't know what to do as of now. So by me being gentle, she's exhausted all choices but to follow me.

"If you want to take a bath, you can enter first."

When I side glanced to check behind without turning my head, Ogasawara Makoto stood still with her eyes downcast.

It will be a holiday tomorrow, and the sun is already setting. The terms are set if I look and think about it. If that's the case, it isn't bad timing to enter the new training.

———

I took another bath to re-heat my body, then I stepped out of the bathtub and head towards my room.

Dressed in her uniform, she sat down on the room floor with a thud. Carrying her belongings, she also seems to be done getting ready to return.

She said there wasn't a change of clothes, but I wonder if she re-put on the underwear she had on till before she took a bath? No, she loves cleanliness, it's unlikely she'll once again put on the underwear she took off.

When it comes to that, it is more likely she isn't wearing underwear right now. That's even more convenient for me.

Even though I entered into the room, she wasn't to move as she her head hanged sitting down on the floor. If the restraints burst into flames and don't work, even if she goes for a bold action, then at that moment, I'll put out this person's fire once and for all.

Lately I had completely misunderstood the reins of her, but I can somehow fix it. For this lesson, I'll have to advance the training even more carefully from now on.

In particular, it's necessary to make her think I don't hold affection towards her.

———

We headed to where there's a family restaurant. While walking outside, as I led her by hand, I frequently worried about her skirt.

Did she not put on underwear after all? If that's true, then if her skirt gets rolled up I'll see her precious part. Of course I am anxious.

When we arrived at the family restaurant, we were lead to our appointed to a proper booth and ordered.

Ogasawara Makoto who sat facing me, still hanged her head as she said nothing. And I also said nothing to her.

It is fine as is. It isn't necessary to say anything needless.

When we finished our meal and left the family restaurant, I led her by hand and went to the park.

After we wandered around a bit the time was nine in the afternoon. When checking the surroundings as we arrived, I found a couple on a bench beneath the outdoor lamp. There isn't a person's shadow beside that.

Chuckled inside my head, I detoured around the park and went into the forest.

Even though I said forest, it's a trifle forest in the park's corner. Most of the tree types are Oak, and because of that acorns fall onto the ground in mass. During the day children gather for that purpose, but that's nothing to worry about if it's at this time.

"Ogasawara, what will you do? Will you go home as it is?"

Stopping just before the forest, I looked back and spoke to her.

Ogasawara Makoto who grasped my hand tightly, holding items in one hand while downcast, still was not going to move.

Then after a few minutes, she shook her head.

“Do you, wanted to produce breast milk?”

As I set foot in the forest with leading her by hand, I spoke to the back,

There is no answer. But a reply isn’t necessary. Since she had proposed it anyways.

Through the dark forest, we walk relying on the outdoor lamp’s light to see.

In front of an outside lamp, where I checked at the park’s entrance some time ago, was a couple sitting on a bench side to side. In other words, if we advance as it is, we’ll be right behind of the bench.

Stopped at the front of the forest, I listened carefully.

I hear voices speaking. In addition, some luster was included. Apparently, it seems the couple sitting on the bench are also in midst of fun.

“Ogasawara, you hear that? People are close by.”

I looked over my shoulder, and whisper to Ogasawara Makoto, who stared down while grasping my hand.

When she raised her face slightly, she nodded with upturned eyes.

She has become quite modest. It would be a shock that I only knew about her masturbating.

"I also investigated on my own, and there seems to be a method to produce breast milk without even becoming pregnant. However, there seems to be quite the individual difference."

Saying that, I took out a folded slip of paper from my jacket's pocket, opened it, and showed it to her. And then without passing it, I placed it folded again in my pocket.

Later on, I intended to create the documents for how to get breast milk without becoming pregnant. Which is why, I don't have them yet today.

What I just showed to her, was noncommittal paper that I brought from my room. When read, it's easily known it's entirely unrelated.

It is fiction when read.

In the forest, the only outside light are in front of the lamps. Even if the official documents were shown in this sort of state, it would be readable.

But still, it was daring that I took out the documents in other for her to assume I searched properly.

"It is a method to produce breast milk, and it appears to be effective and simple with just stimulating the teat. However, strictly speaking it isn't breast milk, it seems to be called lactate. But well, it's trivial if it comes out."

Leaned myself forward, I speak close to her ear with a whisper. She listens to my words in silence.

It's dark so that I can't clearly see her expression, but I understand from feeling the atmosphere.

This fellow's amount of stupidity caused me have hardships, but in this way, it's an advantage that she's easily led by the nose.

"However, with me saying that their is individual differences? For most people, it doesn't seem come out with only stimulating the teat. So I explored a different method."

When I said that and separate my mouth away from her ear, I put a hand on both of her shoulders and pushed them back. Thus, I force her back on the nearby tree.

She remains there without saying anything. She seems to agree to my story, but I also feel the mood and mind isn't here.

Perhaps her thoughts aren't directly working. Since I know that she masturbates, is her head full?

"I will stimulate the nipples either way, but to prompt female hormone secretion, I'll also stimulate other erogenous zones at the same time. However, great shame appears necessary, too."

Shame, hearing that word, she subtly trembles. The trembling transmitted to both my hands placed on her shoulders.

She finally showed a reaction like response. Do you hate it, or do you accept it?

“I, I am really sorry for only causing trouble. Although I also checked it, I don’t understand it well. So, since I don’t know the method, I have no choice but to entrust it to you. Please take care of me.”

Naturally it’s the accepted version.

I don’t have romantic feelings for her. It is crucial to make her think so, but it’s also useless to treat her coldly.

In short, I intend to be calm while also hoping to take charge. Because after all, it has been arranged we’ll associate if breast milk comes out, and she must be hoping for it.

Well, it won’t come out.

“Shame, that is, the feeling of embarrassment the brain stimulates, seems to have a big role in order to secrete large amounts of female hormones than usual. And—”

Grasping her right shoulder with my left hand as I press her on the tree’s back, I let my right hand creep into the inside of her skirt.

“Mhh!?”

Surprised as expected, Ogasawara Makoto immediately tightened her thighs and raised a faint soundless scream.

Ignoring her when forcibly opening her thighs, I rush a hand inside. And then, my fingertips reached at the base of the crotch.

The feel of the viscosity resistant fluid and the soft meat felt weird on my fingertips. As I suspected, she didn’t put on underwear. Moreover, she’s already quite wet despite having took a bath.

“U, Umm”

“Shh, don’t speak. Listen.”

As I restrained Ogasawara Makoto, who was about to raise her voice, I caress her vagina tract with a finger while it made a slimy and obscene water sounds.

Trembling fearfully, she put both hands over her mouth in a desperate look, muffling her voice.

She was surprised, but doesn’t seem to plan on resisting.

That confirmed, I decided to continuate the training.

Released my left hand that grabbed her shoulder, I lift her uniform. Her large bulges which were thereby, stood out by the outdoor lamp shining on them.

Contracting with the graceful posture and limbs, the pump breasts were shaped nicely. And the nipples that pointed on the top, were clearly erected.

Both the pussy becoming wet and the nipples erecting are because of my touch. But, I guess it's possible her current state was since before having come here.

Since she didn't have on underwear during eating at the family restaurant, she must have felt it.

By repeating the training, her mind and body have been developing steadily well.

"Nuu"

When I pinch her right nipple with my left hand, she trembled and raised a small moan. Since she covered her mouth with both hands, the voice was muffled.

The distance between the couple sitting on the bench and us, is estimated to about 6 or 5 meters. It would surely be noticed if she gave a moan at this distance. However, they're also in the midst of fun over there. Why it may be true that they will notice, there is no need to say in what way.

I thought it through, but Ogasawara Makoto is a different story. Her breasts are exposed in such a place, and her pussy is teased while her nipple is played with. Even if she doesn't want to be found, the large amount of mucus beginning to overflow from her vagina is against that.

Letting the fingers teasing her vagina slide, I search for the clitoris. Among the flood of mucus, I felt my fingertips get slightly caught. And at the same time, her body jumps remarkably large.

With my hand currently placed in her skirt, I can't check by looking. However, with the feeling caught in my fingertips just now, it's defiantly the cltoris.

If I just look at her convulsing without being able to put out a voice, I know that the stimulation is too strong. If not handled carefully, she may feel pain than pleasure.

Today is the first outside exposure training. There is no need to be too adventurous.

I decided to perform the clitoris development slowly and carefully later, so today she can cum from the anus as usual.

It is necessary above all else, because if I let it rub in, it will feel good.

When I separate my fingers from the clitoris, and thrust my hand even more into her skirt, I let my fingertips touch her anus.

“Nn, haa, nnn”

Sweet moans leak out from the hand covering her mouth. Unlike with the clitoris, it looks like she obediently accepts the pleasure. As evidence, she pushes out her waist, since it become easier to play with the anus.

“I only have two hands, Ogasawara. So help as well.”

Saying so, I separate my left hand that pinched the nipple and as grasped her right wrist. And then I tore it off from her lips.

Just the left hand will be enough to cover her mouth.

“Would you like to not be found by someone? I also don’t want to be found. Therefore, play with your nipple by yourself, too. For the sake of making you exude a mass of female hormones, it appears reaching an orgasm is most effective. So as soon as possible, I want you to climax for me.”

While thrusting my right index and middle finger inside her anus, I put my face close to her ear and whisper.

I hear the sound of her rough breathing and swallow saliva.

By me pressing her right fingers to her breast, she pinched the nipple. It is a silent agreement.

“Okay, go on. You won’t speak?”

After whispering, I began to move the two fingers thrust inside her anus.

“Mnm!? Mhnm!?”

She shakes fearfully while pinches and rolls her nipple with a finger, she bends back shaking fearfully. Because her breasts sticks out, they were very easy to grope.

It has been awhile since that I placed a finger into her anus, but it seems to have developed more than expected.

The wiggling wall of meat stuck to my fingers, but in despite of that, the overflowing intestinal fluid raised the lubrication nature. Because of that, the contracting in and out pull in was comfortable even while tighten. Worthy of a second vagina developed for the sake of spitting out a man’s desire, it appears the supreme meat hole is complete.

“Kijima-sann—I, I, maa—kmuu”

Waist jumping, thighs stiffening, her body trembles. And while her stiffness begins to melt, I started to hear a rustling sound.

With my fingers pulled out my fingers from her anus, I take a step back to observe her condition.

Ogasawara Makoto, who’s still covering her mouth with her left hand, is

currently in a state leaning against the tree's back, with her breasts exposed, and a harden nipple pinched in her right hand. And then sometimes her waist bounced.

Still covering her mouth by the left hand, she leaned on the back of the tree with her legs spread opened while letting her breasts be exposed, and the nipple which was pinched with her right hand fingers harden. And then occasionally, her waist bounced.

The said heard rustling sound came from her. The sound was water squirting out from within her skirt.

She who climaxed the first time outside, had pissed her pants simultaneously. The urine that struck against the ground created a splash.

Don't you hear some sort of water flowing? I heard such words from the bench.

"Ogasawara, the couple sitting on the bench seem to hear the sound of your urine. Can't you stop it?"

When I ask her in a simple, but low tone, she waves her neck as she covered her mouth by the hand. Apparently, it doesn't seem i'll stop even if he want it to.

"As it is, they noticed. Let's go back."

"B, But—"

Grasping her hand, I forcibly pulled her out and began to walk.

I did not need to say how we were even found out, but because it was special, I thought I'll try out something amusing.

Leading her by my hand, she still poured piss while it made her waist twitch. As she became bowlegged because of that, I am accompanied by her pathetic unsteady walk.

The scene was quite laughable.

But I would say, with her a piss leak on top of climaxing, and furthermore, running away while squirting urine. I was able to have the best memory possible with the first of outdoor exposure.

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(1)(ED: originally mochi in Japanese)

(2)(TLNY: No, I highly doubt that. She's playing with you, man.)

Ogasawara Makoto, who was led by my hand, apologized in a low shaking voice the whole time till we arrived at the apartment.

'I am sorry, I am sorry' like a Buddhist prayer, many, many times over.

And then after arriving at the apartment, she continued.

Was it a shock to have urinated in front of me? Or was it a shock to have urinated outside? Was it both?

Though in any case, it's certain that she had developed a trauma towards urinating outside.

Wonderful. Things are going as I imagined. As soon as I went around to attack, the stomach ache that tormented me disappeared; and my thoughts circulated quite easily.

It is difficult to make her urinate freely. Therefore, it was a standard I wanted her to do if she could, and she pumped out my intention remarkably.

She isn't clever, but it could be said that she's quite the excellent toy.

In addition to the first outdoor exposure, there were two reasons why I let her urinate outside.

For one, urinating outside can causes trauma.

So then at places other than outside, that is my room and the school warehouse, she will feel more relaxed.

She urinated in addition to being exposed outside. The fear and shame should be extraordinary. Thus, those feelings will be released through arriving at a relaxing location.

I believe the two mentioned before can almost be achieved perfectly.

In fact, she couldn't stand up after entering my room. She was seized with that much fear and shame, and now, she's relieved with having arrived at my room.

Oh, that reminds me, there was another reason why I let her urinate outside.

"Ogasawara, I'll send the uniform you're wearing to the laundromat in the morning tomorrow."

As I squatted down there, I whispered to Ogasawara Makoto, who sat down before the door.

"L, Laundromat……?"

Shivers that will not lessen, she hugged herself with both hands and stared at me with shaking eyes.

“Yes, after all, the uniform was sullied by your urine.”

To my words, her body shook.

“Oh, I don’t mind that you leaked out pee. The problem isn’t there. Surely, would you not be able to continue wearing that urine-sullied uniform? Fortunately, tomorrow will be a holiday. If I send it in the laundromat tomorrow morning, the clinged urine will wash away neatly, and the uniform will return by the end of tomorrow.”

Purposely saying out the word urine repeatedly, I cornered her.

Whenever she hears the keyword urine, her body makes a jump; tears collected in her eyes as she bites her lower lip, and begins to apologize once again.

‘I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry.’

“Don’t worry about it. Everyone urinates.”

While smiling as gentle as possible, I put a hand on her shoulder and spoke.

“U……Uug, Kwijima-shan, I awm sworry.”

Exceeded her limit of endurance, she started to shed tears, and leaned her collapsed body onto mine when apologizing to me in inarticulate speech. I kindly hugged and rubbed her back softly.

Considering everything that has gone horrible, she'll be staying over.

With her deciding to take a shot with me, she came here ready with birth control prepared and high spirits, but she was seen through spending her time masturbating, and me having watched the moment she pissed herself outside, furthermore, to have escaped pathetically.

Aside from masturbation, if she calms down and thinks it over, the urinating outside responsibility lies on me. However, I didn't ask her to urinate. She pissed completely on her own.

Didn't I make her wet her pants? Honestly speaking, this was a gamble. However, I judged it was very likely that she'd let a leak.

To have barged into my house, she was considerably tense while gulping down tea. And then her being considerate, or felt shy to enter the toilet room of the sufficient other she has feelings for, she never went to the restroom after I came into the room.

Perhaps she could have urinated in the bathroom, but that's a trifling matter. Judging from the quantity of tea she drank, urinating once wouldn't have been enough to exhaust it.

And then there was dinner. Although the two of us went to a family restaurant, Ogasawara Makoto hardly started her meal. Instead, she drank how much cups of water. Of course, she never went in the family restaurant's restroom.

And it was the first outside training. She had to be seized with tension and shame enough to die. And then the pleasure and sense of freedom when she also climax, she shouldn't be compared with her usual self.

By stepping through those stages, she ended up pissing in the first outdoor exposure.

"Kiwjima-swam……."

She leaned her body onto me, turned both hands to my back, hugging me tightly.

"Hm?"

Patting her back gently, I turned both my hands to hers and hugged tightly back.

"D, Do you hate, girls who wet their pants?"

To the low shaking voice, I, who was desperately suppressing the laughter that welled up, wasn't able to readily answer.

'Do you hate girls who wet their pants?' If the companion is a women, they wouldn't have it, but since I am enjoying, it's quite fine.

"K, Kijima-san? U, Um…….do you despise me?"

I was only enduring my laughter, but in the meantime, the silence seemed to exquisitely drive her anxiety; she shook even more with a trembling voice, and I felt it transmit throughout my whole body.

Driven beyond overwhelmed, she wasn't able to speak. I wanted her to quickly run away when she intruded in, but it's different now.

With this sleepover, Ogasawara Makoto will advance towards several stages. I realized that I cannot let her leave.

"Stupid, didn't I decide to not despise you? If you would like, do you want me to pee my pants here, too? I don't mind it to the point of being able to crack that sort of joke."

I hug Ogasawara Makoto even more tightly than before. Then while mixed with a sobbing voice, I heard a teeny-tiny voice that said, "Yes." And then from sudden omitted strength, her body stiffened.

From looking, she appears to feel relieved, but that's naive. If it improves, it will then worsen. This is the basics.

"However, from now on I'll be increasing the outside training. Otherwise, it will be difficult to produce breast milk. However, it will also be troubling for you to wet yourself every time."

She was expressly relieved, but to my words, her whole body trembled and stiffened again.

"But relax. Why, it is a simple thing. It is merely a practice so you don't

wet yourself.”

Towards my words, she did not answer. However, she didn’t refuse. In other words, she accepted.

———

After having embraced each other for a while at the door, I went into action once she had calmed down.

When I move, she also moves. It was just like a young chick of a spotbill duck.

Ogasawara Makoto, who picked up the backside of my jacket with a finger, followed me in only silence.

Moved from the door to inside the room, I went to the refrigerator, took out a plastic bottle of mineral water, and handed it to her.

“Drink as much water as possible. Since I will train you.” (He says Sonohou, which states a person with ‘you’, which is the same as saying ‘hey there’ to a person of lower or equal status.)

“Y, Yes……”

She opened the cap of the 500 milliliters plastic bottle I gave, and with a desperate look, tried to drink it all at once. But, as one would expect with an unreasonable chug, she drank in separate times.

Handed her even more fresh plastic bottle, I also made her drink those. And then moved her towards the table, I made her sit on the floor and offered tea.

She continued to drink tea silently. Combined along with the water, it was a considerable amount of fluid.

Since she might also vomit with drinking too much, I let her take a temporary break, and from there, made her drink tea slowly.

One hour has passed, and sweat began to gush out on her forehead. And with the position of sitting straight up, her knees and buttock started to frequently shake.

She started to feel the urge to pee. It is certain. Only with one liter of water. Since she also drank tea, it then becomes nearly two liters.

“Ogasawara, I think you understand even if I don’t say it, but I’ll explain it just in case.”

With her and I sat on opposite ends, I spoke to her.

“Yes……”

Spouting sweat on the brow as her body also shook, she obediently nodded.

“Even if there absolutely is no desire to urinate, or even if we practice when you more or less want to pee, it may not have the anticipated effect. Therefore, I’ll have you withstand the training in a state of endurance till your desire to pee is at the utmost limit.”

By words told in a straight and plain face, she attentively listens with an earnest expression as her body shakes.

“And it’s about the urge to urinate, but there are easy to learn signals for when the clitoris is stimulated. But this time, you urinated when your nipples and anus were stimulated. Using that as model, you might have a constitution which makes it easy for you to wet yourself by pleasure. So if I possible, I’d like to stimulate your nipples, anus, clitoris, and have you withstand the urge to urinate.”

Her expression froze in an instant at my words, however she then nodded without saying anything.

Yup, she’s stupid. With receiving such training, what on earth can you say will happen? But well, because the person herself agrees, I’ll just do as she’d like me to do.

In addition, thirty minutes have passed, and her body has increased in intense shaking.

The sweat that rose on her brow added in quantity, and she gritted her teeth from desperately fighting against the desire to pee.

If an erogenous zone is simulated in this state, she won’t able to hold

her urine for one minute.

It will soon be a suitable time. There is no point if she wets herself before the training.

As I stood up, I started the training preparation when I went to the closet.

“Ogasawara, you shouldn’t believe that this training will go well from the start. Do not be afraid of failure. You should gradually get accustomed.”

While opening the closet, I spoke behind to her, without looking back.

“Failure is important for reflection, and it also become a source of encouragement. Reflecting is your strong point, but being pessimistic is your weak one. Be at ease, I won’t be angry even if you fail.”

My voice sounded just like a monologue throughout the inner room. There isn’t an answer. But there isn’t an objection either.

“So in order to use failure as an encouragement, consider how much time is endured, and think long the stamina has to be to steal a record.”

I took out a video camera and tripod, which was used in the science room training, from the closest. Her training state was recorded with this.

I installed the tripod in the corner of the room, and set the video

camera on top. As for Ogasawara Makoto, who either doesn't hear my words, or isn't composed to agree despite hearing it, rattled as she stood up straight.

It is the limit. Then shall we finish the preparation quickly?

Finished setting the video camera up, I took the bag filled with sex toys out from the closet. Then when placed it in the room center, I went to the bathroom. And with picking up a bucket placed beside the dressing room, I came back in the room.

I brought the table near the wall side, and placed the bucket in the room's middle. With this, the preparations are complete. All that's left is to begin the training.

Although there is a point to make her dress in clothes primarily for the training, the uniform will do this time. Considering tomorrow, she'll want to take the uniform to the laundromat by all means. Therefore, I'll purposely train her in the uniform.

"Ogasawara, can you stand up?"

When I approach her sitting on the floor in a seiza, placing my hand on her shoulder and call out to her, she grasped my hand with both of hers and looked at me with upturned eyes.

Her expression also no longer had a piece of composure. Just her to have moved seem to leak out a silent urge. But I don't lend a hand. And then as she puts all her body strength into both hands grasping my arm,

trying to stand up by herself.

Her body shivers. Sweat leaks out. The front of her eyebrows knit. Her teeth gritted.

With her waist that had began to slowly rise, her expression, as if they were proportional, became stern at the same time.

But she still doesn't complain, or rather, she can't possibly have the composure to issue words, and stood there for several minutes.

However, it seemed impossible to stand up straight, as she bent forward a little.

"Okay, you held on well; good job, Ogasawara."

Putting a hand on Ogasawara Makoto's head, who continued shivering bent forward, I spoke to her while patting gently. Then she had a smile, with a expression having no room of subtlety.

When this fellow is praised by me, she's happy from the bottom of her heart.

"Ogasawara, since it's fine being slouched, place both hands on your knees. And then, push out your buttock as much as you can."

She doesn't answer at the words of mine, but she separated both hands from my arm she grasped, and placed both on her knees while trembling.

She can’t stand up straight, but she still seems able to move slouching to some extent. In other words, I am saying that she can still endure more.

As I pick up the bag filled with sex tools from the floor, I went around to her behind and stood in front of her pushed out ass. And then, I rolled up her skirt.

The nice, white shape arse was revealed. I am instinctively seized by the wanting impulse to spank it.

When I squat down in place and observe the state of the anus and pussy, the anus was tightly closed. There is no helping it; it’s the result of holding in her desire to pee.

And then with the pussy, however, was the one letting large amounts of love juice overflow here. The amount streamed down the inner thigh.

Nevertheless, this did not overload her enduring desire to urinate. It probably started to overload when we embraced each other at the door, and she must have been excited recalling that incident.

Do you want to be hammered in by me that much? Again don’t be impatient, since I’ll thoroughly make use of you before very long, be relieved.

But with the anus closed tightly here, I can’t stick in the anal stick. With this, it’s clear as day that she’ll feel pain more than pleasure.

If it comes to it, should I stimulate the teat and clitoris for the time being? We will also enter a full scale development stain with the clitoris.

When the method of the training is decided, I picked up the bag that placed beside me, and took out the fake milking machine from inside. And then when I stood up, I moved in front of her.

“Ogasawara, since I’ll attach this device, hold the hem by the mouth so the uniform blouse doesn’t fall down.”

When I said so, I raised the unfastened black sailor blouse across, and rolled up the tunic.

The abundant breasts and white skin, exposed like snow. The bright red nipple were also already erected.

The nipples have also advanced considerably in development. It isn’t the previously erected state, too. I wonder, won’t she be able to soon climax with only the nipples? It will be quite hilarious when it is so.

With bringing the rolled up hem of the uniform to her lips, Ogasawara Makoto, who gritted her teeth, opens her moisted pink lips and held the hem by mouth. Yeah, she’s obedient alright.

From there, I quickly set the fake milking machine and replenished the lotion.

The clitioris……it’s the place that I’d like to stimulate with an egg, but is it too high of a hurdle to be using an applicant from the beginning? If that’s true, then I must rub lotion onto my fingertips.

Before that, I need to turn on the video camera and start recording.

As soon as I left from her for a moment, I went to the room corner that I installed the video camera in, I switched it on and made slight adjustments. And then, I began the recording.

Currently, Ogasawara Makoto doesn’t have composure due to the surging desire to pee, but if she after calming down and realizes the said moment of her urinating is caught on camera, what kind of face will really do?

———

As I squat down in front of her, who was bent forward with both hands on her knees, I dripped lotion in the palm of my right hand, and applied it on my fingertips with assiduity.

Before my eyes, the breasts were wrapped in the milking machine imitation. On top of that, the hem of her uniform was held by her mouth.

Eyes closed tightly, chewing on the uniform hem, her sweat squirted in large quantities trickled down.

And the knees, continuing to shake with a rattling sound, were like a broken toy. As it is, without anything else, it’s amusing just looking at it.

But, this stupid child is unexpectedly patient. In this state, she may be able to endure a consider amount if left alone.

In order to push forward the training, I better make her urinate quickly.

I rolled up the front of the skirt and tuck the hem between her waist. With that, only the skirts' front was rolled up.

Since the waist is drawn back, I can't see the pussy itself clearly, however the white, graceful thighs and thin pubic hair were revealed.

It is a body that truly arouses animal passion whenever it's revealed. It is unwasted, and the the plump thighs filled with contradiction, I unintentionally wanted to grab them.

"I'll start, Ogasawara."

As I said, I switched on the fake milking machine motor

"Nuyi!?"

A low vibration resounded, and her eyes were closed tightly and wide open simultaneously.

When I look at the fake milking machine, it made a sound tingled with moisture and hiss. It was the sound of the nipple trying to be sucked up as the lotion circulating through, but because of the vibrating micro hair

crowding around the nipple, it wasn't completely drawn in.

Her knees tremble even more violently. Sweat drips in large drops on the floor. Ogasawara Makoto, who tightly chewed her uniform hem, gasped in agony.

"NFUuu, NFUuu, NNuuUUUu"

Although I prepared everything with lotion applied on my right hand, I have yet stimulated the clitirois. Even though she lacks composure, I don't know when she'll start to urinate.

Should I look over her state for a while?

"HAa, HAa, HAa, HAa—NuUu, NuuUUUu"

The fake milking machine has only ran for a dozen seconds. Even so, Ogasawara Makoto, who repeated her rough breathing over again, and raised a big groan while liquid gushed out from her revealed crotch, was at her limit of endurance.

"Ogasawara, if it comes out, get it out in this bucket."

I said, as I move the bucket between her crotch, however she intensely shook her head and refused.

She accepted the training obediently, but urinating is unpleasant. Nevertheless, it isn't a thing that she can endure forever. If that's so, shall I

play my trump card around here?

“I understand. If it’s unpleasant, then there’s no helping it. Be relieved. Since I’ll clean it up even if my room is covered with your urine, and as it is, even if you urinate—”

I have no problem. Before I finished speaking, Ogasawara Makoto squatted down in place.

With the feeling that she doesn’t want to urinate in front of me, and the feeling that doesn’t want to stain my room with her piss fighting at one another, the resistance seemed to be settled in an instant.

In other words, from me seeing her appearance peeing, the feeling that doesn’t want to stain my room won.

It was a scene totally like she extended over on a potty.

Holding the uniform hem in her mouth, over on the blue bucket, she grabs it with both hands, and continues shaking her head intensely while raising a groan of agony.

“NuuUUUu, NGUuuUUUu”

The groan rose remarkably high, and then—

The virtuousirt water squirting sound echoed in the bucket, and the sound began to leak out to the surroundings.

The sound of water, which was flung against the side of the bucket made of plastic, created a splash collecting at the bottom.

“NFUuu, Nuu, FUuu, FUuuuu”

The cheeks were dyed in a scarlet, and the harsh expression softened with seconds ticking away. Her expression silently conveyed a relief and liberation, as if she has completely rose to heaven.

Moreover, as the fake milking machine was operating. It will be so comfortable, that it’s unbelievable.

The urine that was amassed till her limit, was a great amount in itself.

With the water sound gradually weakened, her waist shook fearfully.

“Ogasawara, toss away the bucket contents’ into the restroom if you’re done. And then when you come back, we’ll continue the training.”

Her expression enraptured to my words, and obediently nodded with the uniform hem in her mouth.

Finished urinating, and despite her face having burnt red, she wiped off the dripping urine on her pussy in front of me. When she placed the tissue into the bucket, she held the bucket with both hands and stood up unsteadily, then headed to the bathroom.

Urinating once created trauma, but what kind of impression did Ogasawara Makoto, who knew the pleasure I gave was the best, really have towards peeing in public?

About several minutes later, she came back from the restroom.

After throwing away the bucket with urine in the restroom, she seemed to had washed the bucket in the bathroom: but even so, it took too much time.

Perhaps, she thrust fingers into her anus and consoled herself. She really only threw away the bucket contents, and yet her breath is raised and her whole body was flushed.

I didn’t deliberately mention that matter, and promptly started the training.

Ogasawara Makoto, who was able to be calm by having peed once, made an upward rise and opened her feet to her shoulder width.

While she held the uniform hem in her mouth, the nipples and breasts still continued being stimulated by the fake milking machine.

As for her skirt, the front part that was rolled up with the hem in between her waist, were also the same as a while ago.

Like that, I ordered her to peel the skin of her clitoris.

She showed hesitate behavior to some extent, but perhaps because her sense of shame faded by having masturbated and urinated in front me, or otherwise her thinking isn't directly working, she extended both hands to her groin, held the upper part of her pussy with her fingers, and raised it.

The small bulge was on the top of her woman caliber. Lifted up by her fingers attached to both sides, the skin was slightly rolled up.

Thereby making it subtly peek it's face; the bright red, meat sprout was worn with a shine.

Whether it's in a normal state, or it's erected, I don't properly know.

I squatted down in front of her crotch, and after I stared at her clitoris, I looked up and checked her expression.

She, who held the uniform hem within her mouth, bent her eyes away from me while her face burnt like red. Tears were collected in her eyes, too.

She was embarrassed to the point she'd die, but since she's exposed in this way, the shame also seems to be more moderate than usual.

I have better start the training before she regains composure.

"Ogasawara, the clitoris isn't completely exposed. Turn over the skin better."

To my words, she attaches both hands to both sides of her pussy, moved the both index finger to the sides of the clitoris, and raised the skin in one go.

As a result, the resilient sphere became perfectly bare.

The clitoris, according to the places I've investigated on my own, is a woman organ equivalent to a penis: nevertheless, the appearance is small and only a part is exposed. The nerves stretch widely so that it's naturally entwined in the woman's genitalia, and it's said that the organ brings great pleasure.

The big different with the penis is that while it has two functions, named reproduction and urination, the clitoris, being an organ, only feels pleasure. In brief, the organ has no other use than feeling pleasure.

For this reason, with the pleasant sensation nerves that stood out among the woman's erogenous zones, the organ was only developed to specialize in giving pleasure.

There seems to be differences in individuals, but because of the large pleasure when the clitoris is played with, it's said that a person can feel the desire to also pee. Which means, I may be able to make her freely urinate if I develop this clitoris.

For this purpose, I had planted Ogasawara Makoto with a trauma for urinating outside.

When her mind tries to refuses it for how long, I'll forcibly make her urinate by playing with her clitoris.

———

Two vibrations resound in the room. One of the sounds is the milking machine's motor operating. And then the other one, is the vibration of the anal stick inserted in her anus.

"AH—WA—HYI"

Gushing sweat from her whole body, Ogasawara Makoto, whose white skin is flushed, drools as she fearfully convulsing.

Her train of thought seems to have already short circuited, and the eyes which melted away, stared at midair.

In the bucket put between her shoulder width open legs, urine has already released in many waves.

With the finger I rubbed lotion onto, her body visibly convulsions amusedly each time I carefully and slowly stroke her clitoris.

"HAa, HAaHaaHaa"

She can't speak words properly, since she had the uniform's hem in her mouth, but even without hearing I could make out what she's appealing to me for.

She is saying pee is coming.

“Okay, get it out.”

I give permission to Ogasawara Makoto, who shouted while drooling. Then she squatted down at that spot, and urinated in the bucket.

I should be training her to endure the urinate, but it gradually ties in urinating practice and takes over, however that’s no problem to me. On the contrary, I had started to get the hang of making her urinate.

Even so, I don’t know whether or not her clitoris was erect, but after I caressed it for a few minutes, the size gradually became larger, and the stiffness increased.

This is what happens once I get the hang of it. Adjusting the power of my fingertips that were brushing the clitoris subtly, and when I acquire the strengths and weakness as I watch her state, she shakes, likely telling me she’s about to urinate.

Naturally, with the overdose of consumed water before the training, it will be huge. With the time of the training outside, it was necessary to make her consume the same amount of excessive water.

And it seems the pleasure is big, but she hasn’t yet reached a climax as far as I see.

Likely because the pleasure is too big, and the mind might have unconsciously refuse it. But when she's familiar with it, it won't be a problem.

When looking at the abnormal amount of vaginal secretion overflowing from her vagina, I can tell it's a matter of time she reaches a climax.

After the training passed an hour, she wasn't able to climax by the clitoris being caressed, and was wholly understood as a prisoner to the size of the pleasure.

Pathetically drooling, her legs became bowlegged, her lower back pushed out, and as she exposed her clitoris with her own two hands, her waist convulsed as if it says,'Touch me more'.

In the end, she urinated in the bucket several times, tumbled down due to fatigue, and clung to me sleeping.

I admired how she could just sleep with the fake milking machine to her breasts, and while the anal stick was inserted in her anus, but she's tired to that degree.

Only this time, will I allow to give her praise by having done her best nicely.

But still, today's training is the beginning. We will enter into increasing the public presence for tomorrow's exposure training. That's right, it will be a gathered collection of trainings done so far. And regarding Ogasawara Makoto, it will become a memorable first date with me.

By all means, let’s make a wonderful date that we cannot forget throughout our lives.

The morning sun had started to peek through the curtains' gap.

After waking up for little of an hour, Ogasawara Makoto, with me leaning back on the wall, slept peacefully using my thigh as a substitute pillow.

My room doesn't have anything sensible like futons. I usually spread bath sheets on the floor and lie down.

Although I am also able to sleep with a leaned position against a wall, it won't be the case for her.

Today is also a very important day. For her, and for me.

For that reason, I spread high quality blankets that I usually don't lay on the floor, and place her on top. Thus, like a sandwich, she's wrapped with luxury blankets around her body.

It is fine with her rolling separately on her side, but it all comes to nothing if she catches a cold.

Nevertheless, she started to sleep after the training finished last night, but she seems to be fast asleep without a sign of waking.

Occasionally, she moves her mouth and mumbles,"Kwijima-shan" along with other stuff in her sleep talking state, which honestly, is annoying.

With having exhausted out her urine, certainly she would be sound

asleep.

I don’t like sleeping very much. When I close my eyes, I’ll definitely have a dream. With my father glaring at me, and my mother and elder brother not meeting eyes with me.

I leave the gate of my home over several times, and even if I look back, there isn’t anyone seeing me off.

My intention to do my best, died with my spirit. ‘Someday I will catch up with my older brother, and I will pass him’ I thought. But my limit had expired.

My efforts weren’t rewarded. For all that, I learned the body stings of maintaining top grade results. There isn’t meaning in that sort of thing anymore.

So when I particularly look at this idiot’s breathing in her sleep, and peacefully sleeping on my thigh instead of a pillow, I am very much pissed off.

The likes of her feeling won’t reach me. I only see this person as a plaything. However, this person, hugs me while wagging her tail with a whole smiling face.

And even having endured so much humiliation, she believes in me without doubt.

No, she will learn to hate me. She will want to kill me. The moment she

knows she was only played, her entire stupid, smiling face should disappear.

While shedding tears of resentment, she'll still become lecherous in her greedy search for pleasure, and will entreat to the given pleasure as she bears a grudge against me.

I'll leave her when that happens. Will she return to Sasaki, or will she even become a restroom for unknown men?

"Kijiwa-sham……"

When I glance down, thinking she's sleep talking again, Ogasawara Makoto opens her eyes slightly, and looks at me while being distrait.

"Why……are you crying?"

I couldn't comprehend her words.

Crying? Who? There is only me and her in here. Then, is she saying I'm crying?

Ridiculous.

When I touch my cheek by the hand, tepid liquid streams down it.

Since when, since when was I crying? That isn't it: this is some kind of

mistake. (1)

“Is……this a dream?”

Stretching out a hand slowly, she touches my cheek. And then, despite being half asleep, she smiled.

“Kijima-san cries, too. But, is this a dream……?”

As I immediately reformed my face, I wiped the tears away with the cuff of my jacket.

“Sleep a little more.”

“Yes~”

When she returned an answer to my mutter, she subtly twists her body, nuzzles her face against my thigh, and started to breath peacefully again.

I cried? I? Why?

I don’t understand. I don’t understand why there’s an agonizing pain in my chest. The distinct pain and suffering is vague to me, but even so, it was even more painful than the stomachache.

———

The time is past nine in the morning.

Ogasawara Makoto, who used my thigh as a substitute pillow, seems to be sleeping comfortably without any change.

How long will this person be sleeping? By the early morning, when the sky begins to turn bright, I usually rush out of my house full of energy.

I thought she was resilient in the morning, but I guess that isn't so?

Today's schedule is somewhat crowded. Should I forcefully wake her up soon?

"Ogasaw—hm?"

Touching her shoulder, I shake it as I tried speaking to her. She then opened her eyes halfway, looked at me, became flustered when hers meet mine, quickly buried her face in my thigh, and began to breath unnaturally.

Did this bitch, fucking got up?

"Oi"

"Zzz, zzz"

Zzz, isn't sleeping! There isn't a person who would sleep zzzing.

Shit, I was deceived by this fake sleeping. When was she reluctant to get up? It is quite toilsome to let you to use my thigh as a substitute pillow!

"Take a shower if you're up. I'll be taking your uniform to the cleaner's. And, we'll be leaving when the preparations are arranged."

"Eh!?"

When I speak while looking down on her by scornful eyes, she got up and stared at me with shining eyes as her cheeks reddened.

" 'We'll be leaving', does that mean we're both going!?"

"Your voice is loud. Is there anyone else beside you?"

To Ogasawara Makoto, who raised her voice with a shout, I answered while covering my ears with both hands, frowning.

"I'll take a shower!"

She stood straight up, and began to run with the same force towards the bathroom.

"Don't fall down in a hurry—Ahh, yeah, well, that's fine....."

I tired to call out to her so she wouldn't fall, but she had grandly as presumed. Her skirt was flipped up as a result, and the inside became completely exposed to view.

Since she didn't put on underwear, it was truly the meaning of full view.

Even though she brings eroticism during the training accordingly, why does this fellow……

Confirming that she entered the bathroom, I took the black sailor suit and the same black pleated skirt, which were placed properly folded, and unwittingly laughed. She doesn't have clothes if I take this uniform to the laundromat.

It would be fine if I just went and bought her clothes, but me forgetting was an option.

Since the underwear is not placed in the laundry basket, she has the underwear that she wore before entering the bath yesterday.

Notwithstanding that she isn't wearing underwear, Ogasawara Makoto, who loves cleanliness, will most likely not put on the underwear she once took off again.

But unlike yesterday, it's daytime. As one would expect, even she would be hesitant to walk downtown in no panties and bra, but I've already thought of a plan for this situation.

It isn't guaranteed, but my plan relies on the high probably of her

eating.

———

Putting her uniform in a paper bag, I left the apartment and headed to a nearby laundryman.

He said it would be done by noon, but told by the shop assistant to come pick it up in the evening, I returned back to my apartment.

“Welcome back!”

A cheerful voice echoed the moment I opened the door.

Ogasawara Makoto, who’s naked body was bounded with a bath towel, had an entire smiling face at the entrance.

Oi, Oi, what is this fellow thinking? If she’s naked in a bath towel, then what was she intending to do if it wasn’t me that opened the door?

Well, perhaps I should say she wasn’t thinking, but this fool is convinced that no one other than me would opening the door.

“If you’re out of the bath, quickly get ready. A day goes by in a blink of an eye.”

“Yes!”

When I close the door and entered inside, Ogasawara Makoto, who follows behind me, answers lively.

Hearing that she will be leaving with me, it seems her spirit has risen. But, it won't be long that I'll be laughing.

"That reminds me, do you have an change of clothes?"

When I stopped, turned around, and ask her like I had suddenly remembered, she looked puzzled with her entire smile.

"Do?"

And then her face quickly turned pale.

"It is awful that I had forgotten, but it's also terrible that you forgot a change of clothes."

When I said so and turned around to walk out, I felt a presence similar to being flustered from behind. And then, the footsteps that followed me behind, trotted.

"T, The date is cancelled!? I'll buy clothes now! We can't go if then!?"

From behind, I heard a shaking voice that seems it would burst into tears at any moment.

‘I’ll go buy’, where are the clothes to put on for shopping? Will you go outside with a bath towel in the nude? It adds exposure tolerance to the training if so, but nine out of ten, it will cause a disturbance.

“A clothing store? There is nothing to be worried about, and it’s also unnecessary to buy excessive clothes.”

I stopped, looked back again, and spoke while watching flustered her turn pale.

“B, But……”

She absolutely wants to go out with me, and considering it’s unusual for her, it looks like she can’t agree to my opinion obediently.

“Although I cancelled heading out together today, will you wait for the uniform that I sent to the laundromat to be finished? It seems it will be finished at about evening.”

“Ouu…….just about when we were going to leave.”

To me words, she fell silent hanging her head, and even if I began to walk, she didn’t follow. With having remained standing at the room’s entrance, she didn’t move.

It is about the same as the script I had assumed. Really, I don’t know whether she’s easy to handle or hard, and whether it’s hard or easy read

this fellow's thoughts.

Well, apart from saying that, she's generally alright.

"Do you want to go out at any cost?"

"Yea"

When look back while throwing a sigh asking, Ogasawara Makoto, who was about to cry standing the room's entrance, soon returned a feeble reply.

"There are my clothes, so if you like—"

"I, I, I, I will wear itt!"

She instantly revived hearing my suggestion, and ran up to me while blushing.

Oh, this is so easy.

———

"This…….is it?"

When I handed her the thing I took out from the closet, she took it looking strangely puzzled.

“I looked, but there aren’t anything that’s for a woman. Ah, no, there is the leotard that you always put on at the warehouse, but there probably isn’t any meaning exposing too many parts wearing it, you think?”

I handed her another version of the see through black leotard, which I make her to wear in the warehouse. It is a full body, see through tights.

Wrapped newly with vinyl, I prepared it in case I intended to use it in an outside exposure.

“I’ll say it just in case, but this out going serves as training, too. If you wear it, it would be easier to do suitable training, but I don’t particularly mind if you dislike it.”

“N, No, it isn’t…… unpleasant……”

Ogasawara Makoto, who doesn’t quite understands the circumstance, answered while frequently peeping in the closet.

Her aim were my clothes. Don’t worry, I’ll even lend you those.

“After that, how about this? It is an duffle coat that I wore around junior high school—”

“Wau!? I’ll wear it, I’ll wear it!”

The moment I took out the gray duffle coat from the closet, she sprung

up, eyes glittering.

When I threw the duffle coat, since it was bothersome, she suddenly stopped and changed direction that exceeded the limit of an living thing. And then, she jumped to the duffle coat that formed a parabola.

“Junior high school! The coat of Kimija-san’s junior days! Mfuu, it smells like a junior high school student!”

She caught the coat in the air, held the coat as she landed, sat down on the floor and buried her face in the coat. And then, she repeatedly smelt it.

Isn’t this person, quite well coordinated? The movement just now is strange in various of ways.

Apart from that, I feel quite sick. I feel seriously sick with what she’s doing. If you smell it, it’s better to hide it; I don’t want you doing the action in front of the person himself. It’s sickening.

———

Behind me as I left left the apartment, Ogasawara Makoto hangs her head a little, and followed me, despite showing an cautious behavior to the surroundings while her face was dyed a cinnabar red.

Currently at glance, it isn’t particularly odd she’s not wearing clothes. If I had to say, the gray duflle she’s wearing is a bit big.

I said that I wore the coat at junior high, but that's a lie. It is newly bought for her to put it on.

I also deliberately choose one size slightly bigger. Since that type is variously convenient.

Because the length is longish for a coat, is the knees are seen to a degree. And then below the coats' length, I see feet wrapped in black stockings.

Wearing the coat, it doesn't seem she's wearing only stockings. But, the inside are another thing. If she takes off the coat, she has tights from head to toe. Moreover, she's sheer nude with wearing the full-body tights.

Furthermore, in the same way as the time she was trained in the warehouse, the nipple and anus part are cut off. But, I also cut the clitoris part this time.

This going out is part of the thorough training, but a breather is also necessary sometimes. Therefore, while working hard at training, I persuaded her with an enjoyable amusement for herself.

If she's wears a coat, except for her suspicious actions herself, there isn't one thing that's natural. Therefore, she should be as dignified, but when it's known to the person herself that inside she's nude with jumpsuit tights, wouldn't she seem to mind?

She has that sort of odd behavior, but when she sticks out her fingertips

slightly of the sleeve point to the face, and smells the scent just as she laughs.

Without even knowing that it's new, it's really a idiotic event.

I thought that she would wear it readily if I said it was clothes that I wore, but in return, I became afraid that things are going too smoothly here.

Since like yesterday, there is a possibility that she be reckless again. I must pay discreet attention without relaxing.

I truly, don't know whether this fellow is difficult or easy to deal with.

———

The first training place's destination is at an train. I will make her climax in a train full of people. When the climax is done, we'll move to the next point.

As I stated, we went to the station and got on the train.

By the way, I told Ogasawara Makoto that we're going to watch a movie.

I got a movie info magazine at a convenience store that we stopped near the way, and Ogasawara Makoto, who had heart marks in her pupils when she heard 'movie', eagerly stared into it as she walks next to me.

And then I mutter something.

It looks like she has completely forgetting that inside of the coat, is her whole said appearance completely in see through tights.

“It is difficult to discard the story about a faithful dog, but, but it is also hard to throw away a love which starts from appendicitis, right? Ah, but, but a Zombie Rion is also hard to put aside. I wonder is an passionate or love horror an sure thing for a date……But if it’s an horror, I can do something under the confusion to Kijima-san. Mufuu”

Ogasawara Makoto is currently filled to the head with which movie to see. She seem to have completely forgotten she had drank a large amount of tea before leaving the apartment.

This training in name, is said to be special training so she won’t wet her pants during the practice.

I said the outside training’s original purpose was to make her excessively secrete female hormones to produce breast milk, but I explained to her that doing the same thing would kill two birds with one stone. Moreover, without having brains as I expected, she obediently agreed to it.

When we arrived at the station, we took the train that goes to the next town with a large shopping mall.

The next town is after four stations. If it’s on time, it’s less than fifteen minutes. If it’s the current her, assuming if she’s inside a crowd, it will

enough time if it is fifteen minutes for her to climax.

As I expected, inside the train was crowded with people. It is a Sunday morning. Families and couples that now want to go on a trip, and also various sites of people from youth to senior citizens.

It would also be amusing to get on a weekday commuters' train, and making her cum with office workers jammed in, but as one would assume, that would a high hurdle to suddenly climax among middle-aged men.

I put on the hat I brought, and only moving my eyes, I checked whether there weren't any faces that I recognized in the area. Nevertheless, there doesn't seem to be anyone I'm familiar with.

Which isn't surprising. In the town where I and Ogasawara Makoto live in, the scale is bigger than neighboring ones. In other words, even if I don't specially go to the next town, everything is generally at one's disposal.

Speaking of the advantages of the neighboring town, there is an large shopping mall. As for the students that don't have a surplus in the money aspect, rather than spend money and time, think that it's better to have a good time somewhere near.

But since it can't be restricted within there's absolutely no one familiar, it's necessary to pay attention to the surroundings at some extent.

"K, Kijima-san. You look good with that hat, too. Mufuu"

“Yes, yes, thanks.”

While leading Ogasawara Makoto by the hand, who still had floating hearts marks in her pupils from a while ago, I pushed the crowd aside and went to the vehicle’s corner.

It doesn’t really mean it’s full as in I can’t move at all, but because I have no time to spare. It is quite the ideal crowded condition.

“A, Although I somewhat feel like I’m being stared at, is it that my appearance is strange? The girls that are watching me will probably look at Kijima-san.”

Suddenly showing impatience, she hugged my arm with her both hands while being nervous. But, she doesn’t forget to engage at the threat of the girls the same age.

The reason is probably since I’m next to her, I’ll be seen. And then in reality, she’s showered with glances of the surroundings men.

If you aren’t aware inside your head, this fellow is a beautiful girl who stands out.

With long, glossy black hair, and feeling of illusion that’s as if you’re being sucked in her big, black eyes.

And in addition, the big swells pressing up her chest will charm men.

“Ahh, there, that girl over there is watching from time to time. I see, it has became clear. ‘Woww, that boy over there is really intellectual, cool, and super attractive’ is what she’s saying. Her eyes state so.”

“To start with, calm down.”

Rather than worrying about eyes from men, she seems to be worried about the eyes of women nearby, and unusual considering it’s her, threatens them with eyes like she’s shooting them to death.

“T, That young pig-tailed woman looked at you for a second, and turned their face away! But her cheeks are red! ……That is definitely a tsundere, right? The same as Kijima-san.” (2)

“Oi, who’s a tsundere?”

She strikes my stomach, and despite once again threatening, she also turns her head towards me and laughs foolishly.

If this fellow doesn’t talk, she’s the perfect beautiful girl, but when she opens her mouth getting irritated, it’s serious.

“T, That young twin-tail lady, despite having a baby face, she has big breasts. KUuu, so you have been eyeing! I don’t want you to be tempted by her being a little cute, you know?”

“Relax, because she isn’t tempting.”

‘And besides, you have a childlike face and big breasts, too’ those words were put in the back of my mind.

Or rather, is she beginning to go out of control after all? As it is, she’ll derail the pace again.

“Ogasawara.”

“Hyaii!”

In order to observe Ogasawara Makoto, who stood up in the corner, I hid her figure from around the wall with both hands.

When her stance was covered by me, she looked up with a bright face and stopped threatening the surrounding women.

I don’t stand on the same ditch twice. If she is about to go reckless, I should revise the track before it can goes over anymore.

In her brain, today’s heading out has already becoming a completely devotion date. It is important to make her think it’s a date, but I must be able to remind her that the training has utmost priority till the end. On the other hand, even just wholeheartedly devoting to the training is even prohibited.

Satisfying both the exquisite embarrassment and fun ratio. That is important.

"Today is the first training. Try it by yourself till we arrive at the station in the next town. And, endure it without wetting your pants."

'Eh?"

Her face turn even more red to my words. Although she had answered a question with an question, she seemed to understand my remark.

"Do you like ice cream?"

"Huh?"

Pestering her at here, is the most fundamentally important moment of today. I will first continue steadily driving her manner mad.

"There seems to be a famous ice cream shop in the shopping mall. If you can perfectly endure it by yourself, I'll treat you to your favorite ice cream."

The ice cream isn't so important. The thing which makes it important, is to produce the feeling that it's a date. She'll get a reward her if she clears an aim.That way, like training a dog with feeding it.

"Y, You……a. and also me, eating together?"

While saying, she breathes heavily and began to take off the duffle coat's clasp. Rather than changing her behavior depending on my reply, it

seems she intends to obey my orders with how I would reply.

I don't like ice cream that much, but I will accompany her in light of her obedience.

"Yes, we'll eat together, too."

When I answered, all the duffle coat's clasps were removed.

Came in sight was the jumpsuit black tights, which stood without completely crossing over the full body line. Similar to the stockings, it was so thin that the skin was shown through.

And the top of the tights' cloth cut off, also complete exposes the breasts' form, revealed the bright red nipple that was erected.

While the breast's form seemed to be nicely soft, the nipple were pointed firmly, and at glance, vividly reminds me of the discernibly stiff touch, which results in me unintentionally wanting to punch it.

"W, Well, b, because I am greedy……I, I'll like a mutual exchange, of ice cream with you."

She lifted both hands while raising a breath, pinched both nipples that were erected by her fingers, and looked at me with upturned eyes as she gave a small moan.

An exchange of ice cream. Her imagination is as equivalent to an idiot

couple manner. But well, she obediently mastubated in the train as I said it. Shall I generously overlook it?

"I understand."

When she heard my answer, she closed her eyes, bit her lower lip, and began to genuinely masturbate.

———

Indecent sounds of water reached my ears. In the train, the microscopic sound drowns out due to the train itself moving, but my ears heard it clearly.

Playing with her right nipple by the left fingers, she let her right hand fingers slip to her clitoris from the pussy, and suppressed her shaking voice as sexual secretions dripped on the floor.

It is roughly 10 minutes or less remaining till we arrive at the station of the next town.

As far as I seen her rough breathing. skin color, shivering and sweating, it seems a climax isn't far.

It's probably easier to cum if she uses the anus, but she isn't going to play with it. It can be said that it is an unreasonable-like for a stance, but it seems yesterday's training worked.

She remembers feeling like she'll pee when the clitoris is stimulated. When she thoroughly accepted this outside discipline, she will play with her clitoris without purposely using her anus, since it something to endure as well as holding in the desire to pee.

"How is it; does the urine seem bearable?"

It will soon be time for her to feel the want to pee. The increase of stimulation to her erogenous zones there, is urging her.

But since her presence is in front of public, her trauma to pee outside kicks in. When that's so, she'll endure it no matter what happens.

A trauma to pee outside. Truthfully, if you look at it another perspective, it gives her a sense of freedom and unbelievable pleasure, that none of other than her own body knowns of.

That means, even if she endure it till she climaxes, she won't know what's happening when cumming.

Exposed to tremendous shame, she'll be able to taste disgrace, arousal, pleasure, and sense of liberation. Moreover this time, it will be entirely different from the park last night. She is inside a crowded train. Completely different disgrace and arousal, she'll also be striked with pleasure and feeling of freedom at the same time.

Of course the risk is also extremely different, but since the plan has already been thought of, anything is no problem.

“K, Kijima-san—that—it’s comingg”

She separated her left hand that played with her nipple, and grasped my jacket tightly by the hand. And then, she looked up at me with a bewitched expression covered with disgrace and excitement.

She never could reach a climax with the clitoris yesterday. She’s going to reach a climax by masturbating on a train.

There is also a factor that she’s used to clitoris being touched, but there is also no doubt that the great shame excites her. In addition, it’s the first time she masturbated while I watch. There is a dish before her eyes, surely it is a very luxurious masturbation.

“Kk, Kijima-san—get away from mee—I thought I could hold it inn—aAHH”

The body of Ogasawara Makoto, who tried to push me away by forced, jumped and then shook. Subsequently, I began to hear a tinkling moisture sound. She raised a splash as she made a big sound while falling down to the floor.

Staring at thin air, she trembles while drooling from the edge of her lip, and with the tears collected at her eyes being flooded, tears stream along her cheeks.

“K, Kijima-san. Please get away from me quickly. Since I’ll take responsibilities. You, and me are strangers. Whatever you’re asked about, answer so—”

When I look at her expression, it indicates that she had given up with various things. For the sake of still protecting me, she says to pretend we're strangers.

It's a simple intention. Forcing all the responsibility, it's fairly big process for Ogasawara Makoto having a reason yielding herself to the pleasure.

But this is splendid, splendid. Without even thinking about it, I thought there was no way she'd go for that sort of action.

But this is splendid, splendid. I thought there was no way she'd go for such an action to do nothing.

In other words, it can be said that today's first training was a great success.

"Say, what is that sound?"

"Huh? Water on the floor—O, Oi!"

By her pissing, the surroundings began to get noisy.

I quickly fixed the exposed coat of Ogasawara Makoto, who continued to pee in a state of stupefaction, and glared around when I looked back.

Well, well, shall I go with an once in a lifetime grand drama?

“What are you laughing at! Peeing isn’t self-controlled, and it’s only an accidental leak! Doesn’t everyone frickin’ pee? Huh? It was only unexpectedly bad timing, after all, you bastards wouldn’t know when you would wet yourself!”

Among the surrounding rustle, a man that’s about high school, had fit in the most pitiful eyes today. Heard the discussion that it appears someone had wetted their pants, this guy laughed as he searched with his eyes for the culprit that pissed. Since he was just right, I decided to hoist up that person.

When I pushed the crowd aside and go to the man’s side, I grab him by the collar, and raise him up.

“Since we aren’t kids. Let’s not frolic about someone wetting their pants.”

Saying so with pushing the man aside, I took off the jacket I wore and returned back to Ogasawara Makoto.

Speaking of Ogasawara Makoto, her urinating momentum has declined, but the urine that still was overflowing, steamed alongside both her legs. And, a big puddle was formed right below.

Although she stood out as a beautiful girl, it was a discredit with wetting herself on the train. The people around lost interests from her as a conditional response, and the crowed of people fanned out.

I arrived at the very front of her, and with squatting down there, I began to wipe the puddle with the jacket I took off.

“Don’t worry about it. Since it was unbearable, it’s alright. I won’t laugh with whoever does. Didn’t I say so myself yesterday? So supposing I pissed myself, you also won’t laugh, yeah?”

Talking to her, I wipe the puddle as I raised my voice on purpose.

If my calculations are correct, it should be appearing soon. There is also a possibility that passenger’s character I am depending on isn’t riding the same train, but today is also Sunday, and there a lot of families on today. That being the case, it is very likely it’ll appear.

That in other words, a backer.

“Laughing, and among other things are the lowest. It is as that person said. There isn’t anything to worry about.”

Saying as she squatted down next to me, was a mother with a small girl.

The mother took out a tissue and handkerchief from the bag she wore slantingly by the shoulder, and began to wipe up the puddle with me.

“You’re quite young, right? I would like my husband to take after your example.”

With the mothering saying so, she smiled. The little girl next to her, imitates her mother the best she can by whipping the puddle with a tissue.

"The guy that wanted to laugh should be the one sneered."

When I looked up to the voice heard from a different direction of the mother, a female high school student of a delinquency feeling with brown hair, lined up next to Ogasawara Makoto while threatening people.

"Don't cry, it's unseemly. Don't ya' have a cool companion that has a lot of nerve? There are rarely men with that much of a bark."

The brown hair female student said so, turned her arm to her shoulder, and kindly hugged her.

"Tsk, those guys are pitiful. They laugh pointing, thinking they're superior. But even then, since they're rather inferior, they don't really understand, don't you think? If they have any objections, I'll take them directly!"

I assumed there would be cooperators within the crowd, but the delinquent girl was unexpected.

The harangue by the delinquent girl was the greatest ally participation in the war. I dare say, an existence that's no easy match. The auntie group.

"Even though you're a delinquent, you're a good child. Want some candy?"

“Do you want a rice cracker, too? Are they good? Hey, don’t be reserved and eat.”

“Oh, there is a dustcloth in my bag. Anything is a thing to bring, right?”

“I don’t like ignorance. When my grandfather was also young, my goodness was he manly. Now though, his unrecognizable.”

Pushing the crowd aside like a heavy tank, the aunties surrounded around us with heavy footsteps. The course of events are perfect here. When it comes to this, even if left alone they’ll clean it up on their own.

The group that made a racket about her peeing kept silence, and backers began to emerge from among the unbiased people.

The conductor who heard the uproar came to our cause, but the aunties attacked in waves like an exposition, and seemed to had understood despite not comprehending the circumstance.

In any event, the aunties are the strongest.

By the time we arrived at the next town station, the puddle was completely cleared up, and Ogasawara Makoto and the brown haired delinquent girl were forced to participate in the auntie’ idle gossip.

It’s normal for Ogasawara Makoto, but even the juvenile delinquent seemed to have also not been able to win above the auntie’ influence.

While having a wry smile, they politely declined hand outs of candy and rice cracker saying,"Because eating and drinking is prohibited in the train."

The delinquent seemed to be an unexpectedly honest character that respects ethics.

When we arrived at the station, and thanked the aunties and delinquent girl, I led Ogasawara Makoto by the hand and got off the train.

Her being silent the whole time, she was dragged by my hand while having hanged her head walking.

Although she safely survived, it would get quite the shock. But, it's big to plainly say she survived a predicament with having peed from masturbating. With this, for her, the fact is that she had succeeded in composing a considerate amount of resistance towards peeing and being exposed outside. Even if she's shocked now, when time passes, she should certainly reach that thought.

'If Kijima-san is near, I'll absolutely do it somehow.'

And then, the huge feeling of freedom and pleasure having urinated in public, should become a splendid memory when time passes. If it becomes a habit towards getting used to it, she'll sure to start to think,'I want to do it myself.'

Now, now, being able to have achieved the goal, shall I treat her to ice cream when we arrive at the mall as promised?

When I think such a thing, Ogasawara Makoto's hand being pulled suddenly stops, and her body pulled with a jerk.

When I turn around, she was still looking down at that spot while standing still, shivering.

Possibly because of too much shock, she was not able to bring up returning home. Since there was that sort of possibility as well, I also prepared a plan to more or less restrain her, but it's troublesome since I wanted her to obediently follow me.

"S, She, that brown haired girl……"

"Huh?"

A shaking voice, that obviously contained anger, reached my ears.

Brown haired girl? Is it the juvenile delinquent a little while ago?

"What is that person's name? That man is cool. Is he going out with you? While asking me such things endlessly, I watch you grinning…… Kijima-san hates delinquent!"

"……G, Good god."

Ogasawara Makoto, who began to grumble, vigorously raised her face and raised a roar. And then glared like she's killing a person at midair.

I thought that it was a shock having urinated, but apparently, it appears to have been different.

This guy, is surprisingly strong.

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(1)(TLNY: I wasn’t prepared)

(2)(TLNY: Hitting it where it hurts, huh?)

When we arrive at the shopping mall, there was a wave of people as far as I could see. To the extent that it seemed like this whole place was where a large number of mankind gathered from.

This town is located relatively in the country than the town where I and Ogasawara Makoto live at. But still, it's within the prefecture class of development.

Alongside the prefectural capital being the town we live, it's developed the most by prefectures. And then, this town takes the role commuter town.

For me, who hates hustle and bustle, this town is rather more livable, but because I didn't have the authority to choose an apartment, that is the reason I settled with the present situation.

Even if I were to change homes, it would be impossible since I need a guardian's consent.

Even for me, this is just hopeless.

It can be mentioned that the big given difference with the town we live in, is the town and farming areas are adjacent.

With a worthy reputation, the heart of the commuter town reaches to a quiet residential area, and from there, when you take one step forward, it's a peaceful countryside. The transportation is also excellent, so it's possible to say it's the best town to live in.

And it is field areas, but nowadays the people running agricultural are diminished, and wastelands seems to have came to stand out. For this reason, a huge shopping mall was built.

Because this shopping mall was done, the commuter towns' popularity has skyrocketed. Currently, land planning for new places are taking pace quickly.

I had my eyes on this shopping mall for a training place since ago. Therefore, I have came to inspect it several times, but almost all the holidays were full with people.

Moreover, rather than the majority of customers having the intention to shop, there seems to be visitors of the categories who enjoy walking around in the mall. In other words, it's kind of an leisure facility.

The mall had various of shops gathered together, which can't be given up even if they view and walk all day long. If you don't even go shopping, there aren't a lot of entertainment that don't cost money. It is a place that wants you to drop cash for the stores by all means.

Of course if I train at such a place, I'm followed around with a risk of a person seeing. If I do the outside training, it's safer to choose a place that's secluded.

On the other hand, the surrounding awareness disperses if a place is crowded with people, and unless I cause an uproar, there is rarely a matter that would attracts a particular individual's attention.

In short, when taking extreme caution, it's possible to say it will be instead hard to be found. Moreover, just as much as the many public glances, I can give to Ogasawara Makoto great shame and disgrace in the many structure buildings' blind spots. Indeed, an ideal training place.

'Hide in the trees if you're in the forest', our predecessors' aphorism are really on point.

"K, Kijima-san. U, Um……"

I led her in the shopping mall that was jammed with people. And then Ogasawara Makoto, who followed obediently followed from being led by my hand, repeated the same question since a little while ago.

"D, Do you like strong-willed girls? D, Do you like brown hair? I, In spite of being delinquent-like and stubborn, do you like girls who are sincerely gentle at the center? ……Would you like my hair dyed, too?

While she was led, she twiddles her glossy, black hair with the opposite one, and looks at me as she blushes.

Shut up. I am annoyed with it. How many times will she repeat same question till this fellow is satisfied? If you want to dye your hair, suit yourself. Should you so as you like, exchanging brown hair for blonde.

"I've said this many times. I'm currently not that interested in the opposite sex. Having said that, I'm even further not interested in the same sex. I just—"

“Want to become a first-class massage teacher, right!”

Interrupting my words, Ogasawara Makoto raises her voice with a glistening smile. She seem to have already completely forgot she wetted herself.

No, even if she didn’t forget, it looks like she cannot help but feel anxious about the juvenile delinquent, who protected her in the train.

“……If you understand, don’t ask.”

“Hehe”

“…….Don’t cover it up with a laugh.”

Good grief, what generally goes on in this fellow’s thought circuit? I am becoming worried that her head is really empty.

But well, isn’t it simple better she didn’t suggest to go home?

Nevertheless, why was it even necessary to burn rivalry at the girl who didn’t even exchange words with me?

I had paid attention to the delinquent girl, or showed a manner that had courtesy to the delinquent girl. I can also agree she’d be jealous if I showed such a manner. But, I hadn’t planned she would’ve took this sort of attitude.

Although it's favourable she's jealous, when considering her character, I feel the boiling point is too uneasily low.

And, as for my training in the train assumpted, I would purposely go down the station and continue the training when she didn't do a climax in it. I planned to continue until the climax was done. Nevertheless, I estimated with if it's the current her, simply climaxing wouldn't be so difficult. It can probably be said that my judgment had hit superbly.

When she didn't wet herself doing a climax, I'd immediately moved to the shopping mall. And, I'd shift to the next training. I thought this was the most likely development.

And when she wetted herself while doing a climax, I'll deceive the shocked Ogasawara Makoto with suggesting to go home, and convince her that we should continue the training. After that, I refined the set up with tempering.

However, this fellow did a climax and wetted her pants on the train, and despite this smooth transition to the next training spot, she went for an frickin' action beyond what I expected.

Although it was an ideal development, it's for that reason I judged such a development was too good to be true.

No, going beyond smoothly never happens , but I want to suspect there's more than that degree. Perhaps after this fellow had seen through all my plans, I am also seized with a strange uneasiness that purposely got me into questioning the plan.

It is wrong. It is absolutely different. This person isn't that sort of schemer. She is only just stupid. I will dig my own grave with overinterpreting it too much. Persuading myself so, and the effort to not think about unnecessary things again, my emotional and physical strength was cut down.

That added jealousy and strange rivalry towards the delinquent girl, is honestly tedious.

When she comes out with an action that's too unexpected, I have to tear up and get rid of my elaborated plan, then exhaustively work a new plan in the short amount of time, and if that's the cause, I'll be tired to some extent since I have to work my thoughts at fully capacity.

By my own choice, I played with a beautiful girl to make her fall into an despair abyss as a prisoner of pleasure. It should truly be fun laughing as I bask in the joy of the view, but why do I get so tired?

———

We first went to the ice cream shop in the mall. I kept the if exchanged promise, and gave her candy. By feeding a dog, it'll know I'll give candy if it listens to what it's told, and should become obedient.

Will it really be fine giving candy to this fellow? Even if she becomes obedient, I'm worried whether or not she'll get into an unnecessary action.

"Wow, it is a full line~!"

When we arrived at the ice cream store, a long line was already made.

She saw the line, and far from being fed up, her whole face smiled and eyes glittered.

What is so pleasant knowing that you'll be kept waiting? Moreover, since the long time spent is considered at best to get ice cream, I have a hard time understanding.

In addition, I also can't understand the guys that are standing in line. In the beginning of a chilly season called November, how can they have the nerve thinking the likes of wanting to eat ice cream?

I only understand if it's a child, but most families also say no. There is a group of junior high school students, and similarly, a group of high school girls. Also, university students or working adults, occupy more than half of the female group. In addition, there seems to be some young couples.

Well, isn't it necessary to understand that it can't be understood forcibly? I'm also getting used to waiting. It isn't a problem.

"What will I eat~? Will I have strawberry~? But, vanilla is also hard to give up~. Later, I want to try rum raisin, too~."

She clenches my hand, leans forward through the front of the line, and stretches herself to look at the front. She seems to look quite forward to eating ice cream.

"The young me, who also was useless from back then, was in charge of

always purchasing it among friends. And given that it was bought by my own pocket, there never was my own share. So, I am used to standing in line and buying it, but I'm not used to eating it myself."

She confesses a dark past while smiling.

You were in charge of buy with your own pocket? She's able to say that with a fine smiling face. Moreover, although she said she isn't used to eating it, that's probably not true.

Even if she got bullied in the group, isn't it different when she comes with family?

"Don't you come to these sort of places with family?"

Absolutely interested, I unconsciously raised a question.

"I rarely go. Shidzuka-san seems to go with mother and father."

Shiduka? Who's that? I was confused at the name that suddenly appeared.

"Who is Shiduka……san?"

"O, Oh, I'm sorry. It is my younger sister-in-law. I am an adopted child. (1)

“Eh?”

Ogasawara Makoto, who suddenly disclosed new information again, remained calm as she smiled.

“It seems mother and father had a hard time having a child. Thus, they asked my real parents, who are relatives, and accepted me as an adopted child. But because Shizuka was born one year later since I became an adopted child, I was a child who wasn’t necessary.”

“I, Is that so……I asked an unnecessary thing. I am sorry.”

“No, no, I don’t mind.”

Thinking it was safe manner to put an apologetic appearance for the time being, I slightly lowered my head. But she really doesn’t show a manner of minding, on the contrary, she’s still smiling.

Seeing that smile, a chill ran up my back.

She spoke of the abnormal circumstance forthrightly. And her way of calling to her sister-in-law with an attached title. That alone, is transparent to see her position in with the family.

In addition, saying that she knew herself is an adopted child, there is nothing else to say but that someone confessed the truth to her.

To Ogasawara Makoto who ate calmly, I felt a strange coldness.

Isn’t this fellow, possibly already pretty broken from before?

I thought that it was indeed strange. Her being dependent on me under this situations, and Sasaki not being involved at all is unnatural.

For Sasaki not to suspect until the training is finished, I paid extreme caution. But, I didn’t feel well with things going so swimmingly.

I felt uneasy with it going beyond favorable. An urging warning was always caught in my heart. ‘Something is strange.’

The cause of the unnaturalness might be in the family structure. And, I also have a feeling the cause in that situation is inside Sasaki’s involvement. After all, Sasaki is her childhood friend. Naturally, he would know her placed position and circumstance.

Swallowing my saliva, I desperately endured my face warping in joy.

A younger sister-in-law. There is a possibility Sasaki is involved. Furthermore, from the fact that she addresses her name with a title, it’s very likely there’s a rift between the sisters.

Of course, from the standpoint of her character, she wouldn’t ignore her younger sister-in-law in contempt. In other words, it’s the opposite. It is the possibility that the younger sister-in-law hates Ogasawara Makoto one sidedly

And then Sasaki. A famous, beautiful childhood friend. Additionally, there is a rumor that Sasaki has feelings of favor to Ogasawara Makoto. If

the sister-in-law is in involved in there, what would Ogasawara Makoto do? She decided to step down.

In other words, a distorted love triangle was formed. Then with Sasaki not being able to make a pass at her, I can also grasp that he didn't meddle in her situation.

Additionally, both her erratic thinking and being an extreme masochistic may have emerged due to her younger sister.

If it's the worse case, the bullying towards her my be deeply involved with her younger sister.

The older step-sister, who's an adopted child, is a weak position. But, her beautiful appearance surpasses everyone else. Supposing the little sister is ordinary, naturally she will become a target of jealousy. More so, if Ogasawara Makoto's character induced an sadists heart. Then even further, when a beautiful childhood friends joins in.

Interesting. This is really interesting. Considering her little sister, various and necessary investigations has surfaced.

And supposing if the sister is as I expected, kuku, she will become the best toy that i'd be able to enjoy.

With her and her sister falling into hell together, how about I make her a slave to the older sister she hates? It is truly pleasant. I bursted into laughter when I let my mind wander.

It's really regrettable that although it's enjoyable, I have to postpone the matter about the younger sister. I must concentrate on Ogasawara Makoto's training for now.

After all, with leading Ogasawara Makoto to the last training, training her in this mall is the most essential and most important point.

She is an genuine idiot, but her appearance and body are first class goods. I devoted myself to developing her physical, and obstinately came to here without making a move.

Even I have sexual desires. I suppressed it and continued steadily building up the blocks.

It was long. I did nothing but continued to walk a trackless path. But even so, it will be over soon.

Because of the training in the shopping mall, her lust and craving for pleasure will be raised to the limit.

Moreover, by the exposure training, resistance will be acquired to the shame. Then, she should further demand pleasure. If that happens, it should naturally amount to the developement I desire with leading her heart a bit.

In other words, the sufficiency of mental desire. A craving of affection to the existence named me.

Even with her body being satisfied, the assistant relationship with me,

who dreams of being a first class masseuse, is interfering her mental satisfactory

And her desires are never satisfied. After all, she sticks to the relation as the partner that I thoroughly carried out my practice massages, since it doesn't destroy her stance.

Even if she verbally said,"I want to hug you" she also believes it's a very high possibility that I'd refuse. Because I suppressed my own sexual desires, and carried through such a manner, she's under that impression.

If Ogasawara Makoto plays a role for the sake of me turning around, she won't spare ways that would tempt me. And, there is only one possible way that can tempt me.

It is an object of interest in my biggest goal. The massage training.

In other words, the return finally starts. The sexual service that took the name of 'practice massage.' (He says 'return' in English.)

The knowledge for it, by the training I performed for her till now, has reached to a body's nature.

How does it feel good? How can you receive pleasure? Ogasawara Makoto, who learned that by her body, will serve me using her own body.

Therefore, I must take careful attention of this training. Failure isn't allowed.

———

We were kept waiting for about twenty minute, and finally arrived at the ice cream store's counter.

"Wow, there is a lot! Everything is also adorable."

Varieties of ice cream formed in a line behind the refrigerated rooms' glass. She stares at them with a finger at her mouth. However, she never tired to separate the only hand that joined with me.

Incidentally, I have a problem with her saying the food is adorable. If anything, say the food seems delicious.

"One of these, yeah? This is hard."

While looking over the cold room glass, she's unable to decide on which one.

Because a long line was still formed behind us, I wanted her to decide quickly. Besides, nothing changes that much, only the ice cream color is different. (2)

"If you're sure you'll eat it all, be it a double, triple, I don't mind."

"EEEH!?"

When I speak to her, who was frantically troubled while knitting her eyebrows, she shouted with eyes wide open while the surroundings had noticed at the same time.

Noisy. Do you intend to tears my eardrum?

“D, Do, Dwoubl—Th, Th, Thriwple!? Awhhw, awhwhw”

Is it necessary to be so shaken up about what ice cream? To Ogasawara Makoto, who was scattered about as if she heard that the world is ending tomorrow, I instinctively threw a grand sigh.

Taking the training into consideration, I wanted to avoid being conspicuous, but this fellow is the most difficult of company.

Not only the sales clerk, but the visitors who were lined behind us, also smiled as much as Ogasawara Makoto.

“Doub, Doub, tribpleow! Whaaa!”

“Calm down. First, calm down. Will you take a deep breath? Yah? Look, breathe in slowly, and exhale slowly.”

“Hiyaa, hiyaa! Hyaa, Hyaa, haa, haa! Hyaa, Hyaa, haaaaaaaaa!”

She nodded to my words many times, and tries the thing to give birth. What on earth do you intend to give birth to?

Ah, this is useless. Those in the back row are also laughing now, but before long they will begin to bear antipathy with waiting too long.

I will have no choice but to give up the training if a worse uproar happens today. I'd like to avoid just that.

"Ogasawara, you stand there. I'll order."

"Hiyai!"

Signing again watching her bow, I stood in front of the sales clerk, who was desperately enduring laugher.

"Um, with a triple, strawberry cheesecake and vanilla, and then a rum raisin, please."

"Y, Yess. PuPu. Excuse mee. She's just so adorablee."

When the saleswoman was enduring laughter, she glanced at the upright immobile Ogasawara Makoto at my back, and bursted into laughter from exceeding her limit.

No, well, yeah. You aren't at fault. It can't be helped.

"Um, do you have hot coffee?"

"Th, Tere ish. Ex, Excuse me."

“Ah, please don’t worry about it. Hhm, then that one.”

The salesclerk forcibly held down her burst of laughter. Tere ish…it seems the sales clerk had caught the Ogasawara Makoto disease. Poor thing.

Idioticness is a viral epidemic.

_____

When I take the coffee and ice cream cup, I place it on the tray with holding it with one hand. And then, taking Ogasawara Makoto by the hand, who obeyed my order and was standing upright waiting, I went to a certain table seat in front of the shop.

“That girl, seems to be disappointing despite being an amazingly beautiful girl, yeah? That, and she’s hella adorable.”

Furthermore, the chill boyfriend seems to be the exact opposite, right? Far from being upset about her eccentric behavior, his eyebrows haven’t once moved, along with having laughed.”

“He’s probably used to it, you think?”

“I get a certain meaning of perfect balance, that couple.”

Towards the middle tables, I heard conversations from many place that were generally about us.

That would be so. It's only natural if we're being that obtrusive. Why is it this complete idiot, so good at going through my slanted assumptions? I feel like it's a kind of talent.

Found an available seat, I pulled the sliding installed chair and made her sit down. And then, I placed the ice cream cup in front of her eyes, and was about to sit in front of her.

"Oi, let go of my hand."

"UU, I don't want to."

Grasping my hand tightly by both hands, she stared at me with a bright red face. The tears gathering in her eyes seemed likely to overflow at any moment.

"I am embarrassed from the time when I wetted myself at the train."

"…..Don't calmly say you pissed yourself, along with other stuff, at a place like this. I am begging you."

When I consider what she said, she spoke something outrageous.

While breaking into a sweat, I observed the surrounding state by only moving my line of sight, but thank god for her remark to have disappeared into the clatter, it wasn't heard in the area.

Heaving a sigh of relief, I looked at Ogasawara Makoto with scornful eyes.

“Please seat with me. I absolutely don’t want to separate hands.”

“…..tsk”

At the overwhelming annoyance of her grasping my hand tightly with both hers, I unconsciously clicked my tongue.

I thought I didn’t have to worry about the stomach anymore, but I was correct to bright the stomach medicine just to be sure.

I’m getting irritated! I am seriously getting irritated with this fellow! Why did I choose this sort of bitch as pray? I was completely tricked with her appearance.

“This is a table for two. The chair is also installed for face-to-face. Look around, are everyone diligently sitting down at opposite ends? Besides, aren’t the chairs directly installed on the floor that you can’t move them? So, how do you intend to sit down together?”

“Isn’t fine if you do it at a halfsies? You are dumb.”(3)

“…..”

Ogasawara Makoto, who shifted her butt gently from the seat she sat on, and opened half of the chairs’ surface, urging me to sit down. That is

fine. That is fine, but.

Didn't this fellow, just now say something like I was dumb? Did I mishear? Am I mishearing? No, it's not that. I am certain she said it.

Only from you, I don't want to hear that only from you.

Ah, on it's own my body is shaking with my overwhelming rage!

"Moreover, you broke your promise. Although you said we would eat together, you ordered a coffee. Even thought you said you'll do a mutual exchange. Liar! You are a liar! Eveerrryyyoneee! Kijima-san is a liar!"

".....hahaaa"

Puffed her cheeks and she glared at me, she raised her voice unnaturally and started an uproar.

How did this happen. I soon had no choice but to laugh.

"Hey, hey, that disappointing beautiful girl of a little while ago is making noise again."

"She adorable with her cheeks puffed out."

"Even the boyfriend is standing upright. I wonder how he'll manages that?"

“Let’s see what he has.”

Due to her having started an uproar, she once again was being obtrusive. But then again, we appear to be observed by the surroundings.

Ogasawara Makoto, didn’t just do that. I don’t know whether she’s a natural airhead or it was intentional, no, she’s certainly an airhead, but she used the eyes of the public to block my path of retreat.

Her mental desire isn’t satisfied. An earnest desire that wants to receive affection from me. I assumed that after this training was over she’d reach at the breaking point, but again, that slanted assumption was pierced through.

Her mind became unstable urinating in the train, and the juvenile delinquent of uncertainty incited her jealous.

In addition to those, she was scattered about in front of the ice cream shop, and having disgraced herself in front of public, she may be out of the shackles that pinned down her desires.

When it comes to this abnormality of confident attitude, and behaving like a spoiled child towards me, it may be temporary.

Whether I give her candy or a whipping, it’s a very delicate point.

If I give her too much candy, there is a possibility that she will

misunderstand and push a frontage of love for me. If that's the case, the said relationship of my aim to be an masseur and the assistant collapses, causing a delay in the training.

Still, if I wield too much lash, there is a very high possibility with her masochistic character, that she will brood and be the under the impression that she's hated by me. If that happens, the training will no longer occur.

Hahaaa, what a incredibly troublesome behavior this person has.

It is foolish thing to think about giving up. I will most likely be sorry later. But, this indeed is too tiresome.

Of the chair which she sat down on, half of the seat's surface was open. I sat down there, took the ice cream cup by the hand, and casually scooped the ice cream with a spoon.

"Open your mouth."

"Aaaah"

And then giving an order to her, I threw the spoon in her opened mouth.

"It's cold. But delicious."

"Noisy. Since it's good, eat in silence. Eat all of it. Eat everything. Eat it

immediately.”

When it comes to this, I have no choice but to quickly feed her ice cream.

“Hey, hey, look at that. The disappointing beautiful girl seems to have won. Those two are sitting side by side in one chair.”

“Ahaha, the boyfriend seems to have given in. Moreover, he raise it up with feeding her ice cream.”

“It is interesting to watch, but that disappointing beautiful girl is hard to look after, you think?”

“It is fine. I also want to to eat from that sort of cool intellectual. It benefits being adorable~!”

To the voices that I heard, I was seized with the impulse that wants to throw the ice cream and go home at once.

“Aaaahhh”

The idiot who has no way of knowing the likes of my real intentions, exposed a foolish face and opened her mouth.

Can I throw the cup’s contents in at once?

Endure it, me. I am currently seen as charming by the area, but if I go berserk and she cries, I will in the worse case be reported. When that happens, everything is ruined.

She held the spoon that I threw with her mouth, and laughs happily while mumbling.

“Dwlegious”

Even hearing the idiot face mutter, I want to praise myself who didn’t go berserk.

I am in a very bad mood right now.

"Kijima-san, Kijima-san, haven't I apologized a lot? Please fix that mood soonnn. I did o harmnn."

When Ogasawara Makoto, who walks with me leading her hand, quickens her pace to match mine as asks me staring at me with teary eyes. However, because I completely ignored her, her pace relaxed while she fell slow behind.

"Even though you had 'It was surprisingly good' face. There is nothing to get so mad. Isn't this like a junior high students' rebellious age?"

And my irritation increases when I heard her increased mutter from behind, but I ignore it.

'Even though I apologized so much, he isn't forgiving me. Kijima-san isn't manly……"

I was pretending to ignore her, but even my tolerance levels was exceeded, and I felt a blue vein rise on my temple.

I am not manily? This bitch, she thinks that she can say all that she wants and I'll pretend to ignore it.

In addition, it was my mistake to give her candy after all. She is awfully more aggressive than usual. She has gotten completely cocky.

Is this the reward I get for having abandoned thinking this over? Even if I regret it, it's too late now.

The reason that I'm crossed, is the time when I fed her ice cream in a certain table seat in front of the ice cream shop.

———

The three ice cream cup were stacked. She consumed the two columns, but third she abruptly diverted her face from.

Incidentally, she isn't even used to handling one column. To have her finish eating as soon as possible, I scooped it with a spoon and fed it to her. Then, she suddenly refused.

"Since it's only me eating, I'll give the rest to you. Come on, come on, please don't be hesitant."

For some reason, her tone was similar to being standoffish. It is surely that self-important attitude. It is peculiarly for her. In addition, what is,"I'll give the rest"?, you just couldn't finish eating.

But nevertheless, I also don't think it's a good idea to scold her. After all, I had ordered a triple. She just was unable to choose which one, and also didn't say a single word about a triple.

When I entrust it to her, it takes a lot of time to choose. Therefore, that's the reason I ordered, but in case I chose one that excluded her preference, I ordered a triple to evade her being depressed.

With saying that, even if she was able to finish eating the ice cream, that responsibility end is with me. So reasonably, it isn't a place I should be scolding.

Still, it's wasteful to leave it. My principle is to never waste food.

I intended to eat the ice cream which she left, since there was no helping it, but she glanced at me askance with a grin. And then, she suddenly took the spoon I held.

"I'll feed you—"

"I refuse."

To her holding the spoon, laughing, I showed an intention of refusal with an immediate answer.

"Boo, boo, Why?"

With the manner of puffing her cheeks, she raised boos. Is she mincing a pig in following of her cow imitation? Pfft, even pigs would laugh at this fucking idiot's pig imitation. (This joke was lost in translation. She said ぶぅぶぅ, or buu buu, which translate as 'boo'. But, it's also rather similar in terms of sound, to Japanese's way of imitating a pigs cry.)

"Eat all of it properly if you can afford to mess around."

“Boo, boo, boo, boo, boo!”

The pig then barks, but I ignore it and take the paper container that was still on the tray, and I raised the tub.

The sweet fragrance lightly floats. Can such a sickly sweet ice cream be eaten? If it’s a man, it’s black coffee in silence.

“T, Then, I’ll make delicious coffee!”

“Huh?”

Feeling an unpleasant hunch to the voice I heard from next to me, I tried to protect the coffee I had.

Sure enough, she quickly reached her hand towards mine. Humphh, successfully, I’ve completely seen through what she was thinking.

“Phew, it’s a little hot. Will you take off my coat here!?” (1)

She fanned her face by the hand, threw out a seductive sigh with her cheeks redden, and looked at me askance for a moment. And then, she stretched out a finger at the clasps of the coat.

Because it’s hot, I’ll take off the coat…this fellow is an idiot. Did you forget what’s inside of the coat? It is normally impossible to forget…but, this isn’t the usual.

“Oi, quit it idiot—ah.”

“Hehe, you fell for it, didn’t you?”

When I tried to stop her from taking off the coat, she extended her hand quickly and took the container that was from my hand. And then, she proudly laughs.

I had nothing else but to be stunned. Was it fake that she was going to take off her coat? Ogasawara Makoto? This fool? Such a high class skill? That is impossible! Am I saying she inserted me in her plan? And, I had successfully fallen into the plan?

That is a lie, oi.

Of the paper container that was taken away from me, she lifts the plastic lid. I, could only looked at the picture in a daze.

“When I put ice in this, ta-dah! A perfect coffee float~!

“ST, STOOOPPPP!”

My cry was also empty:the ice cream was thrown inside the coffee with a splash.

“Ehehe, delicious.”

“……Did you, seriously say that?”

Purple objects floated in my coffee. In other words, rum raisins. Furthermore, with raisins.

It would be fine if it was vanilla rather than rum raisin.

She scooped the heteromorphic object with a spoon, and popped it in her mouth. And then, moving her mouth with a mumble, she closed her eyes while putting her hand to her cheek, and groaned with pleasure,”Mmmm!”

That is, delicious?

“Mufuu, bittersweet is delicious. Certainly feels like the taste of an adult! I think it fits your self-adult-image perfectly. Yes, here you are.”

“…..”

I stared at the heteromorphic object held out, and softly averted my eyes.

“What’s wrong? Do you take responsibility eating the thing you ordered yourself? Also, did you forget? We didn’t come here to mess around, right? We came here to practice!”

“…..you frickin’.”

To Ogasawara Makoto, who self-importantly puffs out her chest giving a lecture, I nearly unconsciously forgot myself with feeling the anger coming back to the point of boiling in my guts.

But, I can't go berserk here. Since the visitors are sitting in seats surround ours, and because I see them watching us smirking.

While having attracted attention like this, I ain't able to ignore her. If I try doing that sort of thing. It would certainly cause a uproar. No, in a certain meaning, it feels already beyond saving.

In the end, except for the heteromorphic object I received, there isn't another way.

"How is it? Isn't this surprising delicious?

She asked so with upturned eyes. While bearing the impulse that wants to hit that proud-looking face hard, I forcibly poured the heteromorphic object into my stomach.

But contrary to my expectations, the rum raisin coffee float was unexpectedly delicious, which irritates me even more.

"D, Did you now think, it is unexpectedly delicious?"

To her laughing proudly saying so, I couldn't help but feel the urge to kill her.

———

Well, that's why, I kept ignoring her here since leaving the ice cream shop.

"Huh? Are you seriously really angry?"

She quickened her pace, lined up aside of me again, and looked at my face uneasily as cold sweat went along her cheek.

Naturally, I ignored and evaded her face. Am I seriously angry? Look, and you will understand. I am seriously angry.

Ogasawara Makoto, who saw that expression, quickly turned pale.

"HUH!? T, Th, That coffee float I made a while ago, by making the coffee and rum raisin mix, I somehow scientifically altered—"

"…..Thattt isn'ttt ittt."

Attached a hand to her chin, the tip of her eyebrows knitted and she her face became pale as she absently muttered. I unintentionally crammed in a grumble.

Ogasawara Makoto plunged into me, and grasped my hand while having an entire, smiling face.

“Finally, you answered. You thought I worried about you having forgotten your words, were you not?”

And then, she says such a thing joyfully.

Ah, shit, how did she lure me? I feel like wanting to squat down and hold me head at this place.

“Training! Let’s do training! Look, look Kijima-san! We have no spare time for playing! It is training time with Ogasawara Makoto!”

While having a wholesome smile, she says pulling my hands forcefully.

She intended to use my unsettled anger as an excuse to train.

“……Excuse me, I am a little tired. Besides, since I have a stomachache, lets return today—”

“Waaa! Waaaa! You mustn’t complain about such a thing! Don’t you want to become the best masseur!?”

Ogasawara Makoto, who looked flustered, grasped my hand by both of hers, and stared up at me with a desperate look, trying to persuade me.

I, don’t particularly want to seriously become a first class masseur. Besides, even if this fool fell into the abyss of despair, I have a feeling it would result in her as is. In fact, it’s meaningless for me to do that. I mean, I am really tired today. I would like to return and sleep.

———

After her desperate persuasion, I will continue the training unwillingly.

Or perhaps I should say, in the time since I was persuaded by her, who is the training target, I had a feeling that something was greatly wrong.

“Kijima-san, have you gotten lively? Did you stomachache subside?”

“…..I ain’t in high spirits, but my stomachache went away.”

I went to the restroom for the moment, took the stomach medicine, and sat down on the installed bench next to the bathroom doorway. Naturally, the stupid person is next to me.

“Will you lie down a little? Hey, hey, will you use my thigh as pillow instead? Although it’s also what I say so, I think a good thigh pillow is very comfortable.”

Saying, she clapped her thigh and peered on my face with eyes glittering similar to anticipation.

“……I decline.”

“Then, I’ll use your thighs as a pillow instead—”

“Oi.”

When I refused her suggestion, she for some reason tried to plopped her head down on my thigh. I hit her forehead.

“Ehehe, you struck my forehead.”

While rubbing her forehead hit by me, I just gave a sign to her slovenly, smiling face.

“Hey, Kijima-san……”

She tightened her loose smile straight, corrected her posture next to me, and muttered silently.

Even if your face became serious now, it doesn’t change your value to the worst.

“Your refusal wasn’t necessary. You can do as you like. I, if it’s for you I’d do anything.”

Saying so, her eyes which were watching me, were absolutely honest.

Shit, why does this fellow watch me with such eyes? You are played with as a toy!

Feeling a dull pain in my head, I was driven by the urge wanting to

unconsciously push her away.

“Even if I was thrown away, I won’t bear a grudge against you. I’m saying this because you giving up on me, would surely be decided with I’m unbeneficial. Also, I won’t lose the memories I spent with you. That is to me, a beloved, irreplaceable treasure. All the way, forever, my treasure……”

To her words, I didn’t have anything except a loss for words.

She smiles joyfully. I don’t feel anything that includes falsehood with that smile.

It is okay throwing me away. And, I am fine if we spend now together. As long as I have my memory, I can keep on living. She is saying that.

Didn’t this fellow, notice that she’s being set up by me after all? When she noticed, didn’t this fool pretend to be an idiot to spend time with me?

If that’s so, I was sneering at a clown whom she was scorning with.

This, I, was I manipulated in Ogasawara Makoto palm?

“Jussstttt kidddinggg! Ehehe, I am no good right now since I am thinking in a bad, bad way, yeah? Though before your eyes, I thought about the events after you disappearing, and you getting really sick of me.”

She instantly changed her tightened impression into a foolish face, and scratched her head as she laughed.

I don’t understand. I don’t understand what this person thinks about at all.

Am I, only overinterpreting too much? Is this fellow, after all just a fool? Or……

Either way, the stage going back has already passed long ago. Withdrawing can’t be done now.

If I runs away now, everything becomes half done. I can’t beat my older brother, and with that time when I ran away just because I was thrown out, nothing has changed.

Besides, if this fellow fell into my plans on purpose, that’s saying she’s showing me sympathy.

Convinced that she’s caught in my plans, I laugh, and her watching me me immersed in that joy, is saying that she feels pity.

I can’t allow that. I absolutely cannot let that happen.

“I don’t have to hold back……”

When I mutter so, she smiles without hesitation.

“Yes.”

And as she had an entire smile, she accepted my words.

Doesn’t she have hesitation? Is that right? That is right.

I already stopped thinking about it. With how this fellow turned out, and how she became aware with me.

“Then, I’ll start the training at this. I am saying I won’t allow complaining at all. After all, it’s you that said I don’t need to hesitate. I won’t be going easy on you now. Go home if this is unpleasant. This is your final warning.”

While facing upright, I issue those words calmly and then peek at her in a side glance.

Final warning. I didn’t intend to say such a thing. However I, gave her the choice to escape.

Why? It is becoming clear. I am afraid. Afraid of her. I am unbearably afraid to be defeated by this person.

Assuming if everything is confessed, if she still permit it with a smiling face, I’ll lose my escape.

She clutched both hands to her breast, and without hesitation, nodded

greatly as she stared straight at me.

“Yes! I’ll do my best!”

And then, raised her voice, she returned a lively reply.

She agreed. She gave up her choice to run away. At the same time, that means my way of retreat was also cut off.

That is right, I won’t waver anymore. I also won’t get on this person’s pace anymore either. I’ll simply only think about making this fellow’s face warp.

“Ahem, then at once.”

When Ogasawara Makoto, who has no way of knowing I am thinking such a thing, puts a fist on her mouth, coughing, and of what I expected, began to take off her coat.

“Now is the chance, since nobody is near. Kijima-san, my chest, the point, please. I practiced making my cow imitation better—”

“I, I ask, please stop only that……”

She took off her coat to expose her nipples and breast, and I instinctively pinioned her and begged .

At this sort of place, a place where I don’t know when a person will come, it mightn’t been possible if it’s only exposure, but if seen, it will be showcasing an upped cow imitation. I, who is here together, will also seem stupid.

It is no problem if I only perish, but I’d hate to be consider the same kind with this fellow even if I die.

Damn, this isn’t the place to be entangled in this fellow’s pace.

———

Finished the break at the bench, we went ahead to the movie theater in the shopping mall.

While going back and forth, dodging the crowd, we walked towards the movie theater relying on information that we got by a clapboard.

Ogasawara Makoto, who followed by me leading her hand, had a troubled face as she looked over the movie list magazine taken at the convenience store.

As she said that it wasn’t necessary to hold back the training, there is a point where her preparedness is really suspicious, but because I decided I won’t think about it anymore, I don’t worry.

When we arrived at the movie theater, there was a panel of shooting movies in the right and left doorway. However, three movie panels were gone. Since the movies shown should be more in numbers, it’s popular

works are probably pushed out on the front for panders.

One simple approach is, Love Starting From Appendicitis.

With the protagonist, who's a hospitalized patient with acute appendicitis, it's a short-cut romance with the nurse held in charge of the protagonist, or so we think, but when the nursing station's catering every other day came, an attractive girl, who attracts customers to the Chinese restaurant, makes a mistake splashing miso ramen on the protagonist, which then finally develops into a love triangle; it seems to be a slightly delicate story.

The one after that is a standard passionate story with an animal and person coming into contact, A Faithful Dog Pochi's Tale.

The boy main character, who picked a white puppy and named it Pochi, spent happy days while pouring him overflowing affection. But, the time of such days came to an end.

The boy main character will have moved. Moreover, due to dog allergies, Pochi was left at a relative's home. When Pochi thought he was abandoned, he went on a trip for the boy protagonist. But, if the protagonist had dog allergies, they were never to meet. In other words, a story of a dog who can't read the atmosphere.

And then, the third is a simple approach zombie horror, Zombie Rion.

After a meteorite fell down from space several weeks later, an unidentified special disease spread over the earth. The special disease

zombified living creatures. But, not all creatures became zombies: there were many creatures which weren't infected with the strange disease.

The zombified creatures' staple food are their same family's. Dog eats dog, cat eats cat, man eats man. Although such zombie things are common, surprisingly, it seems to be a movie of a zombie's viewpoint.

Eating a human being is a must for the sake of living, but if mankind was annihilated, the zombies will become extinct at the same time. The zombies which were worried, elected a leader; it appears to be a horror comedy. (2)

I am slightly interested in this.

"K, Kijima-san, what do you want to see? U, Um, um, um……S, Si, Sin, S, Since the love starting with appendicitis, u, uh, I am a little interested—"

"Zombie Rion."

"Right! That is expected, yeah! I thought it was so!"

She tried to recommend A Love Starting With Appendicitis, but with agreeing to me words as a foregoing habit, she nodded quite a few times.

For her, she still wanted to make a sugary atmosphere with a romance movie, but that sort of thing I didn't accepted.

There is also a reason why I chose a horror.

The most popular is the love movie. The second is the emotional animal movie. And then, the horror is the most unpopular of the main three works.

If the standard aren't popular, there would be other movies shown. But, it also can't go too unpopular. It would be troubling if there aren't people to some degree. Still, it also being too crowded is inconvenient.

In addition, somewhat noisey movies are good. When it comes to most horrors, it's guaranteed there to be screams.

In an essence, he movie Zombie Rion is convenient to train.

When I led her and entered the building, a continuation with the ice cream shop, a great crowded line jumped into view again.

But the two works, the romance and emotional movie, formed a long line, and the horror seems to be somewhat vacant.

There are many couples and young women in the romance movie, and many families are in the emotional one.

Ogasawara Makoto looks at the two rows frequently. She first looked at the love movie she wanted, and the emotional movie next.

"Ogasawara, I think you understand, but I'll say it for the time being.

Coming here is a part of the training. If you forget, that would be a problem.”

“I, I understand—Ah, please look, Kijima-san! There is a poster of the main character holding Pochu who caused an allergic reaction! It is adorable!”

Ogasawara Makoto, who looked happy, cheerfully pointed at the pasted poster on the wall with her opposite hand as she clenched mine; did she hear my words properly?

While forcibly pulling such a Ogasawara Makoto, I lined up at the counter row that sold Zombie Rion movie tickets. And then, I turn my eyes to the wall poster for a moment.

With the main character’s dog allergy, Pochi went on a trip to pursue the protagonist. At the place where he caught up, the surrounding adults wouldn’t allow Pochi to get close to the main character. Thereupon, how will it end? Will Pochi send him off to the health care center?

I became somehow strangely interested. (3)

———

Purchased tickets, we went out through the cinema part. The first screening had already began today, and the next screening will be forty minutes later. I took advantage of that time and decided to prepare the training.

We went to the corner of the theaters' floor. Where the restroom are at, it'll be difficult to attract a public notice among the many others. I had my eyes on it when I looked over this bathroom beforehand, as well.

When I look around to check that there was no one, I leave her at the restroom entrance and only I enter inside. And after I checked there aren't any users, I entered in with Ogasawara Makoto when I turned back to the original place. Naturally, it's the men's restroom.

She accompanied me obediently while blushing somewhat. Since she didn't speak a question of doubt, the word I didn't need to be hesitation seem to be true in itself. She is conveying to me in silence she's prepared.

I speedily entered an available private room and tightened the key.

"Ogasawara, take off your coat, stick both your hands on the toilet seat, and push out your buttock."

Obediently nodded to my words, she took off her coat and hung it on the hook at the upper part of the door.

Her black, full body tights were revealed. The tights stood out without going over the line, and because the cloth was so thin, the skin was seeable. In addition, the tip of her big breasts and the part between her crotch were cut off. In other words, the teats and clitoris were exposed.

Although she face changed to a bright red, she didn't try to hide anything, and obeying my order, she put both hands and bent over on the closed cover of the Western style bathroom. And then, she pushed

out buttock with her legs opened to shoulder length.

Similarly to the tight fabric part for clitoris and teats cut off, part of her anus of the pushed out buttock was also revealed.

To Ogasawara Makoto, whose bright red hanging her head, I almost unconsciously bursted into laughter.

She is feeling shy, but the source is at hand.

Similar to being nude, no, she probably feeling shy due to exposing an indecent figure than being nude, but it isn't just that.

She has been this way for how long in general. Together with me, how much more erotic are her wild delusions? The incredible amount of vaginal secretions beginning to overflow from her pussy was enough to think so.

She uttered the likes of I don't need to be reserved, but she actually only couldn't help wanting the training quickly.

While looking at her indecent, pitiable appearance, I put a hand in my pocket. I took out a butt plug.

The point is bigger than the spheres of the anal stick that's always used, but going towards the handle, it's narrowly smooth. It is nearly the shape of an eggplant.

Today she, at least according to what I know, never went bathroom. If I had to say when it was taken it, she only urinated on the train.

Possibly while I took her uniform for cleaning, there is a possibility her bowel contents were drained by the enema. But even so, that isn't a particular problem.

"Ogasawara, this is training, but you have to endure your bowel movement till the limit. That means I'll pour enema in the anus, and without discharging it, I'll cork it with this butt plug. I want you to watch the movie in this state."

While explaining it to her, I take out a new small, vinyl container from my pocket. The contents are lotion. To be easy to carry it, and also possible to use it at whatever kind of place, I put it in a small container and brought it.

I painted the butt plug thoroughly with the lotion, and incidentally put lotion on my fingers to place in her anus.

"Ahh"

Shaking her waist, she raised a dim voice and then immediately covered her lips with her right hand.

She appears to haven't forget this is the men's restroom.

Inserting my finger in and out how many times, I confirmed that it had already became loose and pulled it out. Beginning to be swallowed in

pleasure with only that, she puts out rough breathing from the gap of her overturned palm, and faintly raised her face when she looked at me with bewitched eyes.

It entreats that she wants to be played with more.

“The more you endure, the bowl contents will be drained cleanly. It appears to have a great influence on beauty and health. However, wouldn’t it be boring to just endlessly endure without doing anything? Therefore, that’s the reason we’re seeing a movie. That being the case, you will also be distracted.”

Without her answering with enchanted eyes, I explained it properly and indifferently while I pushed the butt plugs’ tip in the anus. Ogasawara Makoto, who seemed to have understood, started to slowly open her anus, exhaling.

The size of the butt plugs’ point is bigger than the anal stick, but the current Ogasawara Makoto’s anus will be able to swallow it. Besides, even if the point is a little painful, it becomes narrow if it passes after there.

Confirmed that the anus was finished opening, I began to push the butt plug with all my force.

“UU, KUuu, FUuu, FUuuUUUUu”

The tip doesn’t readily enter, and Ogasawara Makoto, who raised a voice that had agonizing groans mixed with satisfactory inside, exhales slowly trying to spread her anus. But the hole which extended to it’s limit,

doesn’t seem to open anymore by itself.

Although it would enter if I pushed it forcibly, I may then cut the anus. In which case, would hinder future training, hence why I spent time slowly making it get accustomed.

Since there is plenty time, it isn’t necessary to get impatient.

Drawing an arc by turning the plug at its axis, I place all my strength. While repeating the movements endlessly, I started to set the plug’s tip in the anus.

And naturally after that, it becomes more evident from on top of the black, transparent full body tights, she’s gushing sweat from her whole body. And, she continues to exhaling slowly.

I stop pushing the plug the moment she inhales, and at the same time when she starts to exhale, I put all my strength.

And then, the moment came quickly.

The tip of the anus greatly sinks, and the moment when I expected, all of the plug has been instantly swallowed in the anus.

It was a point where I regretted whether it was slightly too big, but it’s better to be as big as possible if it enters. It can’t be easily pulled in and out, since it won’t play a role as a plug.

When I check my watch, there is little of twenty minutes remaining until the movie screen time. When injecting the enema now, she may exceed her limit before the movie begins when doing a bad job. Hence, beginning later is more convenient than just before the movie starts.

So to kill time, I decided to play a bit.

“Ogasawara, to check just in case, can you discharge the butt plug without help? Won’t you drain it for a trial?”

To my question, she gasps for a breath and nodded while she covered her mouth by the hand. And then, she began to prepare her legs when she placed power into her whole body.

Inserted in her anus, only the butt plugs’ handle was exposed. When I accessed whether the handle began to move with the twitch, it started to squeeze out.

Squeezing out the butt plug, it gradually became thicker. The anus spreads simultaneously with it. The butt plug, which was discharged together with her persistence and earnestness, suddenly came to a stop halfway inside.

Ogasawara Makoto breathing didn’t continue. She desperately braced her legs with a bright red face, and inhaled greatly just to her limit.

“AHlyuu!?”

The power of her anus loosened to her drawing breath, and the anal

plug which had been squeezed halfway, was sucked into her anus. To the excessively funny appearance, I turned around at the place inversion to her, and suppressed my laughter.

Shame stimulated by her own deplorable voice, she turned bright red up to her ears, but still gritted her teeth trying to excrete the butt plug.

“AGIytuuu!?”

But as before, when it discharged to the middle her breathing was then about to her limit. As a result, the butt plug discharged with much effort, was drawn into the anus and raised a queer cry.

While watching the pitiable appearance, I laughed as I pressed my voice.

Ogasawara Makoto, who doesn’t have a way of knowing I am laughing, continued the challenge in order to obey my order. However.

“UHluyi!? HOoNN!?”

Still when was drained up to the middle, as though it’s saying it doesn’t want to go out of the anus at all, the butt plug was drawn in.

Or rather, what is ‘HOoN’! Do you want to kill me laughing? Please, achieve a normal shriek!

Change appeared to her, and I believed it’s about time to soon close

this play time.

The butt plug was discharged to the middle, and she gave a shriek while it went back. Contrary to her will, the butt plug went back to the start, but she had clearly began to do it intentionally.

The butt plug was pressed out. When it drained about till the middle, she relaxes her anus on purpose. Thereupon, it was drawn back in. It appears to have began to become pleasure.

This is interesting. If it's this, she'll be able to carry out anal masturbating in front of public while having clothes on.

Having also forgotten I'm in the back, she takes out the butt plug with only her anus muscles, and repeated the movements absorbency.

Letting her waist fearfully convulsion while drool dripped, her arse strikes up. Even if it isn't enough for a climax, it seems to still be a different pleasant sensation from the anal stick.

Although this part is fun, it'll be time soon. Should I make her end the hands-free masturbation for the time being?

"Ogasawara, we have to go to the movie theater soon."

"Hlyaa!?"

From me striking her ass, she suddenly came to her senses, and with

twisting her head she saw me in a side glance.

“W, Welll, umm, uhh”

Ogasawara Makoto, who finally noticed from indulging dazzlediy in masturbation, tried to desperately make an excuse. But, words don’t appear, only a flustered, bright red face.

Anyways, with her appearance, I grabbed the anal sticks’ handle sticking out and dragged it out of the anus.

“NaAA, NuuUUUUu”

Prodded unexpectedly, she gave a sweet moan, but then in order to not raise a coquettish voice, she tries to endure covering her lips with all her power in her palm. But mercilessly, the moan began to leak out from the palms’ gap. And then, the buttock and waist fearfully twitched.

It was more or less caught, but the butt plug came of readily, so it wasn’t able to be compared with the time I inserted it. And now, the anus was gapingly opened.

The high adaptiveness is abnormal. If this butt plug can easily fall off, it can be said the meaning of the role as a cap disappears. But unfortunately, I have only this day. Therefore, I will have her try hard so that it won’t come out.

If it falls out, well, the story that she pissed herself will then simply die.

“Then, I’ll inject the enema.”

Saying so, I brought the enema and poured about three. And then, I corked it with the anal plug immediately.

Now, it’s in sight how long she’ll hold it. Also, don’t think she can just endure it. After this, I will teach her why I made her wear black, full body tights all too well.

Complaining isn’t acceptable at all. Do not forget it. That is you, Ogasawara Makoto, wished for. I’ll do my utmost best to amuse you.

We moved from the restroom to the movie theater–, and among the five theaters, we sat down on the installed couches in front of the second movie theater from inside. And, holding a popcorn filled paper bowl in my right, I had a paper container filled with oolong tea in my left.

Next to me, she sits down so she can nestle close to me as while smiling. Apparently, she still appears to have some composure, but from the beads of sweat standing out on her brow, I could tell it was false endurance.

Even so, she's smiling with relevant taciturnity.

You might say, it's true she does have a degree of composure to fake her endurance.

She's holds a paper cup with both hands. The contents are oolong tea, the same as mine. But, the size is different.

Mine is a medium size, but hers is a LL size(1). It isn't the amount that I generally think she can consume alone. But, the contents have already decreased to about one-third.

She drank half before entering the theater. And then, right after the showing starts she'll finish consuming it all. That is the order I passed onto her.

'Tea is good for health, moreover, since it has a diuresis effect, if you drain your urine while inciting defecation by enema, it'll show an effect in health and beauty.' I explained so and so properly.

Trying to obey my order, and it currently being under a minute remaining till the screening, she frequently picks up the cup to her lips and desperately tries to drink up to half.

Three enemas were injected, drink a LL size Oolong tea, and moreover, the merciless order to watch the movie. For all that, she crazily accepts obediently to such an order without say one word. No matter how you put it, I think it would be more natural to more or less question it.

Her strenuous efforts were also empty, as the manager approached near. It seems it's time up.

"Guests, it will be time for screening shortly. Given that the theater will be hard to see where you're walking when it becomes dark, there is also the danger of falling down."

The female manager, who lowered her head lightly saying so, fleeted at Ogasawara Makoto for an instant.

While Ogasawara Makoto looks at the front smiling, she doesn't show a reaction to the manager's words. Perhaps, she isn't composed.

She is desperately feigning being calm, but she's wearing an aura somehow causing abnormality. The manager appeared to have sensed it.

With checking my watch, the screen time is on schedule. I sat on a sofa this far way to survey, but the visitors slowly demanded this place. It is indeed in accordance with my assumption.

“Ogasawara, we’ll be entering in before long. Can you move?”

When I spoke next to her as she was faced to the front, she nodded.

The female manager’s image and voice didn’t seems to have entered her sight and ear, but she didn’t seem to miss mine.

“I, I’m sorry. I haven’t drank half yet. I’m sorry…….”

When she suddenly muttered and held the paper LL size cup with both hands at her lips, she began to forcibly drink it.

Warped into pain, the smiling face disappeared from her expression.

“Ogasawara, you don’t have to forcibly drink it. I said if possibly, I wanted you to drink half before entering the theater.”

I would be troubled if she also fell down prior to entering the excessive training. I assessed and called out to her, but she didn’t have an ear to listen and continued to drink as Oolong tea streamed from the edge of her lip.

While watching that sort of appearance, a slight anxiety had began to occur in my heart.

Didn’t this fellow develop her roots as I expected? It is fine to endure it till the limit. But, it feels like this fellow is exceeding the limit. She’s trying to obey my order at that extent.

I am worried if she enduring. I am in trouble if she didn't build up her true nature.

At the same she separates the paper cup from her lips, she exhaled and showed me the contents of the cup while joyfully smiling.

The contents were definitely decreased half.

"I drank it, but, but I had went over the given time. I will pay attention by next time."

"U, Uh huh……"

Sweat and her rough breathing began to stood out. And then, I realize watching carefully she's shaking a bit repetitively.

Perhaps, this fellow didn't build up her true nature. Even if she exceeded her limits, this fellow will obey my order to become a great assistant.

No, in which case it's useless. I must make her develop her roots. I must make her soon beg with desire to give up.

Before I knew it, sweat was streaming down my cheek. That doesn't mean it's hot. While wiping the sweat by the back of my hand, I stood up in place. Following me, Ogasawara Makoto unsteadily stood up.

When it comes to this, I'll do it thoroughly. Whether my torment wins, or pray Ogasawara Makoto's patience wins.

"Go."

"Y, Yes……"

To me, who began to walk towards the front door, she returned a following answer.

If I lose, the training will end at that point. And then, everything is confessed.

Even thinking about it, this game has been how overwhelmingly favorable. Which is why, I exposed a disgracefully face while loosing; it's absolutely too unpleasant to accept.

If I don't face it with at least a backbone, I probably can't beat this person.

———

When we entered the theater, the lights had already been dropped. And then, a trailer of a latest movie was projected onto the front screen.

Visitors entered little by little, too. Moreover, the seats from the front to the middle row were buried to some degree, but the back is almost empty. This is also according to my assumption. (2)

If you want a taste of realism in the theater, then the front row will be number one. But, because the screen is too close, you'll be looking up. In which case, there will also be people who avoid the front row, since their necks will get tired. In addition, there will also be a person that gets too sick near.

So far it isn't a full house, and there are few guests that are occupying the back. When it comes to it, the back seats being vacant was inevitable. After all, realism can be especially experienced. There also is nothing to expressly be seen in the back seats.

Of those basic points, our seats are in the rear of the theater. Moreover, there were no guests all around with a made reservation.

When I memorized the seats dependent numbers ahead of time, I supposed the appearance of guests would be here and there. It would be people who bought tickets from after I bought mine

This also follows with my calculation. If there's nobody it isn't training.

At a place a little away from our reserved seats, I stopped walking for a moment. A visitor sat down near our seat. I say the seat was about three seat near ours. With this, it was indeed too close. But, that isn't a problem.

Although it's reserved, even if I sat at different seat it'll be quite impossible to be found out when there are so many free ones.

Besides, because the screening has already began, the probability is falling every second.

Moreover, the visitors who enter later, with an astronomical possibility even if they purchased a seat ticket where we sat, are no problem.

When a person approaches and immediately notices, if I move along with statement saying,'I made a mistake.' then they'll feel guilty for being a bother.

With saying that, in the theaters' back, I also lowered my waist in the seat where visitors weren't around. Ogasawara Makoto sat near, too.

Although there isn't anyone near, there are discussions several meters of a radius. In fact, it's obvious that were are quite numerous people in the same area.

Moreover, another reason I choose the rear is that front people won't see in the rear, but we can look around the whole theater from the rear. In other words, a lot of guests are displayed in her sight. That means she can relatively enjoy exposure safely.

Soon after sitting down, the latest trailer reflected on screen ended, and the theater turned dark with it.

Several seconds passed and the film projected on screen.

"Ogasawara, I'll start the training at once. Take off the coat."

Brought my mouth next to her ear, I whispered so in a low voice.

Because she's been desperately enduring so much, she doesn't seem to notice I placed my mouth to her ear and jumps the moment she hears my voice.

This expression started in several minutes. Her limit is usually already at hand. At any rate, she's always going over my slant expectations.

Raising breath, she trembles little by little, and according to my order she began to take off the coat.

Her body slowly became bare. The time the full body tights take effect has finally came.

Despite the video being projected on screen, the theater is dark. Her bare skin would stand out with reflecting light, but the black, full body tights appear dark. To put it simply, if this place is seen from a separated place, it will seem she's wearing ordinary clothes.

Moreover, because I cut part of the cloth for the nipples and clitoris, without carrying the require movement risk of taking off clothes, the erogenous zones can be freely torment.

Ogasawara Makoto, who finished taking off her coat, placed it on the next available seat and sat down again on her chair.

Her body pops every time the screen shines. With the black tights that clung to her skin, her nipples were exposed.

Truly like a carnal desire obscene and abnormal, the erected, burning red tits stood out on the spilling light from the screen.

If you look closely, you'll simply find out that the nipples were exposed, but there is no need to worry about being discovered with this darkness. However, Ogasawara Makoto being the one exposed will be really worried. It stirs her shame.

On the the chair's armrest, there were holes placed on the apex for drinks.

Placed the paper cup that I held in hand to the hole, I crossed my legs with a paper popcorn filled container placed on above my legs, and fixed my posture to enjoy the movie. (3)

"Ogasawara, drink all your oolong tea for now. Tell me when you finish drinking."

When I placed my face to her ear and whispered, she nodded having held the LL size paper cup with both hands to her lips, and began to chug.

She probably has already exceeded her limit. Despite half remaining, it'll take some time for her to drink it up. I will comfortably enjoy the movie till then.

So that she wouldn’t notice, I suppressed my voice and laughed, then carried the clutched popcorn to my mouth as I viewed the screen.

———

The main character hung his head. He belonging at the bottom of zombie society, and doesn’t attack humans at choice.

The zombie’s control was taken by the leader, and won’t get a meal if hr doesn’t fulfill their assignment.

In other words, if their ability score is low, they won’t be able to have it exchanged with a reward. Even though he becomes an immortal zombie with a lot of effort, it’s a very narrow story.

“Oi, Ichihara, it seems Kimura’s three town districts have been attacked.”

To the main character’s location, whose sitting on a park swing, an organized manner zombie rushed up.

Running zombies is a fair fear, but with him running lively while ordinarily chatting , the fear is also not quite satisfactory.

“Eh!? You serious!? Kimura’s three town districts…..the protection district towns designated for Kimura!? The one leader said to take scrupulous attention to change her into a zombie, since she’s a peerless, beautiful girl!?”

Ichihara, also known as the protagonists, was in a state of surprise and stood up from the swing he sat on. There, the organized zombie had arrived.

"It is so! There already is no trace, too! Suzuki seems to have eaten her. No, it isn't a sexual meaning, she's seriously been eaten! The leader got more mad with infuriated authority!" (Pun here, which you can probably assume. Kutchi means eat, but also in a vulgar way means sexual relations with a woman.)

"Wow, you serious? He would get angry. Suzuki is finished, too."

"Yeah. That idiot has a vigorous appetite, but he isn't a bad guy. If possible, I'd like to help."

"It would seem…..But, it's impossible. We don't have the right to speak."

"Right. Suzuki, that fellow, will definitely be driven out as punishment."

The two zombies stood still in the park, staring at the sunset dyed with a madder red.

"Zombies are quite inconvenient. I am certainly more able to do as I please, or perhaps I should say, I was thrilled with the thought that an end-like thing came, however……"

"Me too, me too. Even if we look at the results, in the end it's also the same with being a salary man, yeah? But well, if there wasn't a leader, zombies would immediately be exterminated."

“I thought you’d say that. You heard? It seems the leader has a gastric ulcer. Even though a zombie having a gastric ulcer is impossible, some time ago he went,‘Guu’ and vomited blood. The doctor said it perhaps appears to be a mental thing. People say that it is serious with various ways. It is hard……”

“Yup……”

And then, the two bodies muttered towards the sunset. What is this tragic atmosphere from the early start! Perhaps it’s to show a zombie’s private, uninteresting life just as? As long as four hours? Seriously? I can agree that romance and emotional things aren’t applied.

But, it being too surreal doesn’t mean it’s laughable.

“K, Kijima-san……”

When I look to the side for the voice that I heard, Ogasawara Makoto shows the cup and stares at me while drawing a stiff smile.

With her breathing worsen, how many streaks of bead like sweat stood out on her cheek. And, the shown cup contents to me were completely empty.

It was earlier than I thought. Moreover, she still has spare reserved energy to even smile. No, she shouldn’t even have an atom of composure. But even then, her willpower strength to smile can already be said unnormal.

While clicking my tongue in my mind, I smiled as refreshingly as possible and wiped the sweat along her cheek by the back hand and

Ogasawara Makoto, who smiled delightly, rubbed her cheek on my brought near hand. It is just like a cat that wants to be fawned over. I am not certain whether this fellow is a cat, dog, cow or pig.

“You did your best, good job.”

It felt as though I bit a bitter bug, but I strongly bore the feeling and praised her.

I can’t be defeated by this person, but I don’t intend to change the training means yet.

If I use a method that’s even more foul play and overbearing, there wouldn’t be trouble breaking this fellow’s heart. But, it’s against my style in that situation.

My aim is a perfect victory. I will thoroughly make her admit defeat without breaking the training stance. I will soon let her entreat in her desire to give up. Receiving the smiling face, I kindly touch her.

As of when I look down on the loser, it’ll be as I laugh.

However, the look of her entreating the wish for forgiveness as I make this fellow’s face warp, doesn’t come to mind. If it’s my order, she breaks

through the limit calmly. Her only purpose is to be near me. Nevertheless, it's only a feeling.

"Ogasawara, you're sweating terribly. Don't you feel thirsty? Would you also like my oolong tea?"

I won't allow a lose. I can't be defeated by just this fellow.

With a thing similar to impatience spreading in my heart, I pick up my own oolong tea that I left at the point of my armrest, and offered it to her.

Even though she definitely drank an LL size oolong tea just now, I crazily asked the likes of her being thirsty. But, I couldn't help doing nothing.

"T, Thank you……I'll have it."

However, she took it. By a shaking hand as she expressed a stiff smile, she took the oolong tea paper cup from my hand.

I understand. If this fellow took it. Breaking her mind to this point is impossible. That being the case, I have no choice but to torment her. But if it's endured?

Don't consider an unnecessary things. But now, I only think about her mind breaking. All thoughts besides that are cut off.

She carried the oolong tea she received from me to her lips, and while her whole body trembles, she still chugs it.

The oolong tea spills from the edge of her lips, and her nape along with her breasts gets wet. The more she swallows, the more abundant the quantity spills. However, it isn't anything cowardice. She is certainly drinking it. She is determined to not run away. From the direct opposite, she's fighting the agony.

"O, Ogasawara……don't do the impossible."

The voice I blurted out was unintentionally shaking. 'I beg of you to surrender, entreat your desire to be release', I personally noticed my thoughts were brimmed with such words.

"T, Thank you……for the meal……"

She separated the it from her lips, and having a smile drawn, she offered me the empty cup.

It has been only ten minute since the showing began. The remainder is about an hour and fifty minutes. She won't be able to endure it. But, without complaining till the end when she can't finish enduring with complaining, if the instrumental contents gush out alongside the butt plug, it'll still be my defeat.

There is no meaning if she doesn't beg. There isn't meaning if I don't make her beg to be let off. I can't let her fight to the last.

I must do something.

My hand that received the cup held out, was shaking more than Ogasawara Makoto's.

———

The screening started twenty minutes ago. But, the battle of me and her is still continuing in present tense.

"Nn—AHuu—KUuUu"

Sitting on the chair, Ogasawara Makoto places both hands on the armrest and twists her body as she gives a dim moan. Her expression was warped by pleasure and pain, and like a waterfall, sweat gushed from her whole body.

My hand was inserted in between her open crotch.

The clitoris, which skin is completely peeled back, was founded erected by just having a finger contacted. I continue to persistently tease the pointed stiff clitoris with my index finger.

"Uuu—KUuUu"

While firmly closing her eyes and gritting her teeth, she earnestly endures. She should be given into the pleasant sensation with the driving impulse that wants to immediately drain the intestinal contents.

When she climaxes, it will be the end at that point. Even if she endures

for how long, her body won't listen. She should know herself more than anyone. If possible, she have no choice but to also endure the pain alongside the pleasure.

The pain would be an unimaginable thing. However, from her vagina, love liquid is endlessly overflowing.

Has the pain itself began to become pleasure? Or, is she only excited with simply being touched by me? I don't understand which is it, but either way, there are no more signs that her heart will still break.

———

Forty minutes have passed from the screening start.

Her respiratory sounds unusual and her spasms won't stop. Ogasawara Makoto, who twitches just like a fish on land, places her arm on the armrest grabbing it tightly, and the sound of her teeth chattering echos.

This is even worse. Exceeding and so on to endure, her mind and body is leading to abnormality.

Not being able to hide my impatience, I raised the clitoris torment with my finger placed in between in crotch.

Sometimes urine squirts our. If it spouts out in one blow, the buttock hole will become loose at the same time, and the butt plug will be pushed. If that happens, surprised her might reflectively ask to be pardoned, but with her current full body stiffness, it also won't be easy to

make urine squirt.

“Kii—Kijimaa——sann”

It appears to have broken off at that moment, nevertheless the voice that frantically endured a scream reached my ear.

Will she finally ask to be excused? I will permit it how many times she wants. Come now, I’m comfortably used to you begging for forgiveness sooner.

With cold sweat gushed out from my whole body, my chest was swollen with expectation watching her.

“Tt, Thiss—how long do I endureee—would you likee?”

She is at a state of loss. Hearing those words, I almost fell down from my chair.

That reminds me, I didn’t arrange a particular time limit. I also didn’t considered it, but if she endured it how long till just now, she continued to endure without even knowing.

With her continuing to simply endure it earnestly with a end being indistinct, I simply pray she’ll ask forgiveness without an arranged time limit.

What was I and her generally fighting against?

“I, I’m sorry—I’m alreadyy— limitt”

Hearing her words, I immediately moved into action.

I put the coat onto Ogasawara Makoto, who has her head hanged while twitching, and set on the clasps. And then, I straighten her body and turn my hand on her shoulder, and with putting my opposite hand under her knee, I simply raised her.

It is impossible carry her on my back. Her crotch will open if I carry it on there, and the anus will open forcibly. If that happens, the intestinal contents would quickly spout out.

She admitted defeat. That being the case, I’ll handle my work.

“I’ll take you to the restroom immediately. Can you endure it till then?”

I spoke such and carried her. She didn’t answer to my question, but she subtly nodded with a faint smile.

I won. That is right, I won. This pitiful fellow lost begging for forgiveness. I will then give her mercy.

———

When I went out of the theater, a manager found me carrying Ogasawara Makoto and rushed up to my while startled.

“Guests! How can I help you!”

“Excuse me! Her stomach seems to not being too well! As it is, I want her taken to the restroom, but can I attend, too?”

When I obediently explain it to the staff member, she began to ran in a panic.

“The restroom is here!”

Apparently, she seemed to have lead me to the restroom.

To carry her to the ladies’ restroom, I would also have to enter the ladies’ room. But, unlike the restroom where I inserted the butt plug in, this movie theater restroom is easy for a public notice.

On the other hand, I don’t have enough time to move her to a restroom where it’s hard to attract attention, nevertheless, if eyes were laid on her being carried by me, naturally it will cause an uproar.

Therefore, I purposely explained it upfront. At a case like this, I thought it’s good idea to have it obediently explained without making a bad excuse.

According the manager’s guidance, I went to the restroom with a semi-jog.

“If something happens, please immediately raise your voice!”

“Thank you! I’ll request at the what-if moment!”

When I arrive at the restroom, the manager, who moved aside quickly, pointed to the restroom door by hand. With thanking her, I simply entered the ladies’ room and jumped into a stall.

———

With carrying Ogasawara Makoto on my shoulder to the restroom, the guidance manager some time ago rushes up. And then, she uneasily stares at Ogasawara Makoto, who’s dead tired while riding on my back.

“Isn’t an ambulance arrangement necessary?”

I shake my head to the manager who spoke.

“It’s fine. Despite having an upset stomach, she forced herself to watch the movie. She seems to be a little tired from that, but there is no problem.”

To my words, she still having an anxious expression on her face, and for some reason, lowered her head apologetically.

“I’m sorry.”

And then, for whatever reason expresses apologetic words.

It isn't that you were particularly bad.

Upon exiting the movie theatre as I carry her on my back, I went to the shopping mall's main entrance on the way back.

Ogasawara Makoto lost consciousness riding on my back.

After I entered a restroom stall, I sat her down on the Western style toilet stool, sent a hand through her rear, and pulled out the butt plug.

With that, she exposes a shameful sight to me without sparing anything.

As a girl, as a young girl in love, Ogasawara Makoto having laid bare a state that mustn't be seen by me, shouted,"Please don't look" many times over. But mericesslesy to her will, the intestinal contents mixed in with enema continued to gush out of the anus.

With referred shame that she may not know, and the enormous feeling of liberation having done so, she reached a climax.

With contents gushed out from the anus, urine was squirted out vigorously. When a dam is cut once, it's already impossible to stop.

A sorrow cry,"Don't look!" resounded in the stall. But that sort of disgraceful sight seen by me also callously doubled her pleasure, and she

lost consciousness by the climax after climax.

Eventually, the declared winner of the rival willpower game was me, but I personally feel it was a draw.

After all, she fought against the pain without end. Pain is definitely endured because an end is visibly, and if an end doesn't exist, a human being would easily be driven mad.

Good grief, this is why I can't manage this idiot.

Well, because I wasn't defeated if it's as a draw, I can deem this okay for now.

———

I left the shopping mall and I got on the train as I carried her on my shoulders. And, when we arrived at the town station where we live, I got off the train and went to my apartment.

"Ogasawara, how long will you continue the feign sleeping?"

While I walk to the residential area, I called out to my back. Then Ogasawara Makoto, who reacted with a flinch, buried her face in my shoulder and rubbed it.

"Hmnahmna"

And then, spoke unnaturally. When caught, she sleep talks in her sleep. Jesus, apparently it seems she won't stop her pseudo sleep.

Well, isn't it fine? I was able to mostly achieve the planned training. And, for the new training beginning by tomorrow, I may currently grant her peace for the time being.

After all, by tomorrow, I look forward to her finally taking the first step as a meat toilet.

———

Arrived at the apartment, I went to my room having ascended to the upper floor by elevator. And then, I left her in the room when arrived, and went to the laundromat.

Received her uniform at the dry cleaner's, I went to my apartment again.

With her waiting in the room, still pretending to be asleep, I quietly sat down beside a table. I presented the uniform to her.

"I thank you for your efforts today. You did your best. After you return home, take peaceful rest."

Called out to her, I rubbed my worn out shoulders. I am actually worn out, but I'm purposely showing her the state.

It is really a trifle action showing her it, but this gesture is certainly the biggest scheme so far to date of collections of past training. It is a trifle action that will make her walk the way as a meat toilet.

“Y, You’re tired, right? Because you seriously took care of me, yeah?”

Of her downhearted indication, she arbitrarily drove damage onto herself. Although she is probably depressed with the thought I’m tired from having took care of her, it wouldn’t be only that.

As time has passed, the event in the movie theater restroom tortures her.

For a woman, the state displayed to me was in no way wanted to be seen. Therefore, it’s impossible her to to not be depressed.

“K, Kijima-san. U, Um……I have a proposal to ask you……”

As she hanged her head seized on the floor, she asked in a low voice.

“U, Um, uh……I, I’ll massage you, um, is that no good?”

Having heard those words, I was taken with the urge that wants to give a loud laugh.

As I expected. According to the script. That is right, I’ll make her massage me. This is the script I drew out.

It is useless giving it as a order. If that happened, she won't take action without my direction.

Thoroughly to her will, I'll make her perform it in a self-controlled way.

In addition to the disgraceful behavior exposed in the bathroom theater, I'm drained. As for her, she'll like to somehow raise her reputation.

Moreover, the quickest way is to serve me. Furthermore, if she said to me, who aims to be a first class masseur, that she likes to do a massage, it's a very likely that I'll be pleased.

Ogasawara Makoto, who wants to recover from that exposed disgraceful action, should become desperate to serve me. But, it can't leave off with a mere massage.

"Ogasawara, for me……? But, the massages I performed for you are completely used by women. A man's massage is slightly different."

I went to the desk while mumbling such a thing. And then, when I opened a draw, I took out documents that I prepared beforehand.

An random exposition has the title written,'Massages for men' on the document. They are mostly sensual feeling massages.

"These are the only documents, but I don't think it's aptly enough so that you just understand having read it. Just in case, do you want to read them?"

Turning my head saying so, I offered her the documents.

“I, I may not be as skillful as you, but……I’ll do my best!”

She took the held out documents, and put those seemingly important papers away in her bag.

“Ahh, and, I’ll give that coat to you. It has became noticeably cold recently. Wear it when going home.”

When she heard my words, she hugged herself with delightfully dyed cheeks. Naturally, she didn’t hugged herself, she hugged the coat she was wearing. She is glad to that extent.

To even do everything, the coat had to be brought for her from the start. Moreover, it was only bought for this training. It is insignificant even if I kept it.

When she finished changing into her uniform and wore the beloved coat, she easily went home. Perhaps to hammer out documents received in my head, I’d probably want quickly head to my desk in a second.

With this, roles are reversed by tomorrow. Now, does she have the naivety to simply perform what was written on the documents? Or otherwise, will she apply it with seasoning to amuse me? Whichever one she chooses, since her desire to serve is raised to the limit, it’ll surely become interesting.

What in the world kind of service will she do? I am really looking forward to it.

I sincerely, can't understand this present situation. But, I also can't refuse it. Moreover, how it happened and what's happening, I am certainly able to say I'm a little puzzled.

I mean, with getting straight to the point, it can be said that I'm slightly distracted.

"K, Kijima-san, you ready for union....."

She says, looking at me stark naked.

"Y, Yeah....."

And, I also nodded naked.

With me lying down on my back, extending over my thriving and excited penis, Ogasawara Makoto drops her waist.

Bending her body, she places her left hand on her knee and turns her right under from her bottom. Her right hand fingers softly support the tip of my risen penis. And then, the tip is allocated to her anus.

She is indeed, now going to insert my penis into her anus. This means, we're going to do anal sex.

Why has this happened? No, it was the plan from the start to train her as a personal meat toilet for sexual gratification. Therefore, this existing state should be my desire point, too.

But, however, no matter how you look at it, isn't it too sudden? Having finished the shopping mall training yesterday, and if I consider that her service massage is finally entering an opening by today, would clearing anal sex and various other things be too sudden?

Ogasawara Makoto's state from this morning was strange. But, with her head full of the service massage, I thought it was caused by the fact she hardly got enough sleep.

In fact, there are shadows under her eyes.

Ogasawara Makoto said she struck an idea during class, but at that time, when I came across her in the school building, it seems she had already intended to go into anal sex with me. No, I think she had already arrived at that conclusion as of yesterday.

Is this fine? Is it fine to steal her anal virginity in such a way? No, I have a feeling it's something different being taken away. If I see it from a third person point of view, isn't it instead my side that's having something taken?

Humph, ridiculous. What is it that's being robbed of me? Besides, since I couldn't find any reason to refuse her proposal, I only let her do as she likes this time. Not in the slightest way was I attacked.

"T, Then……we unite."

"O, Ok……"

While her cheeks were dyed in a scarlet, Ogasawara Makoto stared at me with tense eyes. When I agreed to the question, her waist began to slowly sink.

One way or another, I tried to make an understanding and give myself a reason, but I still couldn't grasp it. Did I make a very important mistake with anything, anywhere?

———

The morning of the next day I finished the shopping mall training, I prepared the items in my own room, humming.

"Kukuu, I will dumbfound her. I vividly can picture the bitch stunned, eyes opened wide."

As I said that, I put my speedo in my bag. (1)

When she massages me, I intend to daringly become naked in front of her. In other words, without covering up I'll frankly change clothes for her.

Even I have shame. But, I won't show it on my face.

Part of the thorough massage is also to appeal that I don't have any sexual desires. And then, I'll stagger Ogasawara Makoto by undressing, causing her to lose her calm judgement threefold.

But then, if my penis erects, I'll have no choice but to insist that it's a physiology phenomenon. If it's that fool, she should even believe in that envelope pushing explanation.

In addition, if I had to say, the penis is better to be erected. And with that, I also won't reveal a belch of shame, and expose everything confidently.

Naturally that would surprise her. But, I won't even show an atom of unrest. If that happens, she'll feel be bashful. And then, she'll be thinking such things:

So far, I am feeling utterly embarrassed. But, Kijima-san is different. I am really not just interested in the message from the bottom of my heart. I am a slut.

Ogawara Makoto, who had reached at such a thought, will serve me with sincerity while looking down on herself.

"And then, I'll also continue her training. I can't forget to take the sex toys."

While my heart is throbbing, I stuffed the sex toys in my bag.

She has begun her progress path as a meat toilet, but if I had to say, her form is still far from completion. Therefore, I'll continue it at any time as she serves me, which brings her closer to her complete form.

With a bag filled with a speedo for the service massage and sex toys, I

left my room triumphantly. I really didn’t expect that sort of thing in my wildest dreams.

———

Arrived at the high school, I went to the science room.

There wasn’t anyone inside, and I was informed by the silence that Ogasawara Makoto has yet to arrive.

I am worried that she might have studied massages all night. And, had she overslept, it would be at her home.

I wait half an hour. The cell phone inside my uniform jacket vibrated.

It was an incoming email, and the sending owner was Ogasawara Makoto. And as expected, the according content said that she overslept.

To the email, I replied, ‘Since it isn’t necessary to be in a hurry, go to school slowly’ and left the science room.

If she got into a hurry accident, everything is ruined. Besides, I already assumed she gotten up late. I thought that such a possible was sufficient.

So, I decided to overlook this late rising.

I arrived at the classroom and sat down on my seat. Nobody is in the

classroom yet.

Because the science room training was called off, I didn't know what to do with my time.

Since I couldn't stand it, I decided to kill time by reading a book. By the way, it's the original book work of Zombie Rion. I wasn't able to watch most of the movie yesterday. Since the details in it had caught my eye, I intend to watch the movie after I read the original work.

Suddenly the next thing I knew, the classroom was soon flooded with lively voices of students.

Crazily absorbed in reading the book, I didn't seem to have noticed that time had passed by.

I put the book away in the bag and prepared for class. And then, I calmly waited for the start of homeroom.

———

The third class period finished, and I left heading to the restroom. And when walking along a hallway, I discovered Ogasawara Makoto's appearance in a somewhat remote point.

I promptly hide behind the locker shadow that contains cleaning utensils, and peeped at the situation.

“Mako-chan is also cute today, isn’t she? I mean, although it’s like she’s becoming prettier every day, is there some sort of secret procedure?”

“There isn’t. Since Makoto-chan’s foundation is excellent, she beams from putting up little effort. She is different from us.”

“Oh yes. Moreover, she’s calm, honest, gentle, and a thoughtful friend. It surely feels like she’s a flawless beauty, doesn’t it?”

Several schoolgirls circled around her, expressing forced smiles. That is an insincere smile. They aren’t smiling from the bottom of their hearts. I know that.

“But, what happened today? She’s more reserved than usual, and has shadows formed under her eyes? No way, did she already started to study extra hard for the examinations?”

“Ehh? The genius Makoto-chan, who even entered the ten digits in the school year? I don’t think she needs to overstrain herself so much.”

“Idiot! Her university aim is different from us. It is of course nationals, don’t you think? Amazing. Perhaps if I do my best, I might be able to go to the same university as Kijima-san. Wonderful!”

“Is Kijima-san of a Japanese beauty? Since once is fine, I’d like to be stared at by those long, slit eyes……” (2)

“That is super impossible for you. But, the fact that his manners are awfully nice, if you greet him he may answer.”

“I don’t have that courage to call out to him, now……”

“Ahh, I understand that……”

When Ogasawara Makoto, who reacted to the word Kijima, quickly opened her eyes and smiled. She looked at the school girls smiling in front.

Her face smiled as ever, but her eyes aren’t.

It appears it isn’t that different to the point when she was considered a mere toy, but I don’t feel she’s getting bullied.

Well, since her standard is docile in any place other than in front of me, she appears reticent. Moreover, since she appears adorable like an exquisite, produced doll, they would like to fondle her.

I want her to be reticent and quiet in front of me.

Shortly after several more girls join in where the conversation arises, it becomes livelier, and I couldn’t see Ogasawara Makoto in the center anymore.

Hearing that a commotion broke out, Tanaka forced her way in and settled the situation in an instant. As one would expect, the leader of the group is that person. She is skillful dealing with people.

If she’s there first of all, there wouldn’t be a problem. As I thought that, Ogasawara Makoto began to walk to the opposite bathroom

———

At after school, while having the bag I brought from the apartment, I went to the warehouse in high spirits. Additionally, I also ran somewhat faster and arrived at the warehouse earlier than usual.

What on earth kind of action will she go for? In any case, it must be enjoyable.

With opening the door and enter the warehouse, Ogasawara Makoto had already sat down on the sofa and was waiting. And when she noticed me, she stood up. Her expression tightened and stared at me with powerful eyes.

“Kijima-san, there is something I want you to take care of!”

Usually, her greeting are a energetically spring, “Thank you!”, but the very first thing she said opening her mouth, was to move the table in front of the sofa to the corner, and then move the cabinet to be put before the corner sofa.

I don’t know what’s intended, but hoping its good, I will take part in your plan.

I, who had moved the sofa, crossed my legs, took down my waist, and observed her behavior.

When she stared at me with cheeks dyed scarlet, she stood in front of the cabinet and bowed at me.

“Ahem, then, I think I’ll begin right away.”

She cleared her throat with a fist to her mouth, and lifted something from the floor I stooped myself. I saw something rather large, like a board wrapped in a cloth.

“Once upon a time, in a certain place, there was a Kijima-san named Kijima-san.”

With her narrative, the cloth which wrapped something like a board, gently fell down. Drawing paper appeared. The thing I thought was a board was drawing paper. In addition, strange things were drawn on it.

A flower? Or is it? Is it a carnivorous plant? It looks like those sorts of creepy plants that grow in masses in the ground. It is as though it’s hell.

And, there is a purple whirlpool floating in the air. Is that perhaps the sun? Why is it purple?

Furthermore, there was something like a big green monster, along with grass bigger than the monster. And, an object similar to dead twigs stuck on a circle.

Perhaps, the dead twigs stuck onto a circle are a person. It is similar to

a person a preschooler draws.

In other words, I discovered she must have catastrophic artistic taste.

“Kijima-san is Kijima-san very much so, and even if his cut through wherever, it was Kijima-san”

Ogasawara Makoto, who tells such a cryptic thing proudly, rolls up the drawing paper. Appeared was……well, it was as a unique picture very much to the first piece. (3)

“For such a Kijima-san, Ogasawara Makoto wanted to reply to his kindness.”

The drawing paper was rolled up again. And then, appeared an abstract drawing, which in a sense was artistic.

But that doesn’t matter, the pictures and words, I can’t find a particular common point.

“Ogasawara thought about it. She thought about it at night without sleeping, too. How can I heal Kijima-san fatigue……and.”

With the drawing paper rolled up even more, a hellish picture was shown. The world seemed to be engulfed in flames, but what exactly was she trying to draw?

“Comparing the documents borrowed from Kijima-san, she kept being

troubled till dawn came. And then, she noticed she was lying on bed……"

Looking discouraged, she rolled up the drawn paper.

Is it……a whale? Since water is being spouted like a fountain by the back, I thought it was a whale. But, the background looks like space.

I don't understand it at all, but if I examine it and view this bitch, it seems to be highly remarkable. It is an individual drawing that's so abstract. Moreover, the color usage can't be considered normal, but it's awfully balanced.

"Due to a lack of sleep, she also slept during class. And, since she wasn't able to understand class even if she got up midway, she drew a drawing and killed time……"

Her state was depressed even more. Ahh, the drawing is still unrelated with the narrative. The reason she drew was to merely kill time?

……This person, maintained top results at this school year. Is she a genius and a fool of a hair's breadth, or is she closer to an idiot than a genius?

"And then, when the sixth school period was over, I had hit on an amazing thought! It is this!"

She rolled up the drawing paper. Appeared was something geometrical.

“Sorry, I don’t understand it at all. If possible, can you explain it orally?”

“Of course. I don’t even understand what this picture I drew is!” (4)

“…..Oi.”

When I asked an explanation for this incomprehensible drawing, she released her hold from the drawing paper, puffed out her chest widely, and declared an absurd thing.

‘Even I don’t understand what I drew’, was my trouble trying to understand such a nonsense picture meaningless? Do I not seem like complete fool?

While making an irritated face, I glared at the idiot with scornful eyes.

‘Ehh, I mean……amen.”

Cheeks slightly dyed red, she closed her eyes with a fist placed against her mouth, and cleared her throat lightly. And then, when she opened her eyes and walked, she quietly sat down next to me.

Ogasawara Makoto, who sits down near in order to nestle close to me, looks at me in a twinkling side glance.

What I hoped and enthusiastically prepared for, died having triumphantly entered the warehouse.

“I, I have came up with a wonderful idea……”

“So what is this ‘wonderful idea’?”

Ogasawara Makoto stared at me with teary eyes, then directly extended her hand to mine. When I ask her again as I dodged the hand, Ogasawara Makoto, who looked to have gotten a little irritated, aimed both extended hands to mine.

“Oi, so what is the wonderful idea I heard!”

“Obediently let me grab your hand! There is also a limit to being a tsundere!”

She abruptly glared at me, but still sat clung to me. And, when she buried her face to my chest while complaining, she smelled it. .

What is this fellow saying! Also, I’m no tsundere! While a tsundere displays a hateful behavior, wouldn’t he actually be delighted with this bitch? I seriously loathe her.

When she wasn’t about to quit clinging onto me, I try to tear her off by force.

Then for a short while, we continued our fight on the sofa.

Whether she was finally satisfied after about twenty minutes had

passed, or she regained her state of mind, she poured hot water from a teapot… But for some reason, only one teacup was prepared. Even if I said nothing at the time, she'd also serve my share.

"Ogasawara, will you make my tea?"

I said so to Ogasawara Makoto, who stood in front of the pot. Due to fighting on the sofa, my throat is dry.

However, there isn't a reply from her. On the contrary, she looked at me for an instant, and then invaded my face coldly.

What is this rebellious attitude? Apparently, she has gotten cocky.

It seemed yesterday, I gave her a lot of whips at the shopping mall training. But afterwards, I carried her on my back and arrived on the way home. I didn't have this in mind, but wouldn't that situation became candy?

Or perhaps I should say what this situation is! For my expectations, I thought Ogasawara Makoto, who studied through the night, would have suggested she'll like to immediately start the massage as soon as I arrived at the warehouse.

Once around here, it's good to whip with all my might and making her know something called her own position.

"Ogasaw——ara?"

When I brace myself and turn my eyes while calling her name in a slight low tone, I heard something fell on the floor.

I see a white back. A back of Ogasawara Makoto, whose brewing tea with her back turned from me. She should be wearing her black uniform, but even so, her back is white.

When I lower my eyes, a uniform is dropped on the floor, which means, it's the black sailor suit she wore.

Having no time to grasp what's happened, something fell on the ground again.

A white bottom was turned back in sight. The black pleated skirt she wore till now was dropped onto the floor.

When I looked up once again, her displayed appearance was faced from me, naked.

Pardon? Why? Why naked? Why undress? Rather than if I gave the order, there wasn't that sort of atmosphere in this situation.

To her sudden action of undressing and becoming naked, I couldn't detect one connection.

This is bad: no matter how one puts it, due to this erratic action that went beyond breaking through, my thoughts didn't circulate too well.

Me, myself know the most, that this is my weakest point.

When I take my time working out a plan, and have prepared every numerous situation that will completely ruin the plan, my thoughts doesn't catch up with the circumstance. In other words, the things I lack are called flexible thinking and adapting to the moment response.

That is why it's necessary to use more than one plan, so I won't be driven into a situation beyond what I expected, and be thoroughly prepared to the bitter end.

"In the documents I borrowed from you, it had written that a man's mind and body relaxes together when he ejaculates. So, I decided to make you ejaculate once before entering the massage."

Holding a teacup by the hand, she turned her face around, visibly burned red.

Wearing socks and shoes, she came over to my side naked, and then with her sitting on the sofa holding the teacup in hand, she blew on it. And then, she offered me the teacup.

"However, because you're honest to a fault with the utmost seriousness, I directly though that you wouldn't just allow such a massage. I'm sure the training matter wouldn't be flatly left alone."

While hearing her words, I took the presented teacup.

Her face stares at me, burning red as ever. But, something like a

doubtful light was lit in her eyes.

"Do you, have it? That, stick thing, you can impose practice on me……"

Her hand extended straight, and softly touched between my thighs.

"Even I know. You ejaculate here, yes? Furthermore, it's a nicely, convenient stick shaped. That is……"

Tenderly stroking my crotch, it swells against my will.

"We should be united! That means, you ejaculating will relax both your mind and body, and in the process, this stick thing will be put in my bottom. Then, how is it! The buttock massage can be performed with the ejaculation! How is this turn around, grand slam idea!"

Suddenly opened her burning, hot eyes, she lifted her opposite hand that rubbed my crotch, and made a clenched fist. And then, many times over, she nodded her head greatly.

Eh? What did this fellow say? I don't follow the thing she said that well. 'Union', eh?

"I have never seen the real thing, but I have guaranteed knowledge taught by the sessions of physical education! As far as I've seen in the picture, didn't it resemble the buttock stick? Moreover, ejaculating is the liquid thing that gushes out, which I also learnt in health and physical education class!"

“…..H, Heh, that’s right.”

To her insistence, I could only nod with my thoughts not smoothly circulating.

Not good, don’t abandon thinking. That is absolutely never a good thing. But, I’m still falling into an unforeseen situation, that’s something else entirely.

“Insert your stick in my buttock, and actively do bowl training action! Moreover, yesterday has become hazy, but in the bottom, um, enema, removes wasteful intestinal products, and the practice improves beauty and health results! Put your stick in my buttock, and when you ejaculate inside, don’t you think it can be performed at the same time!?”

“A, Ah, no, well……perhaps.”

To her unbroken insistence, I feel like I’m starting to get an understanding.

The thing she’s saying is something I was going to do sooner or later. So, I feel like there is no point refusing, but I’m not satisfied with that.

“And, if we simultaneously do this, I might produce breast milk!”

Saying so, she fetched a fake milking machine from the rear. Huh? Isn’t that my device? How did you get a hold of it? Did she really steal it

again? Hm? No, wait, wait, I should have packed my bag with the fake milking machine this morning, in my room.

……did this fellow unexpectedly, bought it by mail order or something? While I didn't know, did she own a fake milking machine?

"Also, I prepared in several of way. Thoroughly for the training! Since it's an important matter, I will say it again. I got ready for the training!"

Emphasizing the word training, she subsequently takes out tools, no, sex toys from the back.

It is a pink rotor and a small cap-shaped thing. Moreover, there was a thing like a small suction.

Did this person, got addicted into masturbation more than I imagined? Receiving the training on the pretense of practice with a nonchalant look before me, is she saying that she spent all her time madly masturbating at home?

As one would expect, this is rather, no, considerably……a descend.

"Ahh, what are those disgusted eyes! I, I didn't particularly bought them because it felt good! Followed your example, I developed possible practices that be shared in various ways!"

Just now, this fellow said she bought them. She did buy them after all.

Even though I imagined she saw through everything with my scornful eyes, she couldn't hide her fret having made a desperate excuse.

Haha, why, no matter how much she glosses this over, it's beyond late.

"It was never from feeling good!"

"……Then, it isn't comfortable?"

"…..it is nice, but."

When put in a retort to her, who vigorously raised her voice, she quickly averted her eyes and muttered in a low voice.

"I, Isn't that unrelated now! P, Practice, practice! Let's quickly begin the practice without nitpicking!"

"……O, Okay."

Raised her voice exaggeratedly, and with the momentum of her clearly trying to make everything undefined, I was carelessly lured and nodded.

Is this fine? No, what she said agrees exactly with my purpose. Rather, because it was suggested by her, I should normally be pleased. This is none other than proof that the training is advancing smoothly.

But, the truth is, I'm not at all fully satisfied. While I'm massaged by her,

I can impose training on her. So, I insert my penis in her anus, move it like an anal stick to stimulate her bowls, and by ejaculating inside, the produced effects are similar to enema.

It is ideal training that I can't place a complaint on. After all, it won't derail from the ideal training conduct massage, since I can accelerate making her anus a vagina.

But, thinking about it generally, how did she arrive at such a conclusion? Although she should normally be led by my plan, her having thought up an ideal development by herself is discomforting.

The development is too convenient for me.

"Did I, say something strange?"

Putting her face directly to mine, she peered at my insecure face with hers flushed.

Something strange……yeah, everything is strange. There is nothing but uneasiness. But, since I can't deviate from the practice, I cannot possibly say it's strange.

It is the reason why I'm not satisfied. That is, the reason is because it feels as though I'm being completely psychologically derived by her.

Despite the development being convenient to me, it's in a sense like I'm handled by her.

Is it beneficial? Should I even take it? There is no inconvenience. It is truly ideal. I also have no words to retort. Which is why, an alarm resounds in my brain.

"Kijima-san. I, I thought about it at my best, but is it no good?"

Tears collected in her eyes.

An alarm rings, but there isn't a way to retreat. Because, if I refuse her suggestion, it also mean that I can't insert my penis inside at the near future. In which case, I can't make her into a meat toilet.

"……No, I think it's a wonderful suggestion."

I had no choice but to answer so.

"T, Then that's that, but there is one problem……"

"Problem?"

She looked down shy, fidgeting as she intertwined the fingers of both hands in front of her chest.

After she had sat nude next to me, appealing, 'I want you to insert your penis in my anus' which would be an moment more than enough to be embarrassed with, what in the world is she feeling embarrassed with now?

“U, Um…… my bottom hole, is dirty. This morning, even though I just cleaned it in the restroom……May I ask you to, check it?”

When said as such, she stood up, moved to the cabinet, opened its door and begun to hunt for something.

She had no problem finding the training tools kept in the cabinet, too. And then, she took out a slightly bigger test tube and pen light. They are the things always used in the science room to observe inside the anus.

“O, Oi, lotion—”

“It is alright, it’ll enter even if I don’t use lotion, since I already finished the test—nuu”

Ogasawara Makoto, who bent forward with one hand on the cabinet, pushed out her buttock towards me, and inserted the certain test tube that’s a milk bottle, inside her anus.

She said she cleaned it, but she probably thoroughly played with it in the schoolhouse restroom. The anus appears to be already loose.

“C, Check, please……”

Said while bawling breath, she moved right in front of me and handed the penlight. When I took the penlight, she turned her back from me, bent forward and pushed out her bottom.

The test tube was inserted in her anus. Thus, the inside of her anus laid bare by the test tube, was exposed in front of my eyes. When it's this close, the inside is completely exposed to view even if I don't irradiate it by the penlight.

"I, In the morning, I put in enema before leaving my house, and I took it out after I arrived at school. Then, I put in enema before the third class period, took a class with it in, and took it out at lunch break. And then, I put in enema on the spot, and before coming here, I took it out……"

To the content of her words told slightly stuttering, I wasn't able to say anything back.

Although I didn't order anything, was she voluntarily in agony with discharging on top of injecting it? Moreover, three times.

While tasting such pain in the movie theater, did she do the same thing by herself, on the next day?

"W, What? I, Is it dirty after all?"

A low, uneasy voice reaches my ear. In her vivid pink anus, the depths revealed by the inserted test tube were truly beautiful.

"I, If it's dirtily unusable, couldn't it be substituted this way?"

Filled with uneasiness by speechless me, both her hands turned from

the buttock and underneath the test tube within her anus: in other words, a finger attached to right and left of her vagina, opened to its limit.

With her vagina opened, vaginal secretions endlessly dripped from the small hole.

She is advising I use her vagina as a substitute for her anus. It is as though, she doesn't even value herself one bit.

She already looks like a meat toilet.

"A, Ah.....no, I'll use the practice performed so far."

"I, It isn't dirty?"

"I, It is fine. If it's this clean, there would be no problems."

Whether she is a virgin or a non-virgin, I don't know and won't check. But, she's probably a virgin.

Of a virgin her, I intended for her to take use of the documents. Under the claim as practice, she should use the taken means

With her appealing she wanted me to use her vagina as a substitute, because her anus was dirty, my thinking is on the brink of collapsing.

This person, made a remark that went even further than the depiction

of a meat toilet I had. Moreover, the difference is obvious with my command and her going it on herself.

Is Ogasawara Makoto saying that she is aware of that mean? Otherwise, such a remark wouldn't have been butted in.

As my pride of a person, I cannot allow such a statement.

"I, It is fine. I have no problem either way, but I guess it isn't the massage when the anus isn't used."

Ogasawara Makoto got up, pulled the test tube from her anus, and laughed having watched me in relief in spite of breathing heavily.

I am aware that I'm broken to some extent. However, I'm also aware with saying that matter, I'm not truly broken when I can be self-conscious.

But, how about this person? Does she know herself how much she says is eccentric? Is she really convinced that is this a practice massage, that she will then offer her virginity calmly? Or, is she so broken in comparison with me?

Swallowed my saliva, I desperately controlled the fear that welled up.

"T, Then, shall we begin?"

Said to me with a bashful, smiling face, she held out her right hand towards me.

“B, Before that, go to the bed. I, I am, ready……”

Evaded from her eyes, I caught her right hand wrist with my left, and uttered those words.

Looked at that sort of me, she lowered the ends of her eyebrows, appeared to be slightly sad, and began to walk towards the bed with a nod.

I wasn’t able to take her held our hand. My hand was trembling. I simply didn’t want her to know.

———

Now. I have no choice but to be serious now.

Having taken off my uniform and became stark-naked, I went towards Ogasawara Makoto, who waited as she sat on the bed, gripping her knees.

By me having finally came onto the bed, her despondent face about glistened with a smile upon it.

Don’t be overwhelmed. Don’t be scared. Don’t be afraid. If she’s broken, that’s also convenient for this. This beyond convenient development is necessary, too. It is needless to worry about the uneasiness.

“Begin. I won’t interfere. Show me what you had learned.”

Saying as such, I went up on the bed and just laid on my back.

“Y, Yes. I’ll do my best.”

Ogasawara Makoto, who answered along with my query, approached me lied down on all fours. And then, she raised her knee just beside me.

I, Is it fine…….that I also take the top?”

“Ah, you don’t need to make a confirmation with every detail. Do as you like.”

Her eyes swimming to my answer, she sat on me by a state that’s timidly. Her breathing was abnormally fast for nervousness. And, as for her whole body, it was dyed with a faint, pale pink like a full bloom cherry tree.

“C, Can I also, touch it?”

She got on my abdomen, and asked while staring at me with accumulated tears. She asks whether she can touch my penis.

“I said it isn’t a problem doing as you like. Do as you want to do.”

When I reply as such, she rung her throat, turned her right hand to the

back, and softly touched the tip of my penis.

“S, Smooth. A, And, it’s squishy despite being stiff……”

With the fingertips’ touch, my penis reacts with a twitch on its own. Having felt that, she widely opened her eyes, surprised, and then slipped out a laugh.

“It looks sort of like a separate creature.”

Having said that, she slowly raised her waist as she watched her right hand to my penis, and stopped her posture once she was in a slouch. And then, while adjusting the penis’ location by the attached hand, she squatted from there to drop her waist, and covered the tip with the anus.

“K, Kijima-san, you prepared for union……”

“Y, yes……”

She started at me tensely as her cheeks were dyed a cinnabar red. When I approved her question, her waist swallowed my penis.

“Naaa”

“Kuu”

When her waist shakes, my waist selfishly pops, too.

The feel of meat tightened my penis as it undulates. It is very hot, and despite being tight, the slippery, slimy hole swallows my penis easily.

It was a touch that’s way beyond imagination and pleasure.

Sweat trickles. Body trembles. Flushed skin. Eyes stares.

Lips half opened, Ogasawara Makoto, who's saliva slovenly drips from the edge of her lip, stares at me with trembling eyes.

Her body repeatedly twitches, sometimes jumping, her long breaths shaking my bangs, and the rough respiration felt to the extent like an illusion.

She holds my penis risen with flourish inside the base of her anus, and then doesn't move as she stopped.

No, it isn't that she doesn't move, she can't move. Even if she moves slightly, the notion of her whole body states she'll climax at any moment.

In other words, she refuses to do a climax. Perhaps when serving me, she'll hate that she's the only one yielding herself to the pleasure.

This time, the massage is to thoroughly heal my fatigue, and the top priority is to have me fully satisfied. Those sorts of thoughts are strong.

Not noticed from her, I close my mouth and clench my teeth, desperately enduring a climax, too. If I relax my guard, I'll be finished at that moment.

In brief, we're in similar states to one another. I will be finished if I move. Therefore, I can't move. But, there is a clear difference in our mental states.

The reason she's refusing to do a climax, is because she wants to serve me to the end, and the reason I'm desperately holding onto reason, is only so myself appears not swallowed by the whirlpool of pleasure in a state with I'm not satisfied.

In that contrast, I'm the true opposite.

To ministry this fellow, I cannot afford simply do a climax. This person is a tool. Being developed for the only purpose of spitting out a man's lust, it's the sexual gratification training for a meat toilet.

The certain definition of making use of a tool is said to fully using its ability whenever one pleases. So, the importance is that it's used.

But, if I end it here, then my cum has gone against my will. I want to cum. I can't use her if I don't want to cum. She is definitely a meat toilet with that, but if I cum here, it's nothing else than was used than using.

I can't causative. I am using it. I am using it. It has to be that. But……

"Y, You awre twitcswhing inwside—Nnuu"

"Kuu"

As her melted eyes stare at me, her body jumps. In her anus, the soft body like a creature tightens my penis from merely that alone. Gritted my teeth and withstood the big wave of pleasure, I have not even one bit of

composure.

If she shakes her waist up and down in this state, its three outs of the last nine innings, which means it's a game end. It won't be possible to even do a game extension.

Nevertheless, I can't allow a DNF on a match that began once. (1)

Running in face of an enemy is of the Chivalry code of cowardice. It is better to cut one's stomach than to escape.

When it comes to this, I have no choice but to make her cum as she is. I make her continuously climax, taking her willpower and physical strength, so she can't take motion and brings me into an advantageous state. In any case, the current posture is bad. Her moving freely in her cowgirl position is too much of a drawback to me.

However, I don't want to change positions. If I said such a thing, it's like saying, "I, I don't want to lose, can I change position?" I can't have that.

"O, Ogasawara, y, you, do you want to produce breast milk? In that case, it's practice."

"Aaahh, touching there nowwww, hiuuuu"

Extending my hands to the tips of her two drooping, ripened breasts, and I pinched the bright red, erected nipples. That moment, she trembled fearfully, and while drool dripped from the edge of her lips, she stared at me with teary eyes despite her teeth clenched.

By all means, I have to stop it that much. I have to ejaculate while look down on her, who continues doing a climax, and use her with a composed expression so that I'll spit it all out.

"Ki, Kijwaim-shan, that is no goodddd, it feels so goddddd—Aaahnn"

I knead the pinched teats, and then I stroke it slowly. Linked together, each time her body twitches the anus tightens, continuing to give my penis pleasure.

Fucking shit, as it is, it's a matter a time I'll finish. No, this isn't good, I will perish even if her waist doesn't move: I absolutely cannot let this happen.

But, how? She isn't going to cum just by her nipples. She easily cums if it's her anus, but since it's my penis pierced into it, she isn't able to move willfully like an anal stick. When doing that sort of thing, my defeat is fixed as of now.

"Naahh, hiuu, the tips feels goddddd"

It is useless; spicing the pleasure with this is useless. Just making her feelings get worked up isn't a kind of solution.

"Y, You also want to, feel gooddddd?"

At the same time, with a question that was also similar to a cry,

merciless appeared at that moment, too.

Ironically, by having stimulated her nipples, Ogasawara Makoto, who didn't move in refusal to climax, pushed her back.

She raised her waist. The penis is thereby pulled out.

My penis intensely pressed onto the meat wall, and while the undulating meat dragged it out, the friction relaxed by the large quantity of overflowing intestinal juices, gave tremendous pleasure that I can't possibly describe.

This is dangerous. It is the anus I had developed, but for it to really grow this much.

"NaaAAAA, twhis is amwazingggg!"

"GUuu"

My penis was pulled out to the near tip from the slippery intestinal juices, but it didn't fully spill out.

Her anus tightly held the point of my penis. It is just like it's saying it never wants to separate until death does its part.

Raised to her feet from her squatted down position, most of her upper body doesn't move. Both of my hands stuck on her chest, she opens her leg bowlegged and really only lifted her waist upwards.

The reason she hasn't moved her upper body, is probably because I'm pinching her nipples with my fingers.

Due to my penis pulled out, she's almost to a climax, but she still clenching her teeth, endures to the very limit.

Her eyes are wet. Face is blushed. Teeth clenched. Lips trembling. Drool discharged.

Desperately endures nearly drowning in pleasures, the appearance of hers that had composure to even hide it, was too lustful-like that it aroused my desire.

Visual and mental pleasure. And with the physical pleasure set alongside, I tightly grit my teeth while on the verge of climaxing with the overwhelming pleasure, and pinch her nipples. At any rate, I would've immediately ejaculated if I wasn't focused.

"I, If you pinch so stronggg, they'll come offff, b, but—aAHH"

She drops her eyebrows, trembling, and then she shakes her head while looking at me by narrowed pupils, and now—

"GUuuu"

"AaaAAaAAAH"

Her waist dropped. My penis invaded the inside of her bowls all at once.

“So, Sonryyy, swnorry, I can’t think about anything else nowww”

“Waii!? Juss!? GUuuUUUUu”

As I pinched her nipples, she began to vigorously wave just her waist. Without changing her upper, she skillfully moved only her waist up and down.

Indecent sounds tinged with moisture, resounded throughout the room. My penis was mercilessly pulled in and out of her anus, and expanded to the limit that it wouldn’t be strange even if it exploded.

It is that onanism machine. The onanism machine I made by having remodeled a chair. Having brought that home, Ogasawara Makoto, who worked utterly hard masturbating, had learnt phantasmagoric waist movement on her own.

But, in a sense it paid off. The pleasure was too strong. Although I’m essentially already on the verge of being finished, my mind and body haven’t caught up with the excessive size of pleasure, and on the contrary, it has become an obstruction to my climax.

But even so, that lasted several seconds. Even when I’m used to the extreme pleasure just slightly, I’ll grandly ejaculate in a second.

I didn’t think about any methods from just now, but due to the great

pleasure that was suddenly given, my thoughts became clear for an instant. On the verge of that moment, my thoughts fully rotated at full speed, and then I succeeded with a derive response.

"O, Ogasawara I'm sorryy"

"Naah!?"

Her waist suddenly stopped at my abrupt apology. But, she continues to fearfully twitch.

This is bad, my mind and body have begun to get used to this pleasure. Even the slightest vibration is likely to end me. I can't postpone a moment anymore, too. This is my last gamble at the beginning. If I fail, it will be over at that point.

Swallowed my saliva, I look at her, who's breathing violently while staring back.

Although I called out the moment I thought of a plan, it shouldn't be a bad one. However, with currently having my back to a wall, anxiety therefore spreads.

It is alright, it'll absolutely go well. Don't be nervous, don't be afraid, believe in yourself. Be impetuous. I am wonderful. I am strong. I won't lose. I am a winner. Don't be afraid of being defeated by a fucking idiot.

"I'm sorry, but Ogasawara, sexual excitement is needed with ejaculating, and I still can't see you as such an object. I am really sorry....."

Even though I could ejaculate anytime in this situation, I spoke to her calmly while pretending to have remained calm.

Honestly, this plan is full with holes. If her insight is high, it would be easy to see everything I'm talking about is inaccurate.

My skin is flushed with a great deal of sweat. And then, the breathing that I killed for my life selfishly rose due to my mind having gotten worked up. It is fully understood that I'm sexually excited with just those.

Moreover, the most notable of things is that I told what I really think. My penis which is pushed inside her was swelled to the point of abnormal with wanting to be quickly comfort. A wry smile would normally be placed if I said I'm not sexually excited with this.

But, however, her current state is far from chill. She seems to be putting all her energy to make me climax, and then refusing to do the same, but even I see her reasoning is just near of collapsing. She has no calm judgement, so there is a possibility she took my words seriously.

Besides, I'm betting all on it. It is really my last stand. If I'm pushed against a wall, there is no other way unless I push myself ahead. That is why, having the intention to die with a suicide attack, I'll be able to find a way out of there.

"I, It is……no good with me?"

Her face became pale and her eyes shook. From her nipples being

pinched by me, and her whole body gushing bead like sweat, she was trying to desperately calm down her own breathing.

She is clearly shaken. And, not even a doubt to my words, I realized she took in my words.

Nice! I should be able to overcome it like this.

"That doesn't mean I dislike you. Rather, I have a favorable impression. But, you're forever my massage practice partner, so in other words, I can't see you as an object of the opposite sex……"

" 'I can't see' is it the reason?"

"……I am really sorry."

Tears collect in her shaken eyes. While looking back at her eyes, I make an expression which seemed sincerely sorry.

Now, there aren't any problems here out. When she obediently withdraws, it will cause various training delays in the future.

For an ideal development, I want to make her cling to persistence.

If her love for me exceeds, it's very likely that she'll be super shocked and brood from being pushed away by me.

But, if her mind to service me exceeds, she should think in a need of relaxing both my mind and body, and to somehow make me ejaculate.

When speaking stochastically, it's a very high chance her love will exceed. After all, we were in a state of skin overlapping and connected. So, anyone would be shocked if I bluntly refused.

That is why it's a gamble. I specially placed in the words being favorable impression, so that her mind of servicing me would exceed.

I have no choice but to entrust it to her afterwards. How will she move forward? The result will change the future training policy.

"I, I'm sorry……"

She dropped down onto my chest. Hot tears overflowed from her eyes.

Biting her shaking, lower lip, she slowly got up. She then began to emit my penis held deep inside her bowels.

At that moment, the pleasure I endured and endured exploded, and an electric current ran through from my waist to my whole body.

With an ejaculate desire instantly swelling our, I feel something running up my urethra without stopping.

"KUu"

The second my entire penis was placed out of her anus, I, who immediately knew the moment event, reversed my body facedown.

From the tip of my penis, a mass of lust jetted out onto the bed. The pleasure lacked satisfaction that I would with spitting it out inside of her, but I'm finally able to be comfortable.

Even though I heaved a brief sigh of relief, to make sure she hadn't seen me ejaculated, I casted a side glance to her.

Ogasawara Makoto got down from on top of me, and looked down while in a girl sit. Seemingly, it doesn't seem she has any composure to notice I finished.

A sense of despair floated from the look. That is right, in spite of her trying her all to serve me, she was fully denied.

I had told her, 'You have no charm as a woman' to her face. Of course she would be depressed.

But, I didn't raise my voice. If I were to call our and whisper her sweet words for the sake of guiding her will, a feeling of discomfort will certainly stick in her heart.

I refused her as a sexual object, and completely denied her charm as a woman. The reason I say nothing, is because a wise person doesn't say anything, so it's natural to say nothing.

Which is why, I completely entrusted it to her will. But still, if the mind

of service exceeds, I'll probably be able to treat her as the true meaning of a tool. It is exactly the thing I sought with getting of this fatal situation.

"I……didn't study enough."

She muttered as such, and when she stood up directly without a sound, she went down from the bed. And then, she went towards the sofa.

Caught off guard, I got up, grabbed the box of tissues prepared for Ogasawara Makoto, then I wiped my penis and sheets with the tissue I quickly pulled from the box. I will wash these sheets later.

She arrived at the sofa and squatted down, hunting for something. Apparently, she wants to take something out from her bag. And then, she takes out the massages for men documents I handed to her.

"Ejaculation is most effect to relax a man's mind and body. But, high skill is necessary for that. Otherwise, a sexual exciting picture or video can also be a means of use……"

Ogasawara Makoto muttered while staring intensely at the documents. She seems to be reading the explanation entry about accomplishing ejaculations.

Things appear to be going according to my plan.

……is it really? Would she not normally be more depressed? Once again, to the ideal development I sought of her, she is willingly……no, I don't think that. I will dig my own grave with over interpreting it too much.

There wasn’t a particular abnormally towards the flow. She fell into my plan. Yeah, it is nothing other than that. Do not think about needlessness.

Even if I’m bent on that, anxiety is absolutely spreading through my heart.

A plan full of holes, worked out in the last minute: if I think stochastically, there is a high possibility that I’ll fall down badly. But, far from the situation improving for the better if I fall down in a good way, I’ll be able to push forward future training more ideally.

It just isn’t this time. It is also so far. Whether there is a dilemma, it is driven into a corner and changes with a convenient development for me.

Even though that sort of things only leads to this continuously, it would be impossible for a person to say they don’t feel uneasy.

Suppose I induce her on purpose, two things can be expected.

In favor of wanting to be near me, she’ll push through with the development I really genuinely expect, or she will try to put me into and use her plan.

The moment I reached that idea, I was stunned. What on earth am I worried about?

It is convenient if she had purely fallen in love with me. And, if she’s

going to use me, isn't this much more interesting?

For what she intends to use me for, wouldn't I be able to taste the best trill if I stretch out my body in the midst of the ruse? Ultimately, wouldn't this get the best entertainment?

Interesting, she's interesting. You are troublesome and annoying, but in a sense, it's excellent that I don't get bored.

I heard her strange family background in the shopping mall. There also is a possibility that she spoke it to me deliberately. With that in consideration, is her plan revenge for her younger sister-in-law who looked down on her?

Ogasawara Makoto loved Sasaki. And, Sasaki fell in love with her, too. If the younger sister-in-law forced such a relationship between the two to split, she may have become a subject of revenge.

Therefore, if she uses me, she's going to take the opportunity of making me a studhorse to revolt against her younger sister. (2)

So I'll pretend to be obedient, and using my schemes, I'll freely manipulate her in reserves if she tries to make me a slave to pleasure.

Everything is no more than a guess in her character, and I do have doubt whether it will lead to the reaming idea of revenge, but even the possibility that the manner shown to me is fake may be enough for now. (3)

Falling in love with me, while also seeing through my plans, it possible to be grasp that than be convinced that she's throwing her body for my convenient deploy in nothing but pure thoughts.

Which answer is the right one? Or, are my considerations totally irrelevant? Well, it's fine, I'm surely not in a hurry, and naturally the answerer will be known soon. I will enjoy myself till the time.

And then, when the time has come, I will turn the tables on her. Therefore, I must examine around the outskirts of her, Sasaki, and the younger step-sister in detail.

If she had decided on a grand scheme, should I move by today?

Anxiety and confusion was inside of me, but even so, the ill feeling such as uneasiness seems to have reduced and had become a strange, bright mood.

———

Ogasawara Makoto, who didn't move once having sat on the ground, muttered while staring into the documents held in both hands.

"N, No, no……I don't want to leave your side."

She doesn't want to leave my side, or. Is she genuinely thinking so, or is she deliberately telling me those words?

If you ask me, who reached a conclusion that she's trying to get me into her plan and use it, absolutely never think with only the latter.

Well, it seems this is fine. If she doesn't want to be separated from me, then what will she do? How will she do it?

Will it be what's written in the documents I diligently handed over? Will she make me ejaculate with lacking skill, or when in a difficult situation of making me have desire, will she use a tool to forcibly make me have desire?

In other words, to arouse a man's desire, a video made for the purpose of getting desire out, or a use a picture of the same thing.

"I don't have a.....video.....image. Then, how can I....."

Separated her eyes from me, and to the mutter of Ogasawara Makoto, who again dropped her eyes on the documents, I expressed a broad grin.

If I reflected my current face in the mirror, surely what's displayed is a dark smile that seems considerably sinister.

Apart from that, she reached the thought according to my assumption that it's beyond favorably.

Her charm as a woman was completely denied by me, but she is still trying to serve me somehow or another. That means, to make me ejaculate she's going to use things other than her body to create desire.

That being the case, I will give it. The item.

When I got down from the bed, I walk away from the bed to her.

It is good I ejaculated once. Ogasawara Makoto's body has an obscene charm which really arouses lust. She is completely exposed without frugality, too. Moreover, when I think about doing it from here, blood willfully concentrates on my lower part. Thanks to that, it's already half-erected.

I might accidently go off if I didn't take out a bullet here.

"Ogasawara, um, if you're in trouble I'll cooperate……"

I stood next to her, whom sat on the sofa edge, and scratched a finger on my cheek while evading her eyes, bashfully. Naturally, my embarrass gesture is a performance.

"Cooperate……?"

When she raised her face to my words, she looks up with an expression seized with anxiety and shaking eyes.

Is this acting? I don't think so. As such, it can be said I got confused.

But, however, I already made a breakthrough. Even if it is or isn't a performance, either way is fine. On the contrary, if I say everything of her

is fake and a performance, it becomes a game between similar actors performing to hide themselves.

With her exploring my real intentions while pretending innocence, I will outsmart her, intending to make her into a meat toilet.

“U, Um……I’m sorry a little while ago. I didn’t intend to be mean, and I didn’t say that thinking you’ll be hurt so much. Besides, for me, I don’t want to lose you, who are an excellent assistant. So, how much do you consider fine if I lower my head—”

“Please stop it! You did nothing bad! I am at fault!”

Preventing my action of trying to lower my head, she raised a cry and clung to my leg, shaking.

I see, I see. Well, I wasn’t going to bow my head from the start.

“Well then, um, I am pretty much a man, too. So, I am excited for the opposite sex, and I also do to my spit out my collected suspense when I feel like it.”

I squatted on in place having said that, and patted the head of hers, whose overflowing tears while biting her lower lip.

“I thought whether it was imprudent having it as a secret to you, but here.”

“……Eh?”

Stopped my breath and forced myself to blush, I quickly averted my eyes from her, who looked up at me. (4)

“Sometimes, um, I spit it out, here. Although I had this thing for that sake, I simply didn’t want you to find out. But, supposing if this is necessary for you, I’ll bear the shame giving it to you……”

While being my glance, her eyes that stared at my speaking, shook greatly.

Confirmed the state with a leer so she wouldn’t notice, I converted my welled smile into a self-conscious one, and stood up in place. Ogasawara Makoto also stood up like a fish caught by me.

“In short, I like a woman for sexual subjects and videos that expose an unladylike appearance, which is an adult video, but if I show you such a thing, um, it seemed you’ll contempt me……”

When Ogasawara Makoto stood up and nestled close to me, holding my left arm, she shook her head while looking up at me.

“I, I won’t hate you. I, If the video, um, you watch……you get excited?”

Anxiety and fear, in addition to her expression that included a little expectation, it was tinged with a subtle color of blood than the pale complexion of a little while ago.

I said that I feel sexual excitement to women expect her. It is natural to be in a complicated state of mind, but she's probably trying to find a means of escape there.

"Well, these sort of videos are sold countlessly in society. Therefore, my favorite appearances and figures of women are in those sort of videos, too."

I saw Ogasawara Makoto, who heard my explanation silently, have a melancholy expression. Does she perhaps think I have special feelings for the woman in the video? To put it simply, she seems to be jealous.

Since it's her, the possibility of reaching such a conclusion is also enough. For that reason, I decided to explain it in detail for the time being.

"But, I don't want you to misunderstand: it's essentially intended to only deal with sexual desires, and I don't have any other desires for the woman of the video. It may be hard for you to understand, who's a woman, but that's the way it is for a man. Naturally, I'm also no exception."

Looked to be doubtful, she knitted her eyebrows to my explanation, and while showing an expression that isn't partially convinced, she nodded.

While I couldn't see her as a sexual object, she wouldn't be able to digest my excitement to a female in a video. It is a reasonable reaction.

“I, It, where is it?”

She, whom asked in a timid state, pushed her abundant breasts onto my left arm she held.

I feel the breasts endowed with elasticity as well as softness on my left elbow. Thank god my penis quietly let go of that awaited one shot, but then if it receives I can’t quickly move the next piece.

“This way.”

Having said that, I moved to the warehouse corner with her.

———

The time I just got this warehouse, I noticed that part of the warehouse wall I cleared up was damaged.

I somehow mended it with having left it alone, but after it got to the point she came here often, I remodeled the mended wall.

Even I have a limit to endure my libido. That being the case, there is no problem if I masturbate in my own apartment room, but sometime around when the warehouse is one way or another quiet, I put some treasures in it.

With her finding it, I watch the possibility. So, I hide it inside the wall I

remodeled.

But then, it isn't a big deal even if I said I remodeled it. I only removed the wall part I mended.

It was painted again, but part of the wall protrudes more than the others by a slightly different color. It is full of an out of place feeling, but that's just because it was removed and as it was simply repaired.

Arrived at the repaired lower position of the wall, I squatted down in place and removed that part. I placed my right hand in the appeared hole and took out a plastic case.

It was the correct answer to hide this in the warehouse. By no means did I consider such a development, because I was prepared for nothing.

I masturbate using Ogasawara Makoto's body while appreciating the adult video. The woman definitely has the existences similar to a sex sleeve, and it can be said it's definitely a meat toilet.

The training is ahead several steps from scheduled, but nevertheless, this isn't a missing hand since she's determined.

"This is a DVD."

"T, This……?

When I hold out the DVD case I took from the wall hole to her,

Ogasawara Makoto, who seemed to be somewhat nervous, timidly extended her hand and took it.

The case surface showed a young woman of black hair and rimmed glasses, which wore a suit of a black tight skirt. Wearing a suit, it's a beautiful girl of a slightly childish face.

It was truly accidental, but the contents and leading actress of the hidden adult video were quite ideal.

The starring actress was a former top idol, and there being details of becoming desperate from a broken heart, she appeared in an AV. Moreover, after having calmed down she regretted appearing in that one work, and hasn't made an appearance in the media since then.

Having been a top idol, and a face and body being no aim of complaint, this one work can be said a legendary one of the AV world.

However, it's too bad for the contents. She didn't intended to appear in an AV, so naturally she was amateur and had a tremendous difference of skill to be a professional. But, because the reputation of her innocent nature reserve, that's the reason it lead to a record-breaking big hit for the AV industry, nevertheless there is no big deal in terms of eroticism.

But, it is fine this time. Although she takes training from me, Ogasawara Makoto is an amateur. Her knowledge and skill is still developing. In other words, she's in a close state to the top idol who appeared in the AV.

Promoted from the story of an idol actor, it showcases awkward skill. It

should have been taught to some extent before appearing, but it also unsuccessfully shows the tension of actual sexual intercourse.

The awkward actor was taught every given detail that spanned in accordance with her idol conduct. It will by all right a no good, but the moment when the chastity of the pure idol is violated, it led to the sales by the director's idea.

It is a hindsight-based opinion, but I'm saying the director's judgment was right.

In short, when this video makes her perform sexual service, it can be said that it'll very effectively improves her training software of knowledge and skill.

"P, Pretty person, isn't she? But, this person, I've seen her somewhere……"

She muttered such while staring at the jacket case.

She would have seen her. She was a top idol who appeared a lot on television until several years ago. It was a famous story that an idol retired themselves in a hurry, but it wasn't informed by a surface wave that she appeared on an AV.

Reading sport newspapers and gossip magazines, or are acquainted with the internet, that would be sources of information. Naturally, it can be said even she wouldn't be aware of it.

Ogasawara Makoto showed me the case jacket she was looking at, and then looked at me with upturned eyes while having a complicated expression.

“Well, it does help me considerably.”

“…..you like, this person?”

“I said it isn’t like that.”

Her still stares as me, absent mindedly mumbling, and I immediately denied her words.

“You are surprisingly shallow……”

“Sexual arousal and special feelings towards the opposite sex are different things. But well, I don’t deny that men are suckers for physical looks.”

When she looked sullen, I stared at the case jacket that was pointed to me again, and examined the photographed actress.

It is obvious I was superficial the time I targeted her. I won’t say it, but Ogasawara Makoto is a beauty with look that is no means inferior to the former idol on the jacket case.

It would also depend on preference, but I feel she’s slightly on top from what I’ve seen. Nevertheless, if I were asked whether she can become an

idol, I'd answer with a no.

Body and appearance to become an idol would be absolute requirements, but when it's a beautiful girl with Ogasawara Makoto beauty and figure, it can be said the requirements were met beyond perfect.

But, also other than good looks for an idol, I believe a person's charm and stealing people's hearts are necessary. And then, strength that defeats others, determination to crawl up towards the top, as well as appetite is indispensable. By that definition, it's unsuitable for Ogasawara Makoto, who's timid and doesn't eagerly go out in public.

That means, an idiot of only appearances like her, are well matched for an exclusive meat toilet that takes care of sexual desires.

———

Moved towards the sofa, I again put on my uniform that took off and sat down.

I stopped the massage practice for now, and since she's focused on an ejaculated matter to making me relax, I didn't have to be naked.

Although with Ogasawara Makoto, who's wearing socks and shoes, she's squatted down before the television naked as ever. And, she was tampering with the receipt recorder on the TV stand which the television is placed on.

“Umm, ‘for it to open here’……Is it this? Eh? Oh? It is flashing off shinny……w, wha, what do I do? Even though this is seems expensive, it broke—uhiyya!? It opened suddenly!? ……That surprised me.”

The power button was pressed, and with the pushed open/close button in a setup stage boot, the lamp which indicates in preparation flickers. Not able to understand that, she thought the equipment broke and appeared to have gotten flustered, but was surprised that the open/close suddenly operated.

I thought that she was ignorance with mechanical related things, but with it being certainly being this much.

I worry that she’s too clumsy, but I can’t lend a hand. I must make her do the DVD playback completely by herself.

In other words, I’m making her prepare my “side dish” by her own hands, and then I’ll make her wish I use her own body as a sex sleeve. With making her do these series of movements by her own will, it can finally be said she’s a meat toilet.

Nevertheless, it’ll also be at most a half-baked one. Even if I might said she’s solely a meat toilet, the way of making a sublimated tool that’s able to be branded as first class goods, is a long steep.

“D, Done. Uummm, playback button, click. Eh? Huh? Nothing is displayed?”

“……Ogasawara, the essential television isn’t switched on.”

“Ah! That is right! As expected of you! You skillfully noticed!”

“……I think, I’m not to that point.”

I didn’t intend to interfere, but watching her being confused with the video not having shown even though the TV isn’t switched on, even I couldn’t help but meddle.

“Wow, is it mimicking a newscaster? But, it seems to be a different person from the one in the photograph package.”

“……Occasionally, Ogasawara, it’s different. The news program is normal. If you don’t switch to the external input it won’t display the video.”

“Ah! That is right! As expected of you! You skillfully noticed!”

“……I think, I’m not to that point.” (Makoto and Kijima-san repeated exactly what they said previously.)

To Ogasawara Makoto, who thought the seen news program displayed on the screen was the adult video, I delved again.

No matter how you put it, she is too ignorant. Perhaps, has this fellow hardly touched any kind of electronic machine?

“Ogasawara, you don’t have a television in your own room?”

Suddenly interested, I decided to ask.

“No, I don’t have one. I only have a radio that I was given around ten years ago. But, the radio is very fascinating. Since there aren’t pictures, it expresses everything only by words. A picture comes into mind just hearing it.”

“……Is that so.”

Only a radio, or. It doesn’t seem likely it’s because her life is poor that she can’t buy it. She doesn’t seem to be in a need of money that much.

After all, it would be her own expenses to even buy sex toys, and when we went to the shopping mall, she, who tried to buy her own ticket at the station, took out her wallet of a handbag a child would use, but several cards were in the wallet. However, the wallet itself has gone through a considerable number of years.

It is my situation guess, but the reason isn’t a need of money, it seems she can’t behave like a spoiled child to her parents.

In other words, she receives an allowance, but it’s a point that she can’t ask even if there is something she really wants. Or else, she is either being hesitant.

“Ummm, ‘input exchange’, is this? Eh!”

To her thoroughly trying to operate the video, I unconsciously threw a sigh.

It would be much easier if she used the remote placed on the table, but I can also agree if she doesn't usually use it she wouldn't arrive at such an idea. But, I'd like to purposely say a brief comment. What world period are you in?

"Ah, it switched over. Wow, the person of the package is shown. But, won't it move? Is it just this the whole time? Are you excited with this image?"

"……No, it's the menu screen."

The input switches over, and Ogasawara Makoto stared at the suspended menu screen picture, looking confused.

This is now pointless: as it is, we're bound to make no progress.

Having become irritated, I took the remote on the table by hand, and pressed select when the cursor overlapped with all play.

Although I was excited until a while ago, I have completely lost strength thanks to her clumsiness.

But, well, it will be fine. From now on, because only her body appearance is first class goods, I'll make full use of her as an ejaculation tool.

The leading actress on acreen, whose childish nature was left with a lovely warped face, was toyed with by a group of men.

Two men pinned her down with both their hands, and then sticking to both her breasts, they excessively teased her pretty nipples. Moreover, another two men held down both legs and forcibly opened her crotch.

She, who couldn't move at all, also wasn't able to resist to the man burying his faces into her exposed vagina.

The man with his face between her thighs seems to laugh at her, and peeling her clitoris with a finger while caressing it by the tongue, he demanded her to speak dirty.

Shaking her head and shedding tears, she pleas wanting to be quickly let off. But, there isn't a person who accepts her plea.

"P, Please stop. No, I hate this……I beg for you to stopppppp!"

Her sorrowful cry leaked from the television and echoed in the warehouse.

Both her legs were opened by force. He caressed the base of the thigh to the vagina persistently and violently.

Screaming wishfully for help, her moans then began to be mixed in with the cry, and her body started to convulsion.

The men, who laugh seeing her appearance, looks down her, speaks ill of her, and tortures her even more obstinately.

She perhaps couldn’t hide her shaking while experiencing a climax for the first time, and then with lecherous rubbed onto herself, she gradually lost reason.Her eyes lost brightness. Her behavior became obedient every pursuing moment. It is about twenty minutes from the start, and she was completely changed to a wonderful female pig that didn’t have a will. (1)

A penis was forcibly inserted her mouth while one was inserted in the vagina.

The fellatio was unsteady, and her lower back was hammered violently from both bottom to top; it wasn’t suppose to be a decent performance. Her figure was rebuked, spanked, and cursed at.

The girl was broken. The pure existence went through being violated, and the moment she was being smeared with the vulgar men’s desire was recorded in detail.

When one of the men lets out his semen in her vagina, this time the training called education began.

She got down on all four before a man sitting cross-legged, and without hands, she began to the service only with her mouth.

She kissed the penis’ point which flew into a thriving rage, looked up to the man with eyes loss of light, and stuck out her tongue with a dark smile. And then, she crept her tongue over the penis.

Behind her, several people had sex toys. When they spank her buttock ordering her to push it out, it rose in accordance and they then began to torment her private part with sex toys that each one had.

Her waist pops by the pain and pleasure, and then her head was kept down by the man that sat down cross-legged, forcing the furious penis into her mouth. Thus, when the man grabs her hair, he began to move it up and down, just like handling a tool.

From the back, her private part, clitoris, and anus were tortured with a sex toy, and with her mouth being blocked with a cock, she sobbed, and in spite of her tears, she seemed to have already given up in several of ways.

If she resisted she'll be spanked, kicked, and abused with crud language. Help didn't come, too. That being the case, she had no choice but to give up. She had nothing else but to become obedient if she wanted to relax the pain a little.

Waving their waists mercilessly, the men enjoys themselves in the rear, screwed their cocks into her vagina and anus with passion. And when feeling refreshed, they began to play again.

The trembling man, who forcibly kept her head down, made her suck him.

Having the penis thrust till base, she opened her eyes wide, convulsing. Her throat resounded with a gulp.

“Hiyahah! Oi, this person frickin’ swallowed it! She is unexpectedly lewd with a cute face!”

With her mouth blocked by the penis, it was thrust into her throat. Since she couldn’t spit it out, she had no choice but to swallow it.

The man who forced her to drink it, abuses her. After that, she continued to be soiled in turns.

Cloudy looking liquid began to overflow from her anus and vagina. The adorable faced warped slovenly, the round and cute eyes opened wide open, and her body kept twitching like a fish on land.

An appearance that brought about innocence wasn’t even a shadow to see anymore.

Video content like this is the reason it was displayed on the television, nevertheless……fufu, huh?

What is this? I shouldn’t own an adult video that has this much hard content.

The leading actress is the same. It is the former top idol whom took the world by storm. But, the adult videos she appears in should be only one work. But, the truth is shown on the TV. What on earth is this kind of thing?

Naturally, I only thought about one thing. Simply with me not being aware of it, this wasn't the adult video which the formal top idol only appeared in.

When I fleet my eyes towards the table, I go on the plastic case.

It is no doubt the adult video I hid. It is impossible to make a mistake.

"Uh-huh, I see……it leads to a massage."

Ogasawara Makoto, who sits down next to me naked as ever, runs her pen over the palm sized memo pad while nodding.

It is leading to a massage? Did she seriously say that? That super hardcore rape training? Where is the leading?

W, Well fine, I'll leave the idiot frantically taking memos while nodding alone for now. My first priority is to understand the current bad situation.

I thought the hidden adult video was consequently suitable for an introductory course, so I showed it to her.

The contents were really soft things. In the studio which shot it, it was such a bright work that the staffs' laughter echoed.

After all, the leading actress was a complete amateur with being a former top idol. Even the fellatio wasn't done decently. Moreover, it's only popularity was with the AV's staff appearance: she was truly a gold mine.

It would a big loss if she even returned sulky. This was why the surrounding actors were strangely tender.

Just like teaching a grade student, she was attentively taught skills. The adult video's created farce was also a good part. It should have those sorts of contents.

And yet, no matter where you see it from, the video projected now on the TV was super hardcore rape training. Exhaustively without mercy, her holes were violated.

Did I mistakenly put the contents in the case? No, that shouldn't be it. In the first place, I don't possess such a hard adult video.

I am definitely trash, but I don't have barbaric ideas like breaking minds with violence. I gradually winning them over, lure with a whirlpool of pleasure, and when they noticed they're swallowed in a vortex, I make them into a female pig in search of pleasure despite shedding tears of regret. Even though that's enjoyable, I despise the likes of breaking minds with the sheer stupidity of force rape.

Even if I liked hard contents, my design nature is completely different.

With that in mind.

The fool is running her pen in the memo pad while playing dumb next to me. I can only think that this fellow reshuffled the contents.

If I also think about it, she diligently does the warehouse cleaning. She

has already been in every nock and cranny. If she found the repaired wall, she may have also touched it.

Therefore, knowing that part of the wall is removable, she discovered the adult video stored inside.

I understand it if I think about it, but when that happens, a new doubt surfaces.

Why was it necessary to exchange the contents? Moreover, to one of this much hardcore content.

“Kijima-san, Kijima-san, this is the skill you said?”

Repeatedly poking at my shoulder, my body unintentionally jumps.

With my heart beating away at high speed, a cold sweat goes along my spine. My breathing involuntarily rises, and I felt like choking.

When I look next to me, Ogasawara Makoto is pointing at the TV with a pen and stared at me while looking confused.

When I turn my glaze to the TV, the man’s dick went excessive in her mouth.

“A, Ah, that, um……is a fera?”

“Fera? Strange word. Is it not Japanese? What is the language?”

Eh? Language? Even though I heard her speak what, I haven’t thought about it either.

“U, Uh, based on the word impression…….is it Latin? It probably is, but.”

“Wow, as expected of you! The feeling of the word is a fashionably expression, isn’t it!”

“……..It would appear so?”

Ogasawara Makoto, who grinned, nudged at my side with her elbow. I, who answered her with a smile, was quickly seized with the drive that wanted to grab my head.

This is dangerous. Having no way for me to expect the adult video contents being replaced, my brain was revering.

“Although it seems difficult for the girl herself, all the men are feeling good. Moreover, it is awfully fun, isn’t it? If I do that sort of thing, will you enjoy it?

“Eh, A, Ah, I, I don’t know……”

She quickly grabbed my uniform jacket by hand, and stared at me with upturned eyes. Her brown eyes were curiously shining. (2)

“Ah! It was that!”

“Hyii” (3)

To Ogasawara Makoto, who clapped her hands and raised her voice, I almost reflexively screamed. Somehow, I narrowly didn’t shriek.

When looking at her while throbbing, she puts both hands together to the front of her chest, and tightens her expression staring at the TV.

“I gained a lot of knowledge since I looked at it absorbedly, and I nearly had forgotten the purpose!”

“P, Purpose?”

“Yes, the purpose of making you aroused. How is it? Are you excited?”

To her words, I swallowed my saliva.

I completely forgot the purpose. I mean, my thoughts have yet to catch up with the situation.

Why did she change the case content? Is there any meaning is switching them? Moreover, the contents are very hardcore rape training.

Is the reason to watch this adult video with me? No, it wouldn’t be that. The possibility that her and I were to watch this adult video together was

an unlimited low.

After all, this was kept in a secret safekeeping storage that nobody else knows than me. Even if she switched the adult video contents, opportunities won't come to watch it together.

If she wanted to watch it together, it should've even been fine if she put it on top of the table with an innocent look.

Then her purpose, instead isn't watching the super hardcore rape training that's currently being shown on TV, it's simply nothing else but that she wanted to show it to me.

Thus, when I think about what she was aiming at, it's one answer. It is safe to think she's asking for me to act that sort of way.

I see, I finally understood her scheme.

Perhaps something like a video camera is hidden in this warehouse. Because of that, it is very likely that inside the warehouse is being recorded. The reason is material of threat.

By showing me the super hardcore rape training, it's to make me think that she demands such an act. And, if I think about making a pass at her, naturally she will resist.

But still, I'd rape her without worrying about it. Because, I'm convinced that she demanded for an act.

But, what will the third party, who doesn't know anything seeing the recorded film, will think? Of course he should think I'm compulsorily raping her.

Is that material to treat me to be used in her scheme?

In that case, to make it easy for me to turn my hand to her was the sudden demand of anal sex an arranged plan to lure me into the current flow?

Like that, she intended to wait patiently for me to appreciate the displayed adult video currently on TV, but I went for an unexpected action. No doubt that it was a nice miscalculation if it was from her.

You are foolish, Ogasawara Makoto. Your scheme is equal to mere child's play. Did you still believe this sort of bluff would pass for me?

But, it's not necessarily that I don't want to make a pass at her. In that situation, I'm afraid of her plan, and by that it's just like I'm tuck my tail between my legs and ran away.

In the first place, I don't need self-protection. I will only be on the offense. It is my course that I'll walk.

If possible, I will use her plan adversely.

I won't turn my hand to her, I'll make her do it. Even if it's recorded, it

isn’t harm for me. On the contrary, it should fall into a troublesome situation for her.

The seed which she sows herself grows out a vine, and the vine tightened on her own neck.

“Kijima-san? You are absent minded, is something wrong?”

I pulled myself together to the voice I suddenly heard.

Because I concentrated on making my thoughts circulate so much, I seemed to have become silent. She may have doubt if I think in silence.

It is indeed crunch time. But, my plan is already made up. Now, Ogasawara, how do you intent to exchange my counterattack, or will you have a look at it carefully?

“Whether or not I am excited, you will understand when you check it with your own eyes.”

Said so, I folded my arms, opened both legs, and drew myself up.

How will she go on? An expectation has gone off with your plan. If I don’t make a move, there is no problem when entrusting it to you this way.

But, a problem will only happen when she doesn’t make a move. Since I can’t reach my hands, if she doesn’t move I’m in a deadlock.

“I, Is it fine?”

Despite my worry, she looks onto my face to confirm.

“Y, Yes……please.”

Heard my reply, her whole face floated a grin, and when her cheeks quickly flushed while her eyes shiningly brightened, she started at me with wet upturned eyes. Moreover, she appears to be breathing heavily.

Huh? Is she not somewhat very pleased? In addition, it doesn’t seem like a performance. She seems to already be pleased from the bottom of her heart.

Did I make a mistake in the prediction? N, No, no, wait, wait, I made a premature conclusion. Ogasawara Makoto, who was counterattacked by me, is flustered, and thinking about it, there is even a possibility that she purposely charged forward to hide her unrest—is it really that?

This fellow, who switched the adult videos, might simply just be an extreme masochist. If that’s the case, the correspondence changes in 100 degrees.

Shit, I don’t understand what she’s doing anymore. What is this fellow? Why does she go through my predictions on a slippage this way? Show me a normal reaction once in a while.

What she's actually aiming at, I have no idea anymore.

"T, Then, whether or not you are excited……I check it?"

Said as such, she stood up from the sofa, moved in front of me, and held out a hand to me. A butt plug of the same model used in the movie theater was in the palm of her hand.

Did this fellow, purchased all the same sex toys I used?

"U, Um, the men reflected on the TV, seem to really like the fera. Surely they feel very good. So, I think it's worth trying out……"

Staring straight at me with a bright red face, she said so and smiled.

The point is, to make me ejaculate and relax both body and mind, are you saying you want to do a fellatio?

Other than that, if that's true then what is the meaning of the butt plug?

"T, That is why, as I do the fera, I intend to continue the training. With this……."

While saying as such shyly, she evaded my eyes from me. In other words, while a fellatio is being done, is she doing a hands free onanism with a butt plug in her anus?

When she did it in the shopping mall restroom, it was considerably good. Did she get addicted to that?

"P, Please don't misunderstand! It is not particularly because it felt good with putting this in my bottom! P, Practice! It is practice! It is completely practice! It never was because it felt good!"

Even though I said nothing, she made excuses for herself. As I expected, she got addicted.

But, that's particularly good. It is a point even I, want to see her body develop to, and because she is doing it by herself, I also don't have a reason to make her stop, but……

"W, Why are you looking at me with disgusted eyes! Even though I said it's for practice! Please don't judge me with eyes as if I'm a complete pervert that likes putting things in their bottom!"

Ogasawara Makoto, who flew into a rage as her face became bright red, struck my head again and again.

Haha, I don't understand her well? This bitch whom is trying to server a fera with being nude, is entreating that she wants me to put in a butt plug in her anus. What do you call that other than a pervert?

This person is still just an ordinary fool. Do I not just over interpret too much?

When it comes to this, I feel it's better to frankly question the core

doubt I've been holding.

When I received the handed our butt plug, she turned over in place. And then, when she opened her legs to shoulder length with her back turned from me, she bent her upper body forward. Furthermore, she turned both hands to her rear, and opened the grabbed buttock at left and right sides.

Opened her anus, it was revealed in front of me.

"Say, Ogasawara, you don't need to say if you don't want to, but what do you think of your younger sister-in-law?"

While immediately opening the anus with pushing the butt plug, I asked her.

"Ah, nuuu—Shidzuka-sannn, is really nicee. I, I am completely at fault. If, If I wasn't hereee—ann— surely Shidzuka-san—will have also set innn"

While hearing her talk with a moan mixture, I slowly pushed the butt plug I forced into the anus.

Since my penis was inserted, the anus was quite already loose to the point of easily swallowed the tip of the butt plug that's bigger than the anal sticks' globes.

Although I brought up the younger sister, she isn't.....upset. The usual her. But, the remark calling her a good child actually caught me. In other words, it's nothing but a fact it's usually a bad child if you turn it the other

way.

Likewise to my prediction, I decided there is a considerably discord with her sister. But, it doesn't seem like she wants to deal with her younger sister-in-law somehow.

The bad one is herself. With her masochistic habit, her statement is neither a corresponded nor a gesture that even has a slightly sense of incongruity. There doesn't seem to be fabrication.

When I finished inserting the butt plug in the anus, Ogasawara Makoto, who got up, looked back while bawling breath. And once she went towards to the sofa, she came back to me immediately. The fake milking machine was also in that hand.

".....you'll also put that, or perhaps?"

"I, It is practice"

"……is that right?"

"Yes!"

When I took the mock milking machine held out, she again turns over on the spot from me, and knelled down in place. And then, when she gathered her long raven black hair with both hands, she lifted it.

Her white nap and thin neck appeared. Her slender as smooth

shoulders and back gave off the impression of a delicate glass work to the point of seeming she would break with a touch.

Held the fake milking machine in my right hand, I stretched out both hands from the rear of her to the front, and attached it to the drooping ripened breasts. And from the back of her, I fastened it.

When the work was over, Ogasawara Makoto looked back as she still stood kneeling, and slipped her body in between my crotch.

"T, Then, I check it? You please won't say it's no good now? Are you a man? Does a man not go back on his word once he said it?"

"……I think."

Ogasawara Makoto, who adheres to my crotch, confirms more persistently than required. When she says it like that, it rather makes me uneasy.

Although she asked persistently, I was able to notice that Ogasawara Makoto, who stretched both hands between my crotch, was visually shaking.

She takes off my belt with her trembling hands and lowered the zipper.

Her shaking hands transfer direct vibrations near my penis. As a result, my penis begun to protrude and I lost my strength for a number of reasons.

And when it was taken out from the gap of the unfastened zipper, my penis was blossomy erected.

“It is a strange form, isn’t it? Why is the tip big?”

Staring at the penis that appeared, she poked at the tip of it with a finger while looking at me with upturned eyes.

“It is a sex organ of a man, which means the penis is intended to ejaculate inside of a woman’s vagina. For that reason, it evolved into a suitable shape to ejaculate into it. Which is this.”

Saying so, I pointed at the penis that was excited and prosperous. Seeing that, she nodded many times like she was admiring me.

“When I insert the penis in the vagina, this shape can give more pleasure. Fr a simple rod shape, inserting in and out is easy even if inside the vagina. In which case, the pleasure is small. Therefore, the tip rises in an umbrella shape is to purposely bring resistance.

“ ‘Resistance’, do you mean it feels good when rubbing?”

“If it’s frankly speaking, that’s right. But, it will be accompanied with pain when dry. To soften it, a vaginal secretion generated by the female’s genital takes part in amplifying the pleasure more.”

When I answered her question, she evaded my eyes directly and softly

extended her left hand to my crotch. It seems she checked it when having heard vaginal secretions.

"A lot is generated when a woman is sexually excited or feeling good, and when their life approached danger. It seems to be a primitive desire called species survival. And when a penis is inserted, the umbrella tip-shaped rubs against the vagina wall and brings pleasure to the woman. Thereby, the quantity of vaginal secretions increases more, making sure to secure mutual pleasure. Prospering offspring is the primitive desire for living things. That is the reason desire is amplified with increased pleasure. "

"I see. So, when I put it in my buttock, it being that comfortable—ahem, is nothing of concern."

Poked at the tip of my penis while her cheeks reddened, she cleared her throat as she got flustered after muttering. Her real intentions had just gone out.

The anus itself is unrelated with the reproduction act that I explained.

When I looked down on her with scornful eyes, she tries to gloss it over with laughing foolishly, and then she looks at to TV and back to my penis alternately.

"That is right! Since it's painful when rubbed in a dried state, then I have to wet it? So, is doing it with the mouth comfortable?"

Putting both her hands together in front of her chest, she nodded

seeming to understand in spite of asking me.

Lubrication is certainly important, and fellatio has the merit of easily obtaining more pleasure than vagina sexual intercourse, and it can also satisfy dominate lust. I omitted that explanation.

"T, Then while you relax, please get excited watching the TV. I will also begin the massage."

When she looks up at me with upturned eyes, she switched on the fake milking machine by herself, and lowered her head while fearfully shaking.

Subsequently, a chill ran up my spine. Something hot and slimy touched the tip of my penis.

"Ah, nn, it's also larger than a while ago—ann"

Her moans were mixed with the motor sounds of the fake milking machine, and then, I heard the sound of splashing water. From my penis to waist the water sound resound each time, and the pleasure runs through my whole body.

Ogasawara Makoto, who was licking my penis with her tongue, fearfully, occasionally puts up her faces a looks at my state, and then looks back to checks the video that's displayed on the television.

This is probably her first fellatio. There is no way it can go well from the start. I know that, but to the tongue's touch refrain, my irritation increases like the complete postponement.

However, suddenly my penis is swallowed in something, and my waist arbitrarily shook to the excessive pleasure.

“Uuu”

She raises a groan, but she still keeps swallowing my penis and eventually holds it to the base.

The sensation being wrapped tightly in meat. The pleasure is as far as me being able to say I’m flying.

Because she’s using the adult video on the TV as reference, she suddenly started to deep throat.

As with the sudden anal sex, this bitch really likes speeding it up in several of ways.

But, she can’t learn the part that isn’t displayed on the TV. In other words, there isn’t a reason to know the including tongue movements of holding the penis inside.

“O, Ogasawara, move, move the tongue.”

Out of the desire being not enough in the abnormal pleasure, I unintentionally gave her an order.

“Guuuu”

The tip of the penis which arrived to the throat depths was tightened by its meat. The pleasant sensation doubled from the slimy tongue having started to move.

My penis was pulled out. And then, as the risen tip was rubbed, the feeling of ejaculating came at a stretch. I clenched my teeth and endured it.

Ogasawara Makoto spitted out my penis, snorted roughly which appeared painful, but still held the tip in her mouth. In addition, she seems intending to swallow it till her limit, but suddenly deep throating is too high of a skill. To begin with, the video she's referring to was a mistake.

"Ogasawara, your determination deserves praise, but there is something called an order to things. Instead of swallowing it all at the start, all you have to do is take it in and our lightly."

When I speak calmly while bear the feeling of ejaculating, Ogasawara nodded despite trying to control her breathing with the tip of my penis within her mouth.

"Tongue movement is the most important thing. I also said this a while ago, but the umbrella-like tip is the most pleasure part on the penis. It is fine if you move and coil around there. At the same time, softly hold it in your mouth, that way you stick to it when taking it out."

Not being able to answer my words, because the tip of the penis in contained in her mouth, she moved her tongue instead of answering.

The wiggling tongue coils all over the tip. And then, her head slowly began to shake.

The sound of sucking began to reach my ears. It is too awkward, and the movements as well as skill were shaky. Rather, if it's this, the skill also decreased from a little while ago; the deep throat swallow to the base was more comfortable.

But, it shouldn't be. Skill doesn't improve no matter how much time passes with such a thing.

"Ogasawara, remember. What am I serving as? Would it be to subject of careful observation? It is by all means to have diversity. In that case, where does the diversity become bigger? An object, in other words a subject, teaches everything."

Burying her face between my crotch, Ogasawara Makoto waves her small head. I put a hand on her head, and spoke while stroking it gently.

Nevertheless, why are you trying so hard to use the adult video as reference? The adult video that I possessed would've been very helpful.

Did she get that one accidentally, or was it intentional? It can't be help if it was by accident, but if it was intentional: I considered the two.

Does she after all scheme everything, or is she merely a genuine extreme masochist?

With the continuing suck sounds I heard, the erotic water sound had begun to join in.

Face buried between my thighs, her right hand extends to hers. Perhaps she's twiddling her clitoris and vagina with a finger.

She seems to be selfishly excited about serving me. Perhaps with the butt plug inside in her anus, and without using her hand, she's taking it in and out.

Eventually I didn't ejaculate, and only she reached a climax three times.

Ogasawara Makoto, who indulges in masturbating while her mouth sucks on my penis, felt delighted and clearly excited serving me.

As for the exchange of the adult video contents, I still expect she's merely a genuine M.

Let's stop over interpreting towards this fool. I am tired.

———

Changed into her uniform, she sips her tea in silence while curling herself next to me sitting on the sofa.

She is feeling down since the first fellatio failed.

She seemed to have wanted to make me ejaculate at all cost, and began to be stubborn halfway.

The pain was superior to the pleasure, so the training was then unwillingly ended.

Since I restrained myself, she minded that only she climaxed three times, and since it's unusual for her, she tried to ignore my order and continue the fellatio.

As a result, she was scolded lightly by me.

I understand she desperately did her best, but how did I lose my strength with being hit with teeth?

"Would you practice the taught method? Since you're a hard worker, you can immediately master it. So, don't be so depressed."

Further shrinking her shoulders to my words, she fell silent until eventually departing.

"U, Um……b, bottom, um, is fine right now since it's clean."

Ogasawara Makoto, who collected a cup of tears from her eyes, silently told me she's read and lowered her head deeply while shaking with a bright red face. And then, she turned her back around and went back.

She is considerably worried that the fellatio failed. I don't really care. Or

rather, nobody goes well at the beginning, and rather an incompetent person is worth training.

———

Being the only person who stayed in the warehouse, I cross both hands behind my head and sat down on the sofa while looking at the ceiling.

This fellow is merely a fool, after all. I was confused of her strange behavior and often over interpreted it, but her behavior idea may be just a simple one.

A demand of sudden anal sex. It is also the same for the incomprehensible action of replacing my treasured adult video with a super hardcore training one.

Although I appropriately thought it had an ulterior motive, I was convinced with the fellatio a little while ago. She is only desperately trying to make me turn my face.

“Sigh, then I might be worn out……”

I thought she was tricking and entrapping me. So, I was apt to think I was always hated from her. But, she merely was trying to strike her feelings straight to me. It appears to have become the cause of a racing feeling discrepancy.

In short, her unbelievable timidity of people caused obstacles. My way of thinking was fundamentally wrong.

“I have to review the plan. Having her favor and accepts anything I say is simply better to do even more training.”

Using a strange angle, it appears simply giving out an order goes smoothly.

Besides from that, I have no doubt that there is a discord among her and the younger sister-in-law. In addition, while there is an existence called Sasaki, her dependence on me so smoothly is strange.

In the first place, I thought that he was the big cause of her ulterior motive. Sasaki not involving himself is beyond all means too unnatural.

“If I’m suspicious of it, I should get to know the matter.”

I had intended to investigate about Sasaki and the younger sister-in-law from the beginning. Shall I set out on an earnest surveying?

Having thought that, I stretched myself greatly, and twist my neck while turning my stiff shoulders. And when I stood up, I went to the door to go home.

I massage myself to heal my fatigue and relax. Did Ogasawara Makoto fall silence having been even more worn out?

“As expected, I’m tired……”

Sitting at the desk in my room, I separate my eyes which were staring at the PC screen, and taking off my glasses, I pin the inner corner of my eyes with a finger. And then, I notably stretched myself .

For this one week, my average day sleep was under three hours. If it was just that it’s whatever, but I’mS concurrently doing Ogasawara Makoto’s training. Even more then my mental level, even my physical strength is considerably tired.

“Moreover, the fruits of my labor is relatively little. Jesus, how is this fricking happening……”

The reason is that I began to investigate Sasaki, but if I search, I have to at a separate distance with Ogasawara Makoto.

It is a well-known fact that the attached embellishments are indispensable parts for a rumor, but still, it’s unusual.

Because I’m trying to not come directly into contact with Sasaki, I’m mainly getting information by all means.

Nevertheless, there is also a limit to getting near and asking stories to the bastards whom are close with Sasaki. If I make myself pleasable to get near the bastards I’m not even acquaintances with till now, anyone will have suspicion.

Based on the result of having investigated them carefully, I acquired a fact that worries me too much.

"During the period of entering high school, it's very likely that Tatsuya Sasaki never came into contact with her in school……"

I thought it was strange he didn't pick a fight with me, but he doesn't even seem to be involved with her in the first place.

Nevertheless, it's obviously true that his and her relationship is childhood friends. And, I also know that they were on quite close terms in their middle school days.

According to the story of a guy from the same middle school, it appears the walked incidentally together on the way to school despite being witnessed often, and also with holding hands, they were even witnessed secretly embracing each other in places.

If they were former lovers, it's now safe to presume that it has collapsed, but there is a rumor that denies that presumption.

Even though their distance is that close, during until now and the middle school period, the rumor that they associate never spreads.

Those two attract so much attention. Despite a rumor they associate only by having witnessed them holding hands appearing to have spread, it was witnessed they embraced somewhere. However, it's a strange story to say that the rumor didn't spread.

There is a reason, but I hear their distance is close yet the atmosphere is somehow different. Instead of the two being lovers, the story appeared to be like they're close older brother and younger sister.

Well, for the opposite sex having spent childhood together, I have heard discussions that it's hard to have romantic feelings. At the same time, are those things similar?

But, it's still strange. Even if it's possible to put distance if the lowers broke up, why did the two people, who were close like older brother and sister, placed a sudden distance after entering in high school?

"It is definitely on purpose. Otherwise, a discord rumor would be drifting. In other words, as for Tatsuya Sasaki Ogasawara Makoto, they're still pretending to be on good terms while not interfering with each other."

But, why such a troublesome thing? I can't help but feeling discomfort as if they are taking someone into consideration.

"I thought about going with my instinct has a high possibility of going successfully than idling. But in spite of me, it's hard to go by my intuition without conclusive evidence."

The home circumstances that I heard from her in the shopping mall. The 'actual good child' remark that incidentally brought up the subject of her younger stepsister.

After being based on those, my intuition keeps whispering. With the

younger stepsister of hers, I'll get it all.

"In which case if when I finish the story search, but how do I do it……"

Younger stepsister of Ogasawara Makoto, the child who inherited the blood of the Ogasawaras', Shizuka Ogasawara.

What I currently understand is that she's 2 years younger than Ogasawara Makoto, which means she's in ninth grade. And, she's registered at the middle school Ogasawara Makoto and Sasaki Tatsuya went to. That is all.

"Ahh, shit, I also don't have a local middle school acquaintance, and since I can't ask one to partner for information……"

Approaching to a bastard from the same middle school as Ogasawara Makoto, there's actually a way to be introduced to younger students, and as I go that far, I'll easily get information of her. Even thinking about it, how beyond unusual would that be?

On the other hand, even if I have to come into direct contact with her purposely, I want to have some trump card to advance this dominant story. In which case, I have no choice but to information gather, but that didn't go well.

I'm stuck in an essence.

"In any case, Sasaki doesn't get involved, and what kind of bitch the younger stepsister is has no relation with me, so I then also have a hand

to now leave it alone, but in which case my feelings won't be relaxed."

In the dawn of when her training is completed and I have accomplished a named of perfect change into a female pig meat toilet, I want her loved Sasaki to certainly see the sorry state of her being used as a toilet in front of him.

But, I can't enjoy it from the heart with Sasaki's position not certain.

"Ahh, there is a way, but I prefer not to use it……"

When collecting information on Shizuka Ogasawara and Sasaki, there is a very suitable person.

Since her face doesn't break, it's very easy to move, and then being obedient to me, they're also above all tight-lipped. Furthermore, Shizuka Ogasawara and them are the same sex, which means it's a woman.

If I want to get information on her, the quickest is to have her come into context with a friend of the same sex. That being the case, she may come close without Shizuka being wary if the cooperator is a woman.

That person ought to be registered at the high school I should've gone to. The one I entered, the distinguished family preparatory school for higher education that she should graduated with as Chairman, Second year Satonaka Akira of Private Integrity Mausoleum High School.

She is the first woman I gave training as a meat toilet, and a failure. So, she's an existence of black history for me. I wanted to never meet if

possible, but it's a certainly a mistake to not use an human resource

"But when I moved, I replaced my cell phone and erased all addresses. It is impossible to get into contact. In which case, are there other plans to consider……"

While muttering, I tap my cellphone screen. All the addresses of those guys I had as friends before were erased, but that doesn't mean the memory in my head is erased.

"It is also a problem to have a good memory due to that situation……"

I move a finger and input the number. And then, the phone number was displayed on my cell phone. If her number hasn't changed, when I push the call I will be connected.

I didn't want to meet, but it isn't because it was bad if we meet, nor would it necessarily cause a problem. When I went out of my parents' home, I wanted to erase all past events.

"Ahh, I'm also stupid. Satonaka being obedient is also two years in the past. Considering it for her, after having been thoroughly trained as I pleased, she appeared to have been thrown away like garbage. She may fairly bear a grudge against me."

When I thought that, I strangely became happy. I'm not at all glad nor entertained from a failure, but the story is different if she bears a grudge against me. (1)

Even though she resents me, she may have not easily deleted the pleasure engraved into her body. Even after being thrown away by me, the pleasure of those days is unforgettable and possible is possibly comforting herself. She hates me while shedding bitter tears.

Or, she slips on the wrong road due to meeting with me, and she perhaps is used as a meat toilet by men.

After two years from then? Satonaka was also a child then, but she should've grown up if two years have gone. I wanted to check what kind of changes I've accomplished.

"I have been extracting poisonous nature from Ogasawara Makoto, but it's been a long time that dark feeling well and simmering up."

When I got the idea, it was impossible to control my impulses. Just imagining the eyes of Satonaka glaring at me reproachfully, my crotch swells.

I tap on the call display and put my cell phone against my ear while excited.

Now, the moment when she hears my voice of the answered call, what on earth kind of reaction will you show me? Will it be boos and hurling abuse? I wonder if she'll cry with the excessive frustration.

After all, its four years from sixth grade elementary to third grade middle school that I gave her training. She was thoroughly played, but she was still labeled a complete failure and finally thrown away. It is

impossible to not bear a grudge against me.

“Huh? She didn’t answer. Is she sleeping?”

When I check my clock wall while the cell phone is against my ear, it’s two p.m.

Even if I called in the middle of the night before the early morning, she would’ve answered with the cellphone ring.

“Satonaka, stop bullshitting me with peculiarly sleeping.”

Once the call stopped, I recalled.

“Ohh!? My number is frickin’ blocked! That son of a bitch, don’t you fricking get up properly……wait, ah, that’s right……”

I was about to throw my cell phone towards the wall in excessive anger, but I noticed a certain thing and confined my thoughts.

I remember her number, but she doesn’t know my current number. With that in mind, if a call comes from a number she doesn’t know at the time, there is no way she’ll answer.

To begin with, if I called, she wouldn’t answer the phone from an unknown number. It is because she’s damn serious.

“That into consideration shouldn’t I tell her it’s me once by email? Her email address……what is it?”

I remember her cell phone numbers, but her email address is indeed rigid. No, I have a feeling that I have the memory in the left corner of my head.

“There was never a case that I didn’t call to the home telephone. Ahh, damn, I’m anxious. If I had just left it in my graduation album.”

Opened a notebook on the desk while irritated, I began to take notes of the addresses that floated in my brain one by one.

It doesn’t become clear the moment when it’s entering in my mind, but when I write it in the notebook as characters, then my memory clearly revives……maybe.

After that, I struggle for about two hours, and wrote four addresses in the notebook. Wherein one I felt was Satonaka’s address. I’m uncertain.

It is fine if it doesn’t connect, but assuming it connects, there is a possible that it isn’t her. Therefore, I want to avoid giving my real name.

After all, the Kijima family is somewhat famous locally. It doesn’t seem about likely my email will be traced, but it isn’t an incompetent possibility.

With that in mind, should I write some sort of code that only Satonaka can know that it’s me? If so, a guy without relations should think it’s a

prank or a mistake.

"Something only me and her know……right."

Hmm, having given a body painting as she was completely nude, I made her shop at a convenience story with, and similarly, I painted a school swimsuit on her body, and then she also went in the pool. Afterwards, I made her talk with an unknown man in that state, and when the man was surprised having noticed her abnormality, I laughed hysterically. (2)

Completely nude with no more than dog ears, I inserted a dog tail anal vibe in her anus, and made her walk the residential area late at night. She answered with one hand raised on an all fours, and it was really funny when she splashed urine on a telephone pole.

And oh yeah, the one that was the most interesting.

"The most impressive was when I made her masturbate on the lecture platform as the whole student body was having a meeting. Giving a speech with a straight face while her lower body which was hidden with the lecture platform kept twitching, she squirted and squirted a tide of urine onto the floor……"

On behalf of making her do that, it was necessary to make it so she would go up on the platform. I planned up several of ways, but at the middle school I went to, the student council president always greet all the students in meetings. So if I were to enjoy it at every school meeting, I made her student council president.

I had a hard time, but I was able to enjoy it just as much. I still don't regret the labors to enjoy it. They say that one can really enjoy themselves if they have a hard time.

But, the training at the entire student body meeting was the reason I noticed she was a failure, or perhaps I should say, I was made to notice it.

I started that training six short times. Usually a woman becomes self-aware if it was six short times, or rather, they should feel shy. But with her placed circumstance, her dependence for me was greatly superior to her shame. For this reason, she would be obedient if I ordered her to unconcernedly expose an indecent figure in public.

I didn't give the order, but if I gave the order, "masturbate in front of a large number of men, naked" she would accomplish it calmly. On the contrary, even if I gave an order to serve a stranger sexually, she would be happy to have followed it.

In a sense, it feels like it's the right state for a meat toilet, but it isn't fun when she remains calm. After all, shame is important.

It wasn't possible to see through the fact that I forgot to bring up her shame. It was when she masturbated at the whole student meeting I noticed the mistake.

Even if I regret it, it's too late already. When she was pointed out by me, she tried to desperately feel shy. But, her performance was transparent. In other words, it was suspicious.

And then eventually, I placed the label of failure all over her. But well, until I left my parents' home, I made use of her for this and that reasons, but.

"That isn't it. Think of a code that only she can understand as me. Ummm……"

That is the easiest training event to understand, but it would be bad. If I had her email address it would be fine, but if it's someone else, it's a problem.

In that case, what codework in……

"If I'm not mistaken, I took away her anal virginity in the second stall from inside the public toilets of New Leaves Park….."

It was suitable to be used in a dirt public restroom like the meat toilet she was, and I thoroughly violated her anus while saying those words.

"Although I remember it clearly, what about her? Well, it's fine, I'll use this."

New Leaf Park, public restroom, from inside the second stall, and reply if you remember. Inputting that, I sent the email.

———

In the end, I couldn't sleep at all and left my room to go to school while

enduring my sluggishness.

With that, I got no email reply. I was going to send an email to the other three addresses with the same sentence, but I had a feeling only one of them was Satonaka address. So, I decided to wait about one day.

Nevertheless, my sluggishness has gone beyond drowsy. I also want to very much ejaculate. I'm thinking about nothing but merely discharging my lust. And, I'd like to sleep.

Does lack of sleep increase my sexual desires?

———

Going through the school gates while suppressing a yawn, I went to the entrance.

I passed several students with early morning club practice, but there won't be anyone else other than that. That is true, because it's still a very early time to attend school.

Doing the early morning practice in the science room has already completely become a custom. As a result of how much lack of sleep, I unintentionally faced my foot to the school.

"Sign, do I take a break from the training this weekend after a long time…."

Arrived at the entrance, I put on my outside shoes in my shoe box and take out my slippers instead.

I really want to take a rest, but the matter of Sasaki and Shizuka Ogasawara isn't settled. In my character, it is impossible to take time off.

Well, in the first place, I don't like sleeping so much. Besides, if I said I'll take a break, it would be about her training.

Ogasawara Makoto was already waiting when I arrived at the science room.

Until now, I did the main shame training of observing the inside of her anus and taking pictures, but recently the training has been featuring fellatio.

Adult videos and magazines are overlapped mosaic for basic sexual organs. Therefore, I have to issue directions orally for the fellatio, and due to her withering with the first failure first, she doesn't advance to my satisfaction.

Nevertheless, even if I'm usually anxious despite carefully giving her instructions, my orders often advance the training prudently, however.

I still haven't got information of Sasaki and Shizuka Ogasawara, and on top of that, without being able to communicate with Satonaka whom I intended to use as a trump card, I then came to have a lack of sleep.

Frankly speaking, I wasn't able to give her attentive training like usual.

Sitting on the chair quietly, Ogasawara Makoto, who puts both hands on her thighs, stood up hastily when she noticed me entering the science room, and lowered her head deeply.

If I also think about it, the main matter till now was to develop her body, and so it was fine if she simply obeyed my instructions. However, the story is different when it's servicing. She must improve her own skill herself.

Moreover, there is a visible quota called ejaculating. Whether she's able to achieve the quota, or it's useless, it isn't possible to evade the confronted reality.

No, I don't really care about it. But, I don't have that feeling today. At any rate, I'm dying to let out my sexual desires.

"Ogasawara, take off your blouse. Take off only your underwear while wearing your skirt, too. Quickly, hurry."

Whether she sensed that my atmosphere was different than usual, or she was tense, when she answered in a low voice that seemed to vanish, she begun to take off her blouse immediately.

But, her shaking hands didn't go so well. I was badly irritated to see her figure.

"S, Sorry, sorry, I will take it off quickly."

Ogasawara Makoto, who begun to tremble, jumped when I clicked my tongue and tears quickly overflowed from her eyes

It isn't my hobby to rape a frightened other by force. But somehow, I'm awfully excited today.

While having a runny nose with tears, my penis swells up while watching the appearance of her trying to desperately take off her uniform.

"Hurry up, how long do you intend to keep me waiting?"

"Y, Yes! I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

Took down my waists to the chair which was near, I rose an oppressively voice without as much trying to hide my irritation. As a result, she was frightened even more, and was in a state that she couldn't even directly open a zipper with shaking.

"That's fine now, come here and kneel. Do it quickly."

It isn't bad also thoroughly enjoying her frightened appearance, but my impulsive desires that wants to let out my sexual desires was stronger than an second earlier.

"Y, Yes."

To my order, she gave up opening the uniform jacket zipper, and when

she rushed out towards me, I kicked her onto the floor.

"Eeekk"

"Tsk"

Ogasawara Makoto falls down forward. Because she flustered bolted, her leg got tangled and had fallen.

Moreover, because she vigorously bolted, naturally she would grandly fall.

Further, her whole body became stiff due to being frightened, and it hardly seemed like she was in the condition to be able to have a defensive fall.

As I judged so, she was caught by me. Somehow or other, I appeared to have jumped out earlier than I thought. (3)

"Why are you so completely clumsy?"

"S, Sorry…"

Strongly embracing Ogasawara Makoto caught in my arms, I threw sarcasm in conflict with my action.

Ogasawara Makoto, whom face reddens like it's burning, looked up to

me with moist eyes.

With the sweet fragrance hanging around her air, I felt the softness by hugging her close.

Her thin neck and shoulders seem weak. Because she tried to take off her uniform jacket, the skin kicked her breasts, and I saw her cleavage and collarbone.

Her collarbone and voluptuous breasts stood out. It brought on a decadent delicacy and sexual fascination at the same time.

With the moist black eyes staring at me, her thinly opened, pretty lips were damp. And, her cheeks were stained pink. Those spoke to me silently. 'You may do as you like."

"Kijima-sa—nnnu"

Before I knew it, I closed her lips. (4)

The brown eyes opened wide, instantly melted away and closed. Her hand that grabbed my arm gradually lost strength, too.

———

Pushed her down onto the floor, I rolled up her blouse and stuck it to the point of her abundant breasts.

“Nkuuu, Ki, Kijiwaa, nnuu”

Twisting her body, panting, she tightly bites the finger she had in her mouth. It seems she’s trying to somehow desperately keep reason.

I want to destroy that reason.

Even though I said for her take off the underwear, this fool couldn’t even handle such a simple order. She’s really stupid that I’m beyond dumbfounded, nevertheless, this body is simply a special grade item.

“Ahh, not——uuukuuu—It, it is cwomingg—aaaHHHH”

Rolling her right nipple with my tongue and playfully biting them, I twisted left teat up with my fingers.

“Aaah—Ki, Kijwah-swan—I’m not yet finsiwhh—nnuuuUUUuu”

In spite of the middle of doing a climax, Ogasawara Makoto, who’s still teased in limited places, rose half way up on her feet to a state that she was lying on her back to the floor, and continued fearfully convulsing.

Her vaginal secretions overflowed like a flood. Viscosity liquid intertwined with my finger, I was able to rush the finger into her anus.

“Waauu—Ki, Kijwiaa—what is happeningg—even though you seemed angry todayy—you’re gentler than usualll”

“Eh?”

Gentler than usual? I usually touch more carefully. If that’s the case, I’ll do it more violently for her. I feel like making you cry today.

I got up while thrusting my right finger into her anus, and with her continuing to spasm, I forcibly held her up with grabbing her shoulder by the left hand. And when I pass my left hand to get behind her shoulder, I prop her up and made her legs open.

Attached her ass on the floor like gum and sat her up, she was in an M position. Increased the fingers thrust into her anus to three, I began to pull in and out vigorously while bending them inside.

“UkkuuUUUu, swtoppp, swtoppp it naaaa I’m becoming strangeeeeee”

The violate fingering is unlike anything so far. Her back supported by me, she grasp her blouse tightly with both hands, and looks up at the ceiling while having a runny nose and tears, she clenches her teeth.

“Are you able to say this is even gentle? Huh? How is it, Ogasawara?”

The breasts that she rolled up blouse revealed, jumps whenever her body convulses and shivers. Inducing my lust even more, I added intensity to my fingering.

As a conditional response, Ogasawara Makoto tries to close her crotch every time she does a climax, and then with not wanting to disobey me, she grits her teeth to the very limit and opens her thighs.

It was a new state where you don’t know when she’s doing a new climax with one after another, but I knew quite clearly when she had one with the her crotch open and closed movements.

“NaaAAAAAa, isn’t it gentleeee, even though you always this and that as you don’t easily make a moveee—hiuuuu andddddd, NaaAAaa”

Bending her back, Ogasawara Makoto pushed out her plump breasts, saliva dripped from the edge of clench teeth lips, and she urinated magnificently.

Liquid spirted out between her opened M, and stuck onto the floor in an arc, raising a slash.

I felt irritated to her insisting I was gentle, but a chill ran up my spin to the slovenly decent appearance.

Then, I noticed. In any case, to her causing only problems and extreme troubles, why am I persistent?

Ogasawara Makoto is different from Satonaka. There was a fault that Satonaka had little shame, but everything except that she was really obedient for me. She was too obedient.

On the contrary, Ogasawara Makoto shows a strange rebellious heart at every moment while being obedient. It is a trivial thing, but it makes my heart irritated.

Although she should surely be a slave to pleasure, her will can't be ruled. She appears to not surrender. Also rather than submission, it doesn't seem I can simply only take her for myself.

Although she should surely be a slave to pleasure, her will can't be ruled. She seems to not surrender. Also rather than submission, it does seem like she's simply attached to only me.

Generally to the point, I haven't lost interest in her.

"Kuku, you're really an interesting bitch."

I pulled up my fingers from her anus at the same time I murmured, and sending a hand to both sides of her, whose dead tired while twitching, and I lifted her body.

"Don't think it has as of yet ended. If only you enjoy it, isn't it unfair?"

"I, I'll……do my best."

I sat her down on the four experiment table of the science room. The height is just right.

Just like a while ago, I made her opens her crotch in an M on the table while raising her upper body, and grasped and supported her shoulders with my left hand so she wouldn't fall down. And then, I take down my pant zipper with the right hand, and took out my penis which is erected to the limit.

“For the first time, I’ll put you to proper use. Naturally, skill isn’t necessary for your lower hole. I will do as I like.”

While grasping her shoulder with the left hand, I grab my penis with the right and covered the seen anus under the opened crotch.

“I’ll also……hold on with my lower hole.”

“……that point of you really irritates me.”

To Ogasawara Makoto’s frank answer despite my cynicism remark, I’m filled with laughter as well as amazement.

“If you have time for impudent talk, tighten your anus.”

“Y, Yes, I’ll hold ownn—NaaAAAA”

When she pushed suddenly pushed out, the tip was swallowed. She still has some way to go for her upper mouth, but the lower mouth is a considerable thing. The feeling of pressuring being wrapped with the meat and my penis was squeezed by it.

The softness and lubrication conflicts with the tightness. The overflowing viscous liquid which entangles my dick, selfishly swallows it to the inside depths.

With hands placed behind and her back bent with her pushed our

breasts, she lifts her bottom to take on a position that can insert my cock in her anus. I didn't instruct it, but it seems she instinctively moved.

And when I grab her bottom with both hands, I subtly lifted her bottom even more.

"Don't knock yourself over. Attach both your hands firmly."

"Y, Yes, I'll do my be—st—NuuUUUuu"

I pushed out my waist with all my might at the same time gripping her ass.

I inserted my cock to the base in one go and was wrapped up with her intestinal wall.

Oh, I can't even describe this pleasure. With the surplus pleasure of clamping and heat, my thoughts wanted much more of it. But, I paint out my impulse and desire.

Clapping my waist intensely to the point it'll break, I wanted to let out all my worldly desires. I rid of other feels and merely deal with my sexual desires.

Next thing I knew, I was waving my waist absorbedly.

"Awmazingg—thisss—my head is strangeee—it isw coming againnnn—aaaAHHHHH"

From me striking my hips, she looked up to the ceiling, clenching her teeth, and her back bent to the limit while drooling, she wasn't able to even breathe with the climaxes one after another.

She's gasping, but contrary to her appearance, the tightness and flexibility increases whenever she does one.

"Ku, I 'm letting it out."

Hammered my waist remarkably hard, it followed without fighting against a ejaculation that welled up.

An electric current runs through from my waist to my whole body, and a mass of lust runs up my urethra while following with an enormous pleasant sensation.

"Th, Twere—yowu areww hwott insideeee twheree—Iw can'tt twinkkk abwoutt awnything elseee nweoww"

Squeezing my cock, Ogasawara Makoto's elbows attached on the table shake while she nearly fell down with her back bent, nevertheless, she desperately maintained that position.

Due to the stance, the breasts were emphasized as if it's saying that it wants me to grab them. Separated both my hands from her bottom, I tightly grabbed the pushed our breasts while my lust welled up.

I experience an illusion that my hand was thoroughly sinking in the softness, nevertheless, the lust that should have cooled down in the virtue of the tension I pushed back swelled out again, and the strength of my grip increased even more.

"I intended to end it with one blow, but I decided I'll let out another. Don't break your posture. Raise your waist by yourself this time, too."

"Yus, Wush……"

To my order, her waists that fell were lifted. When I raise my grip even more to make sure I'm holding it, I pull the breasts towards myself to make sure she pushes out her waist and began to fling mine again.

———

I intended to finish when I did it twice, but eventually I sent it out three times, and was then unable to even stand up to my strange drowsiness.

Ogasawara Makoto, who maintained her position till I was satisfied, fell down the moment when I pulled out my cock from her anus and was convulsing little bit while turning face up on the table.

Watching the cloudy liquid overflow from her anus, I was seized with the desire of wanting to give another shot, but my want for sleep won.

Even though I was swaying with my unusual fatigue, I barely adjusted my attire, and sat myself on my chair, I threw a big sigh.

———

Next thing I knew, my face was placed down on my classroom seat. Moreover, it was the time the third period ended, let along homeroom.

I am not having a dream. I appear to have slept heavily after a long time. And rather in despite of having memory at all, I have a feeling that I was wrapped in something soft midway.

———

The second class period was over, and the lively students who conversation with each other left their seats.

I regained a little composure with having slept, but thanks to that a sense of regret began to spring out.

I used the excuse of massage practice so far, however, this morning's act was indeed overboard. It is definitely unreasonable to even insist that was practice.

But well, it's no use to even regret something I finished. Since an excuse isn't possible, I have no choice but to spy on her behavior.

"Oi, did you see Ogasawara-san this morning? Skipping through the hallway? Ogasawara-san is usually quiet and moderate, and occasionally~, she looks only slightly like an idiot. But, she was cute again

there.

"Look, look. Her big breasts are shaking, and her skirt is fluttering up, and……crap, I remember I had an erection."

The boys, whom are within an easy reach, apparently on about a crazy topic of Ogasawara Makoto. It would seem that she's brain dead and only with her first class appearance. Nevertheless, she is a beautiful black hair girl with big breasts and a childlike face. It is natural that a pubescent male student would jump on it.

Even so, it's regrettable to say that she looks like a fool. That is extremely impolite to her.

She doesn't look like a fool. He is a genuine fool. And stupid.

But then after I teased her, why is she skipping and having a merry time? Because she's stupid, she can make do with anything and everything?

Is it a given that she's stupid, or does she possible not at all mind that she was played with me?

No, wait, if I remember correctly she said that I was gentler than usual today. With that in hand, far from being depressed, isn't she pleasured that teased her?

I give up: I thought that her brain was about to rot, but it may have finally begun to breed insects.

“Nevertheless, Ogasawara-san this morning was prettier. Although I thought she became strangely adorably recently, it was special this morning.

“Mmhm, although she skipped through in front of my eyes, floating gently was a sweet fragrance.

“Oh, nice you. I want to smell it, too.”

Even more pretty. As expected, her being pleased this morning was definitely a mistake. Although it was necessary to spy at her attitude, it wouldn’t be needed anymore if she’s glad about it.

“Furthermore, her hair is silky and skin is lustrous. But don’t you say, although a rude discussion, don’t you say she smelt a little erotic? No, I didn’t really smell erotic, it was, sensual, or rather……”

Smell erotic? It is steadily becoming evident that she is a female pig. It is really moving. For a jest, did the smell of my semen let our in her anus mixed with vaginal secretion and intestinal fluids of hers? Come to think of it, she would’ve handled it properly.

“Ah, did you experience it, too? Although it felt like she super pure and innocent feeling previously, she is strangely erotic recently. Her rather childish face and body was originally erotic, but didn’t her atmosphere has become sexy…….I can’t explain it well by mouth.”

The erotic atmosphere and smell is a gift of the training. But well, it

seems to have developed into an erotic talk of healthy male pubescent high school students.

Since the tiredness was still there, I decided to apply a break to sleep and tried to put my face down on my desk again.

“But, on the topic of Ogasawara-san, Sasaki is one of the set. It is impossible for one of us to be able to win.”

The moment I tried to bring down my body forward, the words Sasaki reached and I raised my body softly.

“Yup. However, was there a place where Sasaki and Ogasawara were seen together?”

“Nooope.”

“Because it is simply that they always attract attention, they don’t flirt in public. The crowd making a fuss would be troublesome. It is a discussion that even Ogasawara-san would hate.”

“But, aren’t there stories about their incredible relationship? Surely they’re doing several of things behind the scenes. Niceee, I’d also like to make such a beautiful girl mine.”

My ears pricked up to the conversation, but there doesn’t seem the fruits are more than the information that I collected. They seem to avoid contact in school, but there is a matter in hand that a rumor spread those two are in a relation.

“I see~. Although I don’t mind the public eyes if it was me, I mean, I want to proudly make out on purpose within public.”

“Sure, since such a thing won’t happen even if the world is destroyed.”

Concluded that there is no point even if I listen to more than this, I stopped straining my ears. And then, I thought over my thoughts when shutting my eyes faced down on my desk.

No matter how much information is collected, the results are the same. The clue is nil to approaching the core. Generally speaking, Ogasawara Makoto and Sasaki Tatsuya within school, no, there is no doubt that they also avoid contact outside of school.

The best solution is to leave it alone if they don’t contact, but that isn’t fine, I’m absolutely interested.

In order to approach to the core, do I come in contact with a boundlessly close person to the person himself, or do I come directly in contact with him? However, I’d like to avoid moving as much as possible.

All the same, it’s wise to ask for a third person’s cooperation.

I insert a hand in the pocket among my blouse with my face fallen on the desk, and took out my phone. And then, I quickly checked to see an incoming indication.

A received e-mail. And the contents.

—Kijima-san?

I can judge only one person who I sent with the mail contents. It is simply Satonaka Akira.

Although it’s surprising that I didn’t exchange a conversation, I seem to have taken care of the information collection if I successfully put her on a cajolery.

“Woof”

Ogasawara Makoto, who was squatted down on the floor, placed both hands down and sat like a dog. And then, while looking up at me with a full smiling face, she barked again like a dog.

By the way, I didn’t give the order. On her own choice, this fellow is simply imitating a dog. Moreover, she seems to be really enjoying it.

“Wait.”

“Mmmm”

Holding my hand in front of her, I gave the wait order. Then, Ogasawara Makoto, who lowered the ends of her eyebrows, raises a sad cry and stares at me with wet eyes.

After ejaculating in her anus within the science room, her atmosphere has clearly changed. But, although I said that, she didn’t become a dog. This act started this morning since she had suddenly intruded in my room, and she was properly walking on both legs till yesterday,

With putting on a dog imitation, she has strangely become cheerful. But in spite of that, looks awfully composed. Or perhaps I should say she like her unreasonableness before, or perhaps overbearing, has subsided.

But, to have intruded in my rooms this way on a holiday, it is plenty overbearing.

“Listen, you may stay here. You may spend it how you like. You may take anything you want. So, don’t follow me. I have important business today.”

After I threw a grand sigh, I spoke to her, who’s squatted down on the floor looking up on me.

“Mmmm”

The end of her eyebrows drooped to don’t follow, she raised a sad cry.

Sigh, I only gave a sigh. It is fine if I ordered her to imitate a dog, but she let herself in and imitated a dog without permission; how am I to deal with this?

“Do you want to follow me that much?”

“Woof woof!”

“It is no good today.”

“Mmmmm”

Refused by me, dog Ogasawara was despondent. I give up: even if I leave this fellow here and go out of the room now, she’ll surely follow.

Do I tie her up with rope? No, if she moves it’ll come off. It will be awful

if I do a bad job.

That being the case, how about I tie and fasten on a collar? That is also no good. If she cuts through the collar, it's worthless.

With that in hand, I have no choice other than to stay here by her will. Do I give her bait to leave? Feeding is the most effective way to make dogs obey.

Squatted down in place, I touched her cheek when I extended my right hand.

"Mmmm, mmmmm"

Rose a sadden cry, she smiles with my palm on her cheek. It doesn't matter, but either this fellow is obsessed to the details with unexpected animal imitations, or she's a high ranked weirdo.

"Is there something you want? Special? But, stay home properly."

While tracing her cheeks with my thumb rubbing, I lightly comb up her black hair and touched her hidden ear by the fingers.

Ogasawara Makoto, whose cheeks dyed pink by my touch, leaned straightforward and buried her face to my chest. And then, she sniffs.

Letting her just do as she likes for a bit, she slowly begun to drop her face from my chest.

Her face arrives at my stomach, and not able to lower her face more with her squatted down posture, she got down on all fours, places her face between my crotch , and kissed it.

Even though I especially baited her, is this what she wants? Well, its fine, but.

It isn't only her atmosphere that changed. After ejaculating in her anus in the science room, she doesn't show a frightened behavior. The fellatio that also didn't go so well began to rapidly improve.

Taking down my pants zipper while squatted, she took out my about to erected penis. Then, with increasing anticipation, she kissed the tip of my penis. Only with a soft, wet touch my penis suddenly rose.

Her face buried between my thighs, she lifts her eyes to the risen and flourishing cock, and then sticks to the tip. And, when she makes kissing sounds, she separated her lips and puts out her tongue.

"Kuu, very good."

The touch and pleasure of her raw body entwines around my cock. When I utter a cry in pleasure, she looks up with upturned eyes that seem happy, and twists her tongue more.

If it's practicing fellatio, it's safe to let them do as she likes without making a move, but this time it isn't training, it is feeding. Moreover, she silently doesn't wish for indulging in her mouth, she would get me to

stick my risen cock into her anus.

The anus of hers is really good. As a result I desire, too, but I better first satisfy her to some extent.

As she’s crawls her tongue on my cock, Ogasawara Makoto is wearing a black knitted dress. Incidentally, these are the clothes I gave. This is the weekend uniform.

When I rolled the knit dress, she twitched in reaction, and lowered her face shyly when looked up at me for an instant.

Naturally she’s naked in the dress. So when I roll her dress, the one thing that’s hiding her is gone.

Her naked body becomes bare as I roll the dress.

Her bottom is a well-shaped circle. A narrow waist. A white back. And then, with the pull of gravity as a result of getting down on all fours, the breasts shake to her movements.

With her clothes that separate into top and bottom, such as the uniforms she always wears on her body, her skirt would cover her body even if I rolled the jacket and exposes her breasts. But, the dress loses its hidden value if rolled up. Very embarrassed of it, she twists her body.

But, her movements look like she’s wagging her buttock, which defiantly appears like a bitch seized with lust.

Stoop myself somewhat and stretch out both hands to her breasts, I pinch her nipples firmly by the tips of my fingers. And then, I twisted the teats slightly harder.

“Nnn”

Shaking her waist, she swallowed the tip of the cock in her mouth with a signal.

With a sudden sensation of a meat sensation, my body unconsciously trembles.

Her mouth starts to heat up, but the best pleasure is with the chilly sensation of the moment she hooks onto me.

The little sweet sounds of water went throughout the room. Although she improved, she is still developing. But, thank god she doesn’t bruise me anymore with her teeth.

According to my order, she doesn’t swallow it forcibly; she inserted the tip of my cock lightly, waves her neck, and skillfully wiggles the tongue in her mouth. Most of her improved skill is tongue usage. It is really comfortable.

Paying attention not to strike her teeth when swallowing, she intertwines the tongue while sticking to it as she pulls it out.

Away from the tongue movement, the pleasure to climax isn't obtained from the little awkward neck movement. But, with my cock erected to the limit, the wetting with saliva does its role for doing the action sufficiently.

"Ogasawara, that is now alright. Turn your butt to me with being on all fours."

Said that to her as my fingers played with her nipples, Ogasawara Makoto spits out my cock from her mouth, and turned her buttock hastily to me then and there.

Her well-shaped circle white bottom was exposed in front of me. With her anus seen wiggling between two hills, genital secretions overflew from her buttock that repeats to twitch over and over again. The clitoris is seen below, peeking its face subtly out of the pushed out skin.

"Are you listening? Stay home obediently. Food is in the refrigerator, and you may also use the bath to her like. The tools are in the closet. Use the articles and things you like freely."

When I speak slapping her buttock, she casts a brief side glance of the back to me, and turned to the front silently.

"…..Woof."

And then, answered quietly.

Even though this fellow seems discourages, she's strangely rebellious here, but there is no need to scarcely burst if I wanted an answerer to my

order. If she's broken, she'll never answer.

———

Ejaculated twice in her anus, I left the room when I wrapped her, who's convulsing and about to faint, in a blanket.

The previous day of the shopping mall training, in other words after I began to be taken with her surprise attack, I did a large redecoration of my room. However, even though I say that it's hardly anything, and the look isn't very strange.

The place I hide the collected material documents and information has changed. Essentially, I hide all the bad things from being found by her.

Thanks to that, having to check the materials by taking them out on by one in extremely troublesome, but since I don't know when she'll intrude, there is not helping it.

As for the information also saved in a PC, there is no problem, since it needs a password to read

Well, the PC is a treasure house of information, but I don't have to worry that much. After all, this fellow is hopeless with machines.

———

I'm substantially past the appointed time because of Ogasawara

Makoto. I’m not bother about leaving with training her, but I don’t feel nice about being late for an appointment I personally promised. Also rather than that, I’d hate that the plan I made by myself collapses.

The promised time is 10:a.m. It has already past 11:00 when I check my watch.

As expected, I shouldn’t have made two blows.

The waiting place is the next stations before the department store on the arcade street. The department store is famous to some degree, and there are also no similar department stores in the neighborhood. Additionally, it’s easy to know since it’s next to the station. So, I thought I didn’t have to worry being lost.

I enter the arcade with a trot, and go to the destination while dodging the crowd that increased quickly.

Lowered my speed as the department store’s signboard was seen in front, I moved to the corner of a brick passage. And then, I put on a hat that I bought on with advancing slowly.

First, let’s wait and see. I’ll sight Satonaka at a distance, and come closer after watching the events.

Because I also think she’ll pour abuses and boos when she suddenly sees me, I won’t touch the front of the store by its atmosphere, and intended to move somewhere without people as I derive that by email.

Although it was the reason I contacted her, I will honestly say I think I'll be a little disappointed if her tone, atmosphere, and her being obedient to me as before.

It will be a letdown, but the purpose is to use her as a trump card for intelligence. It doesn't hurt if she's submissive, but I wanted to see her eyes that flare at me ruefully.

While hiding myself in the crowded shop line, I approached the entrance of the department store slowly. Then feeling an uneasiness, I stopped and observe the environment.

The crowd comes and goes. While passing through, I fleet among the young men. There is a group of middle scholars in uniforms, and a similar group of high school students. There is also a young man who put on plain clothes middle age man of a suited appearance, and all those people before were glancing at a point.

Ahead of the men's view, is just around the entrance of the department store. Numerous of people stood from the place often used for waiting. One person jumps into my view.

The girl whose chestnut hair is done up behind. Light auburn eyes were as striking like her hair. She was rather short, but the balance was overall very good.

With a dark blue P coat, she has a red, green, and blue tartan skirt that stick out from the hem of her coat. It seems to be a uniform, but there isn't a high school with that uniform here. No, I know that uniform. Of the high school I should've attended, it was the uniform for the distinguished

preparatory school for higher educated: Private Integrity Mausoleum High School.

"Oi, Oi, it's a lie....."

Swallowed my saliva, I was confused with not being able to understand the situation.

That chestnut hair. Auburn eyes. It is no doubt Satonaka. But.....

"Why is she a beautiful girl that's equal to Ogasawara Makoto....."

No, she was surely somewhat one. But, she was overall kid-like, or rather, she was compact. In any case, she was plain.

However, the current her isn't showy, too. She is a common high school student who is anywhere and everywhere, which is she's rather plain. Plain as before. But, the plainness was firing a pure atmosphere.

"Is there a reason for purity? I should know it the most....."

She is too, too different from the Satonaka in my memory. But, when I'm ask how much she changed, her height grew and her chest became bigger, and she also become a little like an adult. There is only that much of a difference.

I fail to pile beautiful with her memory, but to say inconsistently is totally different.

“Look…yeah, her looks is different. She, her expression……”

All the men are looking at her equally, but nobody tries to approach. Her eyes and atmosphere.

Her eyes were gloomy and had a lose of light. However, I feel a strange force of her auburn eyes, and emitting something like that from a small body, creates a mood that’s hard to get close to.

In short, there isn’t a breach.

“Um……guest.”

“Hii”

Suddenly called out from behind. I almost reflexively screamed. I just barely didn’t jump. (1)

When I looked back, there was a black polo shirt and a green hat. And, the young woman wearing a green apron, showed a troubled face.

“Who are you waiting for?”

The young woman asks gently. When I look around, I was hiding myself in the corner of an open garden coffee shop’s shrubbery.

Basically, I didn't see Satonaka, but I was completely exposed to view for the visitors having coffee there; in other words, I was a plain suspicious individual.

The young lady standing in front, the salesclerk of the cafe, asked, "Who are you waiting for?" and without treating my as a creep with that questioning, was gently warning me.

The young woman stood in the front.

"I, I'm sorry, I will come to have coffee later."

When I said that, I lowered my head and the salesclerk, who laughed with a smile, lowered her head.

"Thank you very much. Well then, I'll be waiting."

And put up her face, the salesclerk floated a business smile that glittered saying so.

I guess, I'll have to buy coffee as takeout on the way back.

"Just a minute, just a minute."

When I lowered my head to the salesclerk again, and began to walk, I heard a voice from the back, and then a chill ran up my back with a found touch.

Subsequently, I felt a metallic something on my wrist. When I narrowed my eyes, handcuffs were on my left wrist.

A chain extended from the cuffs to a slender wrist, and the handcuffs were also placed on it.

When I turned back timidly, a girl's smile showed.

Chestnut hair and auburn eyes. And, the navy blue P coat with a rather low height.

Satonaka Akira approached behind me before I knew it.

"Y, Yo……"

Quickly raised my right hand and floating a fake smile, I pulled my left hand in the gap. But, the mental only made a clank and showed no sign of the cuffs coming off.

"Yo."

Lightly imitating me, she raised her left hand.

Absurd, this is impossible. For her to commit such a barbaric act. No, I understand her behavior if she resents me, but to put on handcuffs in public.

“Ah, ma’am~. Don’t be surprised with making such a blue face. This, are just toy handcuffs.”

While she laughed saying that, she puts up her right hand. According to her hand movement, my left hand makes a clank and also was forcibly lifted.

The salesclerk was stunned for a short while as she saw us. She would be. Anyone would be surprised when having witnessed handcuffs being placed on in broad daylight.

“This person is my boyfriend, and is a free spirit that hates being restrained~. He goes somewhere aimless if I don’t catch him. So, this was to capture him. ”

Still smiling when she laughed, she calmly explained it to the salesclerk To the look that seemed to be composed, the dumbfounded clerk had begun to regain her mind state.

By the way, the handcuffs being a toy? Judging from the metallic feel of the material and weight, it’s clearly genuine.

“Ah, also, since I’m having coffee, a caramel Mocha for me. An American for this slender man, too. Thank you for you service~”

Her manner was quite brightly rash. Or rather, she seems like a dumb high scholar. The salesclerk who was overwhelmed with her light atmosphere, lowered her head, smiled with a heave sigh of relevant relief, and walked towards the shop.

Her manner. I realized this is a performance. But, it's fundamentally different from her.

An alarm bell resounded in my brain. Resentment, anger, peevish, and bitterness: if those negative feelings were swirling, I understand the story. But, I feel neither that atmosphere nor sign or even a particle from all over her.

"At last, we finally met. Good grief, come on, don't say nothing……"

A sweet smell gently passes through my nose. Next, a soft touch appeared.

When I lowered my eyes, she was clung to me.

"If you say wait, I'd wait forever even if we could never meet. But in the end, I waited even when you said nothing. However, may I say something? Why are you also such a tsundere……"

To the voice of her that reached my ears, a terrible chill ran up my back.

I didn't understand it well, but I better escape from here. I better absolutely do so. My intuition is telling me that.

"W, which reminds me…….I had some important business……"

"Yeah, yeah, we'll go together later. First let's have coffee, okay? Master?"

I tried to get away, but since I was connected with the handcuffs, I couldn't. But, my 'run away' instinct was crying out. Pulled by her, the brilliant smile wasn't shown as before.

"It is impossible to run away. Kijima-san, would you never hurt a woman's body? So, I placed handcuffs. This way, I'm hurt when it's forcibly pulled. You can't pull it, right? It would troublesome, wouldn't it? Okay, have a coffee break with me obediently."

Ensnared with what she said, she begun to walk briskly, and I followed, too.

She made her body as a material of threat. It is certainly an effective one to me. I think it's outrageous to damage a female's body.

If she originally had a wound, it's fine. But, me hurting her is inexcusable. For the appearance of a girl, whom I thought was beautiful when I met her, it's irresistibly fun to subject them into falling licentiously. It is impossible to satisfy my craving for domination with injuring.

Using such a threat idea for me. It is unbelievable that she'll use such a plan.

"What on earth were you doing these two years?"

Walking while being pulled by Satonaka, I ask to her behind.

She stopped to my question, and then I saw her turned back to my with entire face imprinted with a child-like smile.

“I was just obeying your orders. ‘Have more shame. Resist if it’s unpleasant. Don’t lose sight of yourself. Don’t be washed away into the matter. What do you, who fell into a meat toilet, fear?’ “

A memory revives to her words.

I definitely said what she said in memory, but she has changed too much.

———

We sat down in a round table installed in the open garden, but because we were connected with handcuffs, we couldn’t sit in front of one another.

And then with that, she drank coffee in high spirits.

“Hey, Satonaka, you don’t have a grudge against me?”

“Pthuuu!? Cough, cough—h, huh!? Why would I have a grudge against you!?”

Spitted out her coffee vigorously, she glared at me while coughing.

Did she finally glare at me? This situation is completely different,

however, the decided expectation she'll glare at me reproachfully was proved accurate for now.

Placed a hand in my pocket, I drew a handkerchief and wiped it around her mouth. (2)

"It is good that you have become more confident, but don't spit out coffee in front of public. If your character is poor, wouldn't my created one be doubted?"

Smiled at my question, she lets me whip her mouth obediently.

It is important that she change. With the point where a woman's character was disordered from the start, a corrupt heart and degenerate charm aren't born there. Neat pretty manners are the usual, precisely because a pure and innocent woman writhing indecently makes a man stir with lust.

"Hey, Kijima-san, let's go to a place that can be just the two of us. Either a park or a deserted house. Although even here is fine now, I have no confidence to keep my voice in check……"

She clung to me directly. Pressing her face down, I push her back.

Why is this person is in heat as soon as we meet? Ah, it is because I made her that way, which reminds me.

"Augh, y, you know, I wasn't expecting it this time, so I'm particularly good, but……"

Pushed her back from grabbing her face, I heave a small sigh as of when objecting by those words.

It appears her memories as a meat toilet somehow remained. But, to ask on her own, it's an aggressive action that isn't like her.

"I, I am now student council president at Integrity Mausoleum~."

"Pthuu!? Cough, cough—w, whatttt!?"

The moment when I was going to drink my coffee as I left her alone, I unintentionally spit out my coffee to her words.

"Well then master, your character is with one of your meat toilet's poor one, isn't that right?"

"S, Shut up! It is because you suddenly said something outrageous!"

When I shouted at her while choking, Satonaka puts her hand in the P coat pocket, took out a handkerchief and wiped my lips. (3)

I brushed off her hand and scowled.

Student Council president of Integrity Mausoleum? Impossible. There are strict rules with running for that school's president.

No, there are no official regulations: anyone can run. But, there are tacit rules.

Recommendations aren't admitted. Only a person who has the intention of running for president by themselves has the right.

Only a person who maintains grades within the fifth place of the school year has the right to run.

Only the people who cleared these two rules can admit candidacy.

To give a personal introduction without being recommended isn't a problem. Maintaining grades within fifth place of the school year, is one.

Since Satonaka got over the entrance examination for Integrity Mausoleum, it's a matter of course that her grades are somewhat good. But, she must have worked quite hard to have taken the examination.

However, before I knew it, did she possible knock it out of the park with reaching the point of having her name entered in the top five people in the school?

If I was also let, I might have been able to enter. But, when it comes to maintaining fifth place of the grade, I honestly have no confidence.

In other words, she has surpassed me.

"I know what you're thinking. I didn't run and also maintained a fifth

rank.”

“……huh?”

Didn’t run and also maintained a fifth rank? What sort of thing is this?

“There is a rare tradition. There is a treasured child of the legendary Kijimas’, and I, who received a somewhat favorable treatment.”

“Legendary? Treasured child?”

“Yes, yes.”

I don’t understand what this is. Is it random words from her mouth? Wanting to surprise me, did she simply tell a lie?

Integrity Mausoleum isn’t so superficial. Traditions are also not changed by a bit. In respect for its tradition and formality, student council president precisely the school’s face. I had said that the people who are of the top five have the right to run, but Chairman is after all elected.

But, in order to receive several ways of favorable treatment to just be able to run for president, it’s a custom that the person struggling towards a prestigious university gets the qualification.

After all, with just having gotten the qualification to run for it, it’ll become a big weapon when taking a university examination.

“Somewhere, there was a girl of a fatherless.”

“Huh?”

I casted my eyes in suspicion to Satonaka, who suddenly began to narrate, but she closed her eyes without caring, and stuck out her chest proudly.

“The mother worked franticly, and had collapsed from overworking. So not able to even pay for lunch costs, the girl became a target of bullying.”

“Oi, what is this you……”

I have no replies to her story. The girl of the fatherless family is you.

“Then, an ill-natured boy suddenly appeared. ‘I’ll pay your lunch expenses, because I want to make you a meat toilet’. He was really an absurd boy.”

“……Ku.”

Stop, please stop. Even if she called me absurd, I have no words to return. I was a kid, too. Please don’t dig up black history. (4)

Eyeing my chances on her, she certainly was the target of bullying. Not able to even pay her lunch expenses, the poor girl wore clothes that had holes. I thought that I might be able to train that fellow easily.

"The girl decided to follow. 'I better to listen to this boy', she more or less thought. And then when she noticed, the girl walked through an higher path that lead to a stage of full blossom."

"....'higher path that lead to the stage of full blossoms', did you enjoyed the training that much? You certainly were obedient from the beginning."

Those days, she seemed to have dead fish eyes. I wasn't able to judge whether she was happy, but was it that fun?

"Are you an idiot? I was afraid at the start."

"……that is a relief to hear."

She glared at me with a side glance.

" 'I will complete a meat toilet only with my hands~!' A certain somebody started to work a part-time job at the same time of having gone to middle school, didn't they? In favor of paying my school expenses."

"Y, Yes, I didn't want to depend on my parents."

Her mother collapsed, and because the hospital charges increased, she wasn't able to even pay her school costs of middle school. In which case, I couldn't do the training smoothly, so started a part-time job.

I never wanted to depend on my parents, and if that was the case, I had

no choice but to do whatever myself.

No more: I even got carried away with having gotten a meat toilet. I was young in those days…

“You paid my school expenses diligently by making money with a lot of effort. You even made me student president. When I noticed, the guys who bullied me felt afraid.”

“No, it was so I could make you masturbate in the entire student body meeting—”

“I’ll feel so good that I’d lose spirit.”

“…….Right, that’s fine.”

This fellow is unless. Shame, it was so you’ll be able to possess shame.

“Oh, I also had become steadily cute? Although they bullied me in the days of grade school, didn’t somebody assiduously place a trap to smash them?”

“Yeah, because the other party were middle school students, they were all stupid and easy to smash.”

The men who followed her in middle school definitely increased. They may have left her alone, but there was a bastard who tried to manipulate her with somewhat forceful ways. While I worked a part-time job up to

the training.

Something bad was attached after having smashed them.

“Hmm, who was hospitalized with having the tabled turn on them?”

“Shut up, I was also stupid……”

Come on, even if the other party was a middle schooler, I was one. Besides, the other guy basically formed a gang. The end game of my plan was naive, and I was returned a fitting subjugation.

……Yes, I remember my embarrassment. I am able to now destroy without leaving any evidence.

“You may not know it, but there is a famous rumor that you have my back. You’ll start a fight and crush them for me. Moreover, it’s a rag to riches legend of a poor, fatherless family girl that was promoted poplar student council president.”

“……When did you know of that rumor?”

“Hmm, was it around the first summer?”

“……Seriously?”

That sort of rumor was going around. If so, I can also agree that she was

awfully obedient.

"With that, I am the student council president now. Furthermore, I have the cream of the croup approval rating for the spot among successive captains. Also, since I'm a transcendence beautiful girl, I also get confessed immensely everyday~."

"…..You have quite a nice personality."

"Is that sarcasm?"

"It would seem."

A transcended beautiful girl of myself and whatnot. She certainly has accomplished growth to a beautiful girl that you rarely met. But, if she says so herself, she's spoiled.

"Ehehe, then that's fine."

"What is it?"

"Hmm, I wanted to make you irritated."

'Wanted to make you irritated'. You have greatly succeeded at this point. I can't help it when I'm talking with her.

"After all, I thought in several ways for these two years. Concerning the

cause why you placed a label of failure to me. Since surely, you didn't amuse yourself in those days, yeah?"

Slipped out a laugh, she had a bewitching smile on her whole face.

"Irritated you is interested in massaging, right? 'Since this fellow irritated me. I want to make her yield.' How is it? Am I now attractive? Do you have confidence to make me yield?"

Hearing her words, Ogasawara Makoto came into my head.

She's strangely rebels while pretending docile, and yet her thoughts aren't readable. Even though I keep being irritated with Ogasawara, I stick to her.

" 'With looking at her face, it may be as she's saying', are you thinking that? Hey? Is it true? Oh no, I read your thoughts somewhat. The legendary schemer is ruined with this, too."

With a bewitching, flirtatious glance that's disproportionate to her baby face, she sticks out her red between her wet pale pink lips.

She is trying to get me angry. The reason to get me angry is to start a fight.

Amusing. She really ended up accomplishing an amusing change. She seems to have grown up somewhat in these two years.

“……Are you picking a fight?”

I glared at Satonaka while bearing a laugh.

“Picking, picking. If I sing it, will you get mad? But, I know if it’s you, it will be a different with yielding me, isn’t that right?

With her composed expression that slipped out a laugh, she unfastens one button of the P coat she wore while turning aggressive eyes to me.

“Naturally.”

Followed with me saying so, I stood up and she did, too.

“The important matter I called you for is postponed. I’ll make your confident face distort.”

“Hooray! I was given up on, but I have driven you!”

She jumped and still clung to my arm.

If it was her from the past, I would only convey my business and leave this place. But, the current her is different. I can’t imagine her appearance yield even if I torment her how much.

“Can you be used immediately?”

“If you’re the other party, it’s always common sense to clean the bottom.”

“Good answer. I currently don’t hate you.”

When I said that and began to walk, Satonaka clung to my arm, trembling. And then, she raised her breath while her cheeks were dyed red hot.

“What happened?”

“Y, You, you did something a little unexpected……”

Rubbing her thighs together, she looked up at me with wet eyes.

“I don’t think I ever heard you even say I like you a lot from you. You had said it slightly…….kya!”

“Huh? I said I like you al ot? You idiot.”

She laughed embarrassedly to my words, and said,”I mastered the tsundere language” which I don’t understand.

Who is the tsundere? Are your eyes bad?

Satonaka has accomplished a very interesting growth, but although it's true that her accomplished change can't be compare with her past character and atmosphere, her function as a meat toilet is quite the troublesome point.

She seems to be serving as the student council president of Integrity Mausoleum, but as a result, that neglects the training and possible also her function as a meat toilet being sufficiently deteriorated. It will be too terrible to look if she becomes a deteriorated product on top of being a failure.

In addition to taking heed of her speech and conduct, since being abandoned by me, there hasn't been a sign of a new appeared user. If that's the case, the person who trained her was absent for these two years.

Naturally her function would deteriorate if I think with common sense.

In spite of clapping her big mouth, when a function as a meat toilet deteriorates, it becomes easier to make them yield.

If that's the case, my expected disappointed of her greatly reemerges.

Well, she's a failure after all. Besides, the original purpose I called her wasn't to use her as a meat toilet. So, was going to use her as a convenient tool even if she had disappointed me, but to make me expect it. The responsibility will be grave.

Occasionally when the mouse is cornered, it bites the cat. If possible, I

want to her to return a blow to amuse me.

“K, Kijima-san. Aren’t you walking a little fast……”

With me walking a back alley that come off from the arcaded street, Satonaka grasps my left wrist, desperately sticking to me. When she quickens her pace and lines up next to me, she asked with a bright red face.

Me walking too fast? I’m certainly not adapting myself to her pace. Her body is small, so naturally her steps are as well, In which case, she always walks at a pace that’s slightly slower.

Even if it’s isn’t a rate that comes easily, it should be a sufficient speed.

And yet, Satonaka, who loses speed and frankly trots to catch up to me, again loses speed and get impatient, and having repeated this strange behavior, she caught up with a trot.

“Is your physical conditions bad?”

I asked while looking down on Sataonka, whose trotting next to me.

Supposing if she states her physical condition is bad, it definitely isn’t a talk of disappointment. The like of there is a deficient in physical condition while I was stirring by her; there is a limit to being stupid.

This isn’t a talk of a schemer’s viewpoint that’s stated as being drowned

in plans. It isn't a foolish suicide attack to go along on horseback to an enemy camp while understanding their weaknesses.

Not able to understand a certain defeat, is like a suicide attack to the opponent's side with the intentions to win. It is an inability that the eyes are affected by it anymore.

"It, It is different—it isn't……a bad condition."

As she halted with having said that, her small, melted away eyes tremble while staring at me.

Her breathing intense roughly. Her skin changed color to pink. Grasping the hem of her skirt with the left hand when lowering her eyes, her knees quivered.

I see, it isn't your condition that's bad, it is rather the opposite. The fuel flowed into the engine which stopped driving for two years all at once, has suddenly started. Nevertheless, the engine appears to have somehow or another rusted.

If it was rusted, starting the engine ought to be difficult. In other words, it may be said that it's clearly continuing to warm up.

Well, that's natural. I don't particularly mind. The memories of various training that were received from me have been tied to her heart. This means, I should be admiring my skill.

"K, Kijima-san, please, I can't control myself anymore. Here, let's begin it

here……”

Her right hand grasped my wrist tightly at full power, and entreated me with her moist auburn eyes.

I checked the circumference for a moment. This place is a back alley that’s deviated from the arcade town. There is almost no one. However, the arcade town is just nearby, and the clatter is clearly heard at this distance.

It is a situation I don’t know when a person will come. Satonaka is a meat toilet that had training emphasis on exposure. The masturbation exposure with body paint showed her true worth.

But, because I don’t have time and the material now, I intended to use her here. It will be an exposure that’s beyond sweet if it’s done with her, but it’ll be troublesome to make her expose in a place that attracts attention and will be thrown into an uproar. I had thought that.

But, I changed my mind to see her appearance.

The plea from her really wasn’t amusing. The likes of her plea to me is inexcusable. The time of two years seem to have changed her to a low-grade toilet. Reflection is now necessary for this fellow. It is necessary to make her realize who I am again.

“No good, let’s going to the station now. The destination is the park. We’ll go down nine previous stations, and then to the park on foot from there. Assuming that we went to the station now, it would be an hour and

a half to the place from here.”

Checked my watch for a moment, I speak plainly to her. Heard my words, the expression of hers warped in pain.

Biting her lower lip, she lowered the ends of her eyebrows and stared at me with upturned eyes. The hand that grabs the hem of skirt trembles and her knees quiver as if their linked.

“An, An hour and a half, I can’t endure that. Please, please, Kijima-san. Since I’ll do anything, use me quickly……like before, I want you to be extremely rough with me.”

Her breathing increases further with roughness, and her voice also had begun to tremble. Her composure is no longer a mere shadow when she bragged to me.

She is saying she gave up this time. This means, she thinks giving up will have her used by me at the start.

Perhaps now, by making a connection with me, she planned sneaking into my pocket to gradually win me over.

Having nothing to lose when she was trying to drive me, I went with her. It ought to have been a miscalculation that was nice for her.

But as a result, when her true meat toilet character that was desperately held down let loose, it ended up as such.

This is really interesting. She had unquestionable obedience to my order, but losing to her own greed, she goes over my will. It is in the form of entreaty, but it's a wonderful resistance. It is no exaggeration when I say it's a rebellion.

She is cheeky. Impolite. With her social standing, a social standing of a failure, she betrayed an order of me. She absolutely thought of herself.

Her greed and joy welled up, and her greed dominated. I wanted to make this fellow yield by all costs.

"K, Kijima-san, please. I'll become nude here if you say so. I'll masturbate while reading an erotic book in a convenience store if you say. I'll really do anything, so……

When she said that, she puts both hands in her skirt, and took down her underwear with both shaking hands.

"Ah, the thrill. Having my underwear being seen by you like this, I'm letting out so much more juice……"

Having taken down her underwear to the knees, she then fearfully shook. As she says, her underwear got wet with vaginal secretions of a quantity that I can't believe, and made a big stain.

"A, Ahahah, even though I'm a virgin, I'm really such a pervert, aren't I? But, who made me such a pervert…….is you."

The underwear was taken down halfway. The erotic liquid went along her thigh. Rough breathing. Flushed skin. And a masochistic smile.

Just about everything tickled my sadistic heart. She doesn't have enough shame like the past her. But, her fired out masochistic-like charm made up for that.

It is irresistible. It is really irresistible. If she wants me to tease her that much, I'll do it to my heart's content.

I'll do it as is without taking out one hand until evening. Even if she entreats me how much, I'll never take out my hand. And then, I'll send her away without taking one out.

My original purpose I came for doesn't matter. Now, I cannot help wanting to break her heart by all means.

She will never get me to do anything; moreover, I'll send her away: how shall that result in?

Will she cheer up her body and heart by masturbating? Or, will she not give up being near me by all means?

Either way, I won't keep her company. And, looking at the current her, I don't think she can endure my treatment for a long time either.

If that's true, how? How will she move her hand against me? I want to see that.

Simply have thought about it, my feelings were excitedly uplifted and chill ran up my back.

But then, the handcuffs put on my left wrist are really an obstructive. We aren't able to take the train with these also placed on. The handcuffs are a hindrance, and my left hand movement is limited by it, too.

Hmm, that's right, do I bait her with food and make her unlock the handcuffs?

"I understand. I'd love to do it especially right now. But before that, the handcuffs—"

"Nope."

She interrupted my words with an immediate answer. Her auburn eyes that glare me are strained with the color of suspicion.

Tsk, was I read? I took her too lightly because she's a failure.

"Satonaka, listen with your ears carefully. In the state of handcuffs placed on my left hand, I can't seriously torment you. In which case, wouldn't it not satisfy you either? So, quickly, the handcuffs—"

"Nooooopp. I will never remove them~."

Interrupted my words again, she puts out her red tongue and refuses

my opinion. This bitch, what impudent attitude. Making light of her? I think it's reluctantly me who's not being taken seriously.

"Then, I'll just stop using you. There aren't any disadvantages with not particularly using you. I'm returning to lie down."

"Then I'll go, too. I'll lie by your side. Since my cooking ability improved, I'll also make a luxurious supper. That way, I'll keep feed your mouth with you getting up and lying down. I'll also do a ferra that way, too."

She keeps avoiding and opposing my words. It would be impossible for her to keep that up if it was the past her.

I appear not able to somehow control her attitude the same way as ago.

It was a mistake to say I'll return and sleep. A troublesome bitch stays in my room for Satonaka to even return. If she meets that idiot, it's clear that it'll definitely become trouble.

I give up: after I said going home by myself, it may seem questionable if I suddenly change the topic.

"Huh? Have you thought something strange of me?"

Puzzled, Satonaka looks into my face while tilting her head to one side like she's curious.

“No, its different……”

I unconsciously evaded her eyes quickly. This is really bad: when I check her with a leer, she is glaring at me with scornful eyes and had a full on gently smile. And then, she stood on her tiptoe when she caught my jacket, and brought my face near.

Shit, with a scene dressed in calmness, she showed a manner that’s plainly upset. She’s really not shaking in the slightest.

Bending my eyes from hers posed of doubt, simply made even more suspicion arise. What am I doing?

Frickin’ Ogasawara Makoto: even if that idiot isn’t near, doesn’t she draw annoying situations? I will give her severe punishment when I return.

“Strange. It is strange that you’ll get impatient……”

Standing on her tiptoes while shaking, she glares at me with an expression full of doubt which hasn’t been so far shown.

Impatient? Me? I evaded her eyes unconsciously, but I never accumulated to getting impatient. I am simply a little upset. But, was that seen by her?

In the first place, whatever do I need to get impatient for? After all, Satonaka a meat toilet. So, with training whatever sort of woman whenever, a high quality or failure one, I have no reason to complain.

“Even if you told me there’s a new meat toilet, I don’t particularly mind, and you don’t either, right? Rather, I would be relieved if you said there was a new meat toilet.”

To her words, I also didn’t feel an atom of hesitation. When I cast a side glance to her at a moment, her auburn eyes stared straight at me. I can’t stare back at those.

I understand her viewpoint. But, I am well aware that a made meat toilet is to only process sexual desires.

There is no need to cover the existence of Ogasawara Makoto. In the first place, I called her in the first place to investigate the personal life of Ogasawara Shizuka and to collect information. She will know of Ogasawara Makoto inevitably.

But, I can’t say it. Words won’t come out. I can’t look straight down on her eyes. I don’t understand this myself.

“Rather, I feel I even want there to be a new meat toilet. A girl whom you had your eyes on. Surely she not good at depending on people, and is a child walking alone in the dark. But, that child puts all her strength into not crying. It is a child who does her best if you push behind her. With such a child, I want her to walk the elevated passageway that leads to the stage of full blossoms just like me. This can happen if it’s you, since I know it more than anyone. But……”

With wet eyes, she laughed joyfully. But, the moment she finished speaking, the ends of her eyebrows twitched, and she floated a black grin

as a vein stood out on her temple.

"No way, that child……dered you? Instead of tsun tsun, you dered? Is it a lie? Just a minute……I can't obediently accept this."

A weird black smile was on her, and putting power into the hand tightly grabbing my jacket, she stood further on her tiptoes and places her face up to the limit.

"I didn't intend to walk into your apartment and bother your flirting training, but I don't accept this! As a senior meat toilet, I want to absolutely talk with the younger one."

Her face smiled, but she was clearly angry. Obediently and nonresistant. That's the Satonaka I knew. For her to turn angry to me, it was an unbelievable view I started to see of her.

If it was usual, if it was the past me, I would never permit such a rude behavior. Then, what kind of punishment do I give for her sort of talking behavior? Since she hasn't taken that behavior, I have no experience. In brief, I don't understand.

In addition, an unknown feeling has spread through my heart. It is far from anger towards her behavior, but for some reason…….it's very unsettling.

"……Haa, what is this? Satonaka, you aren't getting bugs in your head, are you?"

“Woww! Pretending ignorance! Is it a lie!? It is impossible for you to pretend ignorance! Get a grip! Be more like the usual tsun tsun! This is not like you!”

“Playing dumb? Is this me? Ha, that is an amusing joke.”

“Those are my lines! Is this a joke!? You are breaking into a cold sweet! Your eyes are shaking, too! Although you’re clearly acting suspicious! Did you really fall in love with that kid!?” (1)

“Huh? What a stupid thing. Idiotic. This talk is finished, fucking idiot.”

Did I fall in love with her? That would be impossible. I’m just training Ogasawara Makoto for sexual processing. There aren’t feelings besides that.

“…..If you say fucking idiot, it’s when you’re trying to dodge something, as well as wanting to forcibly end an overbearing situation. Haaa, that’s right, yeah.”

When she clings to me, mumbling, I compulsory tear her off and wiped the sweat that came out in an excessive sum by the back of my hand. Then, I suddenly remember a question.

Wait a minute. Didn’t she say my apartment a while ago? Why does she know that I live in an apartment?

Since I left my parents’ home and live alone, is she personally under the impression that I live in an apartment? No, those words weren’t given

hesitantly.

How many choices she ought to have? An apartment, being a freeloader in a relative houses, and a rented house.

I didn't overturn those choices, and the way she's talking is as if she was convinced that I definitely lived in an apartment.

When I moved in this town, the information about me should've been sealed by my father. Even my group teacher of the middle school I went to, must've had necessary precautions with not having him disclosing information about me.

After all, I was supposed to enter the higher grade in a prestigious high school of another prefecture that's equal to Integrity Mausoleum.

After me saying this to nobody, I don't think the information would leak out from someone familiar either.

Naturally, there is also not possible where I am was asked in my parent's home.

"Satonaka, why do you know my apartment……"

She didn't say the location of the apartment I live in. But, the way she spoke was as though deliberately saying she knew my location. In other words, she asked a leading question.

“Woww, forcibly evaded the topic of the younger meat toilet: you really are different.”

Sulking, she puffed out her cheeks and suddenly bent her face.

“Oi, Satonaka, answer: how did you know my location? Did you ask somebody?”

Grabbed her shoulder, I ask her while scowling.

If my location came to light, it will become bad depending on the circumstance.

“…..’who’, I had Soichiro-san inform me, what?”

She looked at me and spoke a name. The moment I heard the name, my mind became blank.

Older brother? Told Satonaka? Why?

My older brother, whom never resisted what father’s opinion was, why?

Moreover, how did he got in touch with her? A phone call in our parents’ home, there is no way he’ll answer with a mere female high school student.

“Satonaka, tell me in detail. How did you get information from my

brother? Talk seriously, and answer obediently. Otherwise, I'll leave on that way."

She turned her bulked face away, and became instantly pale when she noticed something unusual of me. And then, I heard the words, "That means" and she started to tremble.

"K, Kijima-san, are you seriously angry? In what way, it is....."

She was shaking, but rather than having become distressed with being frightened, she took out a cell phone when a hand is placed in her P coat pocket. And then, she operated the phone while frequently watching me.

"I wonder if it was about half a year? Soichiro came to Integrity Mausoleum. There was a fuss like the whole school was flipped over. Mainly the girls were making the noise. Cause' look, his the same as you, a Miss beauty."

My brother was there? Well, he is an elder of that school. Moreover, he was an excellent student that really did his duty as student council president. Thanks to that, the university where my brother entered also sent a letter that expressly states it really appreciates the school.

Therefore, that school also appears to have succeeded a lot in becoming a first-class with one person by himself, and I also heard stories that want to make my brother an official.

When an excellent human resource is recommended superbly, it would also raise the impression of Integrity Mausoleum.

But, the opinion of one person may not have the greatest influence. But still, the avaricious of trying to continue being a distinguished school uses that connection. That is what makes that school Integrity Mausoleum.

Even if it controls the top, there is always a challenger. In which case, Integrity Mausoleum continues reigning over the top.

So, it isn't that weird my brother went there. But, I don't think that he called out to Satonaka. Or rather, I can't imagine him calling out to speak with a woman.

If that's the case, was it Satonaka that spoke with him? She ought to have a known weakness over him, but did she purposely call him out to get information on me?

"Nooo, even if I asked him to come, I'd unconsciously run away. Soichiro is different from you, and he seeming to be discernibly gentle is something I somehow hate."

Closed her eyes, she nodded alone. She still hates him? Moreover, she'll run away. If that's true, then how did she get information from him?

"But, I was called out by a school announcement. I wasn't the president then, but I was the leading candidate of it, as I will add. If I were to boycott a call from the principal, I believed it'll become trouble no matter how much I thought about it, and unwilling accepted."

Her face was like she bit a sower bug. She appears to have hated it from the bottom of her heart.

"Then, Soichiro was also there with the principal, and without a particularly reason why, he ended it with a proper chat. But, I was hailed by him right before I left the principal's office, and was shown the address. Then, he said if I was in touch with you, he wanted me to tell him."

Brother did that? Absurd, it's impossible. But, I don't think she's telling me a lie either.

"And since I heard from you last time, I email Soichiro tentatively. Although I was really reluctant. Then, there was an immediate reply and it was this, but……"

She offered me the mobile phone she operated with her fingers. I received it and looked at the screen.

"What…….is this true?"

There was my limited information of my parents' house I knew writing in detail. No, there was information of the house I didn't even know.

I never contacted my home since I left it. And yet, how is it this much information?

No, that isn't the problem. What on earth is my son of a bitch brother thinking? His trusted by father a lot, even though that's expected. Then,

he takes a risk and offer information to her intentionally.

If this is known to father, it'll be terrible.

"And, it's very hard to say, but……"

Saying that, she mumbled, and when she looked down a little, she looked up with upturned eyes to look at my face.

"To be honest, until I came to you, I mean, it's was probably spoiled just now, Soichiro……"

"…..What is it?"

A chill ran up my back, and I felt my nape going to sleep.

Had my brother came? In this town?

My brother abandoned me and also had no intentions of saying he'll accompany me. But, I didn't want him to mind me till the end if he did. I wanted to continue thinking that he was no longer the tender older brother.

"It is dangerous that a pretty, transcendent, beautiful girl like me goes to a dangerous, unknown location by herself. 'I'll escort you, since I know the area a lot with visiting a lot', he said. I wanted to decline, but I became uneasy when thinking I couldn't meet you. I thought maybe we'll search for you if I went with him. And, he said he'll take care of the

traveling expenses, and just……”

She lowered the ends of her eyebrows apologetically.

“But, he said to absolutely not say we came together. However, for me, I didn’t want to tell you a lie. So, did I speak honestly?”

Drew her eyes close to me, she looked up to me with eyes like a thrown away puppy.

“…..I’m not angry. You spoke obediently. I’d like to express my thanks.”

She felt relieved to my words.

He has come here a lot. My brother said that to Satonaka. I didn’t think that he had business in this town. If there is, then it’s me.

Did he come here many times to see how I’m doing?

It is the worst, worst feeling. Knowing that my brother is kind. That I’m really loved by that person. Respected. I think he wanted to someday become an older brother.

But, when our father ordered me to leave the house, he said nothing while his head was cast.That was fine then.

However, to now gently watch over me, it’s the same as being looked

down from a high pedestal. Does he know this? He wouldn't understand. Because he doesn't, is he spreading gentless like that simply for appearances?

Please, don't be concerned with me anymore. If meet you and your kind to me, I, brother, won't forgive you.

"Satonaka, I'm sorry you had to expressly come, but return today. I'd like to be alone for a bit……"

Memories of my childhood go by in my mind. When my older brother was my friend. I thought he'll forgive me even if I did whatever. I thought that I might behave like a spoiled child to just this person. But even so……

The thing about Ogasawara Shizuka and Sasaki, honestly doesn't matter.

"It became this way after all. Which is why he didn't want me to talk. But, I guess Soichiro knew I'd speak with you. So, he handed me a trump card."

Having said that, her face became worried while placing a hand in her P coat pocket. And then, she took out a wallet.

"It is actually an unpleasant using this method. But, the ticket I received from Soichiro to return for Shinkansen is for tomorrow's evening, yeah? So, I have to lodge in your apartment today by all means possible."

She appears really troubled, but seems to be slightly happy.

A trump card given by my brother? Is it can't be……Oi, wait a minute, wait a minute, please wait a minute your fucking idiot.

"A photograph of you having done the princess part when there was a play party of kindergarten—" (2)

"Gaaaaahhhhh! It was still in the system!?"

I grabbed the photograph that she took out from her wallet while smirking,

As I expected, I had a bad feeling when I heard it was my brother's trump card.

"To continue~, at a fourth grader age of elementary school, you were appointed the princess role of the theater and was angrily photographed having been forcibly placed in a dress—"

"Oiiiiiii! Don't fuck with me brotherrrrrrrrrrr!"

Satonaka, looking like she can't help but enjoying it, took out a new photograph from her wallet. I snatched it with all my might.

M, My heart, is beating away with a strange rhythm. I feel dizzy, too.

"There is still more. At fifth grade of elementary school, a store stall was opened at summer school, and selected to be a draw girl, you were

forcibly helped to put on a yukata, and then you were photographed banging your head on a wall in excessive anger—”

‘Brotherrrrrr! I will absolutely knock you to next week when we meetttttt!”

Satonaka, appearing not able to endure anymore, let out a chuckle and took out the photograph from her wallet. I snatched and tore it to pieces.

These are past relics that should absolutely be erased than even given to her. Why did he do such a thing? My dignity is ruined.

The corners of my eyes are hot.

“Let’s see, I’m getting really excited! To go on, at the age of an eighth grader, to push Satonaka to student council president, there is a photograph of you making a speech dressed up like a female student on the lecture platform—”

“Why does my brother have that pictureeeeee! That bastard, did he frickin’ took it secertylyyyyyyyyy!”

Exceeded her limit of fun, she began to take pictures from her wallet in high spirits. Gasping, I succeeded in snatching the photo while feeling dizziness.

“Ha, it looks like you were angry going ahead to elementary school. But, it seems it went to shame when having become a middle school student. It is also quite sexy, and……A. D. O. R. A. B. L. E.”

“Shut up, fucking idiot! You bitch! You bitch, you asshole! You mega asshole!” (3)

To Satonaka, who puts a hand on her cheek enchanted, I hurled curses and boos to my conceivable limit.

I will unwilling allow the other pictures. But, just this one is no good.

In that situation, I had no choice but to do something. I thought I’d investigate what the students were interested in. As a result, I heard there was rumor of wanting to see Kijima dressed up as a woman, and the many opinions were overwhelming.

For me, I wanted to absolutely make her president for the sake of her masturbating at the entire student body meeting on the lecture platform. If my ambition came true, then it wasn’t a big problem that I became a laughingstock.

But, the results were different from my expectorations.

“It was amazing then, wasn’t it? Isn’t it rare that all the students were enraptured at the same time? Not only were the students, but the teachers also completely captivated.”

“Stop it! Don’t say it! That isn’t a past that I want to forget! It is one that should be forgotten!”

A strange chill runs up my back just having remembered it.

All the students jostled in the lecture hall, and nobody gave a voice. Having thought that laughter would definitely arise, I got impatient when that excluded my plan.

With having been uncomfortable by their action, far from successfully winning the election, I thought it was no longer a match. I thought that.

But……

“A flexible, long, slender body and rather high height. And, cheeks slightly dyed with feeling shy. Nevertheless, a pretty, dignified figure. A beautiful, aloof tsundere that fires an intimidating air that really repel others. Moreover, the downright long slit eyes that glisten. When I stared in those eyes……ah, I almost have a nosebleed when remembering it.”

She made a hot,”Haa” while staring at the picture.

I’m not a beautiful woman, but that aloofness hits the bull’s eye. I am an aloof man. But, Satonaka, did you laugh when you said that?

You laughed? Did you absolutely laugh? Does the word aloofness include any different nuances?

Until the auditorium was over after my speech began, it was still silent. I thought it was a complete mistake, but as a result the election was overwhelming.

Satonaka was the sole winner, but there weren't a lot of votes entered for her. More than ninety percent of all students voted for Kijima. All of those were invalid ballots, and Satonaka, the second largest number, was elected.

It was far from a stupid drawback, but after that day, shit, simply remembering it is disgusting.

"It is after that, isn't it? 'A teacher contacted me unusually kind, disgusting', is what you said."

Yup, later from that recommender speech meeting, teachers became strangely kind.

After trying to entrap and destroy the people whom tried to take a pass at her with my plan, and after I was hospitalized with a fitting subjugation, my teachers had eyes on me.

Naturally, I didn't disclose the cruel truth of my returned slay age, and insisted the reason was an accident, however, the teachers wouldn't believe my excuse. But with there not being evidence, and basically me being an honor student, being scoped on that much ended.

From after that speech meeting, the manner of women teacher took a particular sudden turn. As well as some of the male ones.

Oh how disgusting their eyes were. Moreover, with a given reason of this or that, they touched my body all over.

I feel nausea just having remembered it.

“Hehe, did you receive considerable damage? But, there is still more. You mustn’t think it’ll end with that? Is there not a supreme one that even Soichiro hesitated to give me, nya?”

Saying that, she took a photograph out from her wallet. Sandwiched the picture with her forefinger and middle finger, she waves it while smirking.

“Calm down, Satonaka, let’s talk about it. Didn’t you want to be tormented by me? It is fine; I’d like to torment you. So, don’t say anything and give it to me.”

Even my brother hesitated about handing it over, and that bitch is absolutely dangerous. The ones she has are none other than photos I’ve already seen. I’ll give those up. It can’t be helped she saw does.

So, I’ll just destroy the evidence. And, after having completely destroyed it, I’ll completely and thoroughly rise up the tormenting, and silence her.

It is a perfect plan, if I do say so myself. Then, to put it into practice—

“After the speech meeting, perhaps being mentally tired, the taken photo of a rare, spectacular gem of your sleeping face without having changed clothes. It is super rare—”

“Don’t you play with me you fucking bitch! Don’t say heheh, bitch!”

“Waaah, I can say hehe.”

Disregarding my persuasion, she holds the photograph picked up with a finger. My sleeping face was definitely shown there. In addition, it was quite a close up one.

When was this photo taken? No, isn’t it natural that I wouldn’t remember due to having slept?

But, where I slept was the special classroom that became the waiting room for the speech meeting. And saying that this picture exists, it’s no more than saying my brother invaded there.

Since I was an eighth grader, my elder brother was in second year of high school. So, why did he come to the campaign speech for the presidency of a middle school? High school, what happened to high school? In addition, at that time the election of Integrity Mausoleum should have been going on. You were even running for president.

That bastard, he pretended to be earnest, but isn’t that in fact not true?

Extending my hand while losing breath, Satonaka dodged it while her cheeks were dyed and panting.

V, Vein, a vein in my head broke. And, a sharp pain came to my stomach.

“This picture is really beautiful. I have some confidence in my current self, too, but I don’t feel I can beat you in this picture. It is a complicated feeling as a woman. I also think others would also want it, but I won’t show it anybody, because it’s my treasure.”

“I agree to not showing to anyone, but listen, give me the photo! I’ll use those means! Don’t you hate it? Don’t you hate those means being used? If so, give it quickly!”

“Nope, as long as I have this picture, you won’t use those means. I also can’t give this photo, since it’s a side dish.”

“Bitch! Don’t say that I’m a side dish to a peculiarly woman, asshole! Give it to me, fucking idiot!”

When extending out my hand, she leans back and skillfully dodges it. Moreover, she’s staring at the photo while smirking.

Although this fellow’s ability isn’t relatively superior, and all her abilities are high on average. She’s a jack of all trades, or rather, she’s generally calm. On the other hand, since she also isn’t the best, she doesn’t have the ability to pierce through.

That is her, but even though I said it was reckless to take the examination of Integrity Mausoleum, the area of passing shrewdly suggests that the height of her specifications has become serious. Besides, she would just be popular and not be fit for being president. In brief, she showed a high ability score to essentially be convinced she’s a student of that school.

If it was physical strength, I would be overwhelmingly at the top, but her exercise ability is above of that. Particularly in her wide eyes body flexibility and reflexes that are linked to instantaneous power.

'Wow, the adorableness of you in this picture is abnormal~. I decided not look at it since I'll be turned on, however, it can't be helped if I look, yes? Only just a little second, excuse me—"

"Stoopppppppp! You bitch, what you're trying to do may be equal to rape!"

While avoiding my hand, she had an erotic smile as she stares at the picture with her right hand in her skirt.

It is just like she's a middle school boy who found a porno at a river bed and returned home with hiding it in his check by all his strength.

I don't have any problem her masturbating with me as a side dish. I also made her do it among the training. But, the photograph is no good. I cannot help feeling a sense of impending crisis and being like I'll lose something very important. But, it's almost an impossible task to capture Satonaka when she's devoting herself to avoid me.

But fortunately, handcuffs are placed on the right wrist she had in the skirt. If I use this—

"Oraaa!"

"Ahh"

When I forcefully pulled my left hand, her right was dragged from her skirt.

These handcuffs were really helpful.

“It would be good to make masturbation with the particular photo. Although I am kneeling on the floor naked before you, who sat down on a chair seeming very smug looking down on me, you make me masturbate while begging for your particular approval of you being a side dish.”

“This is a different discussion! Listen, I will give you the picture! For you to quit it, I’ll even do that! Um, there! There! There!”

That no good: my thought of wanting to snatch the photo was after all too strong, and my thoughts didn’t circulate well.

In which case, it’s fine now. It is against my aesthetics, but when it comes to this I’ll go our using force.

Drew her right hand to me with having pulled my left, I tried to snatch the photo from Satonaka, which was when I then lost my balance, but Satonaka avoided my right hand lightly without losing hers.

“Bastard! Quit with that like you’re fishing, you bitch!”

“Nufufuf, this may be the first time I made you be concerned. I am now very happy, nya.”

Pushed out my right hand, Satonaka dogged with bending her body was reflected in my view.

Her face broke in a smile also was viewed there. After having seen her face, the sound of something snapping was in my brain.

That's just fine! If you determined, then I am, too. Even if you regret it, it's too late Satonaka. What happened when you made me seriously mad, I'll make you remember firsthand—

"Also, the photograph you just tore up and threw away, why wouldn't any guy download al~l of it to the PC? In other words, do you understand what I want to say, nya? Do you understand?"

To the words of Satonaka, who's waving the picture held in her fingers, I suddenly stopped moving.

I, of all people, was careless. The picture that she possesses now. The photo I took and tore up. My other brother handed all of others to her. This means, my brother owned a recorded media of the image.

If that's the case, does she have the copied media? That multiplied my negative heritage I have to erase to infinity.

If she has that, and also once she scatters the pictures. My eyes……my eyes are hot.

“Satonaka, aren’t you thirsty? Let’s have tea. So, let’s talk about this slowly.”

Desperately enduring something that’s welling up, I corrected myself, and held out my right hand while smiling refreshingly. When she saw me, she kisses the picture, puts it back in her wallet hastily, and puts that away in her P coat pocket. And then, she placed her right hand on my held out left.

“Kijima-san, did you hear? Do you agree with me? I will be in troubled with nowhere to stay.”

“Hahah, don’t worry about that, don’t you and I have a relationship? Shouldn’t you probably stay at my apartment, fucking idiot?”

“Wowww, yes!”

We conversed together in a monotone. But, with her composed expression, it was a viewpoint completely different with me, who seemed to blow a blood vessel of the head shortly.

When I take her to the apartment, it’s the same as a bowl with a mut. It is troublesome, but I have to first deal with the photo.

It isn’t a problem if she personally has the recorded media. But, the thing she received as a trump handles me, doesn’t seem to expose the danger of being taken away by me. In other words, it’s very like that it’s hidden somewhere.

She is different from Ogasawara Makoto: a failure close to a finished product. Condemning her half-heatedly will have the opposite effect. It will excite her if I even do such a thing.

Somewhere to hide a recorded medium. To get to the location, I have no choice but to thoroughly torment her enough for her to yield. Moreover, in a place that won't have interruptions, so my apartment…… no, wait.

I had completely forgotten. That isn't an ideal place to have it.

If that's the case, it's rather convenient that Ogasawara Makoto stays in my room.

The school warehouse. If it's there, the key will close it shut, and the soundproofing effect is perfect. Most of the sex toys are in the apartment, but some of them are placed spares.

Moreover, the warehouse is my den. My ability will rise three times.

"Then, shall we go? But, before turning to the apartment, there is place where I'd like to go that's near, okay?"

When I ask with an innocent look over her, Satonaka clenched my hand, laughed joyfully, and nodded.

"Yesss, I'll go, I'll go: if I'm with you, I'll go anywhere."

Without knowing where she will be taken to, she puts on her lowered underwear again, and rearranges her with a mixture of humming

Soon, you won’t be even laughing like that. Just as you wanted, I’ll be completely rough. That lovely face will be smeared with mucus, drool, and tears.

Humans don’t change so easily. The nature they have been born with, and their environment of infancy forming the individual character, strikes to the root of their entire lifetime. It isn’t an easy thing to overcome.

I am a good example. I haven’t changed. Rather, I don’t intend to change.

I am as before. Despite a pretty, pure, innocent girl dressed in peace, I want to thoroughly torment them with glimpsing at the crooked light within their dark eyes.

Like Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka Akira.

The obstinate mind of trying to resists adversity in a fragile tendency. In spite of themselves being overwhelmingly weak, a fool who can’t even raise a fist to that person is the one who entrapped themselves.

I think of myself as that person. Why don’t you demand help? The weak begs pitifully for forgiveness, and bows their head with buttering up to the strong.

And yet, being hit, kicked, abused, and received how much ghastly treatment, I can’t approve of the calm manner of being influenced to care about the other person.

Not worrying about the wounds and fist that’s hitting them, there is also a limit to stupidity.

Therefore, I want to fold the heart of such women.

Ogasawara Makoto appears to have hidden it well, but it's different for Satonaka. I noticed it when I had already started the tormenting, but the bullying expanded rapidly

———

Poor. Simply with her appearance, that exposes she has no power.

If she's weak, her mother is, too. She did two or more part-time jobs, and seems to have worked without sleeping, but she appears she had received a malicious harassment.

A beautiful appearance. A person with the gentleness to think of other's. Men charmed, and jealous women alienated her in envy.

Her mother is a bachelorette in regardless of her marriage, and seems to often have advances from men in her part-time job. But, she never shook her head.

Faithful to her husband who passed away, Satonaka mother doesn't even eye or seduce a man.

If she even opened her crotch to a man approaching her, she might have been able to secure a place for her to live. It is really idiotic to be faithful to a person who's dead. With showing respect to the dead for how long, she won't be able to protect.

I went to her part-time jobs for investigation several times before, but judging from my eyes, the mother seems to treat everyone equally.

But, the men got irritated with the mother not turning around, and came to point of harassment. The women jealous of her also joined in, and the malicious torment began.

I thought bullying only existed in the children's society, but neither an adult nor a child seems to differ very much. Generally, everyone is a kid.

Funny, it's really funny. The mother and daughter fell into a similar situation. It is unbearably unsightly that I don't know the reason it was amusing.

But Satonaka and the mother never complain, and rather, they show a behavior of worrying about the other.

It is stupid, beyond stupid. I don't really like the behavior that's full of hypocrisy. I'm really not able to calmly stomach that they feel pity for the person who completely looks down of them.

Without dirtying my hands myself, I watch the persistent bullying calmly and soak in the joy of enjoying myself.

But before long, I couldn't trust the fools with their stupid torment.

This I, this I had no choice but to do personally.

Exactly then. Her mother fell down.

In those days, I had neither the influence nor assets like father. If I asked father through my brother, they would have become the mother and daughter I would like. But, then there wasn't a meaning. I'll thoroughly destroy the mother and daughter with only my power. Never able to stand up again.

First, I aimed for the mother. If I left the daughter to an abyss of despair, I would only break one person's sympathy thoroughly. If so, I will be left alone with Satonaka's true meaning.

Sneaked into the hospital where her mother was hospitalized, I tried to look for information of the instituted people. But, I also by chance picked up the list of the hospital staff. The list had detailed personal information that I couldn't think was usual. Moreover, there were with a picture.

The information has to be managed strictly, and the likes of it being lost in a hallway, I thought the hospital security were monkeys.

Analyzing the information throughout the night, I thought of a method to completely break her mother.

If I may say so myself, a body will tremble with how vulgar my scheme is.

It is best to use a man to break a woman. The humiliation of being tormented by a man she also doesn't like would be immeasurable.

Therefore, I had my eyes on a man severing as a doctor in the general hospital she was hospitalized in.

According to the list of names I found, the doctor appears to be single. No, far from being single, it doesn't even seem to have association with women.

The doctor is good nature, takes care of everyone gently, protects patients and colleagues, and seems to have often clashed with the boss. He appears not able to be promoted as a result, so I thought he spent every day depressed.

I may be able to handle him if his driven. Having thought that, I began to move right away.

Handling a heart of a man is easy. I just need to make them misunderstand a little and they move with no trouble. Moreover, the mother is an owner of fair beauty.

I have to make the doctor think that the mother is interested in him. A good woman sending goodwill to himself. Additionally, the other person is a widow mother. It is just right for a playmate. He will think that. All the more if the man has no association experience with women.

But, how do I invade the hospital? Once and twice would be no problem, but there will be suspicion if I wander too much. In a good condition, my older brother was hospitalized there.

When it was known he felt a slight dizziness, it was taken as a serious matter and was hospitalized to check it. He was also conveniently entered in the hospitable the mother was in.

I thought a hospitalization inspection was overkill for simply dizziness, but since my brother was different from me, he was doted on by father.

But, even if I hang around the hospital thanks to that, I was to hold true with coming to visit him.

I had a three day period. To become closer to the hospital staff in that time limit, it was necessary to make an environment that I wasn't doubted even when I hung around afterwards.

Apparently, I have a figure adored by women. Using it, I gained favor with the nurses.

As a result of having played the naive, shy boy, I achieved the three day goal on the first day.

If things were to go too well, I had to lie low a little, but it ought to. So, I carried out my strategy right away.

The contents were simple. I spread a rumor. 'The hospitalized mother of Satonaka has courtesy to the Doctor Hira Mannen.'

It was the right choice to have gotten the nurses' favor. Women are gossipy creatures.

The quack doctor Hira Mannen who couldn't get a promotion. Raped from such a gloomy man, the mother will also be easily broken.

To get the quack doctor to make a move, it's necessary to convey how powerless the mother is. This way it will make him think that it's alright even if he passes at this woman.

Which means a material of threat.

The mother lost income with being hospitalized is in an urgent state. If I nudge there, he may hold out his body. Therefore, with the basis of her placed situation, I spread the rumor using a nurse.

It is little of a roundabout hand, but it will be in reversed doubted if it's too forceful. A rumor is fine. Just a trivial rumor drives a person mad.

And, my plan advanced unexpectedly smoothly. In addition to my rumor, it followed that the two people's characters worked.

On the other hand, the quack had no associating experience with women. Properly speaking, the two should have never met, but the quack heard the rumor and became aware of her.

When that happened, my work has already finished. I should wait for the quack to run out of control on his own.

So, once I withdrew from the mother, I decided to carry out the plan to

leave Satonaka in the abyss of despair.

While I was busy taking of her mother, the torment for Satonaka escalated.

She was already poor. Accelerated with the mother hospitalized, it seems to have also run her down mentally.

I suspected that her heart would break even on its own, but when thinking about the effort I spent on her mother, I got awfully frustrated.

I must collect it even if the value has changed. That also won't happen after it breaks.

Impatient, I immediately went for an action.

First, several of the girls in her same class were doing the bullying, and with the backer of always poor her gone, the whole class was involved, and spread to the grade, and then finally, the students of other grades assisted in the bullying, too.

No one was even angry with her being tormented. There were no angry parents. That appeared to have increased the collected bullying.

Moreover, with her not necessary desiring for the bullying to stop, she simply put up with it.

The teacher group also knew of her bullying, but nobody was going to

step up.

After all, what she didn't have was influence.

Her mother has no particularly influential voice with her part-time job. Moreover, her broken physical condition hospitalized her. On the other hand, the parents' of the students who take part in the bullying had a lot of influence over people.

Who can safely support her? Needless to say, the answer is a given.

It was really a splendid environment, but her limit is also short. It is a situation that I don't know when her heart will break. If she breaks, the collection value for my efforts becomes impossible.

Meanwhile, I heard information that a group of several male students were going to attack and make Satonaka a sex slave.

It is quite the savage act. Originally it was a point where I'd observe with a mixture of joy from the girl breaking, but her breaking will trouble me.

However, the other party formed a gang. I also possessed fighting power to some extent, but it is impossible to directly challenge a battle. The other guys are strong in unity power, and the gathered group were referred to as delinquents. With the pieces I have, I can hardly compete with them.

To begin with, it isn't my hobby to directly collide. But, it takes time to

use a plan. I didn’t have that time.

In which case, I had no choice but to directly challenge them to a fight. But, it becomes a serious matter if they move in great numbers.

In the end, I decided to confront them alone. It was more convenient for the plan I made in several of ways.

I began to watch the group who were going to attack Satonaka for two weeks. Then the day came.

Several male students surrounded Satonaka who was going home by herself,tied her hands and feet instantly, and then silenced and abducted her.

They went to a vacant house a little away from the abducted site. The group knew the place was near her home course was at, and prepared beforehand. Naturally, since I was watching the students, I knew the house they used in advance. In other words, I was also preparing variously as they were.

Knowing nothing, they marched into the web I personally waited in.

Accompanied the male students that restricted Satonaka, I invaded inside the house from the broken back entrance, and simply went up the stairs to the bedroom.

Prepared juice and snacks in the bedroom, I knew I was going to enjoy myself for a long time.

Watching the run of events from the attic, I was unable to decide the timing to appear.

Basically, I'm not the type to straightforwardly go. Holding the heart of people and rolling it in the palm of my hand, I enjoy myself without dirtying myself. That is my style.

The plan I made this time doesn't seem to be a lot like me. I have the put up with the pain. I will be seriously damaged if I do a bad job. But, besides my method, it didn't occur to my plan she'll be snatched from the side.

I don't like hurting. After all, I left her as she was and thought I would calmly watch her tormented appearance from the attic.

In my sight which looked down onto the lower floor, my eyes reflected her.

I saw her, and the terrible feeling of fury ran violently through me.

Biting her gag, the students pressed down both her hands and legs, and stripped off her clothes. Satonaka still endured without even showing tears.

She doesn't give up, and seem to be desperately fighting.

The blood of my whole body boiled. I became so hot that I even

thought my head might explode.

I didn't like it. With eyes particular like a dead fish, I still see she doesn't yield. I don't like those eyes. Her heart isn't folding to the guy's rape. Even if they smear her body for how long, she won't despair to this.

Before I knew it, I jumped off to downstairs from the attic.

The monkeys can only do rape and abuses. Those imbeciles can't make a woman submit simply with such vulgar doings.

I can't entrust this to such fools. I will make her fall into the abyss of despair. Painted with lust, I will thoroughly train her to smithereens as she personally begs to give her pleasure.

I will make her transform into a woman who can be described as a meat toilet.

"I'm your opponent: come take me, fucking idiots."

To my sudden, unexpected words, the male students who tried to rape Satonaka were dumbfounded, and then gave an angry cry springing at me.

How much was I thrashed around? I don't remember well.

The group continued persistently beating me. It is sickening, but this really was my counterattack plan.

Their group psyche of human violence becomes more severe. ‘It isn’t just me. It is not because of me. Since somebody has to take responsibility, I may do as much as I like.’

But when they regain composure, it quickly changes to fear.

‘I went too far. Who will take responsibility? I don’t know. It isn’t my fault.’

It is a really simple plan. With a long stick of a tree, I filled dissolved red paint water into a vinyl

Having received a beating to some extent, it tore the vinyl and later produced something realistic.

Red liquid scattered. The wooden stick ran into my abdomen. The male students who watched me raised a groan, writhed in exaggerate agony, became instantly pale and their first utterance of crime was laid on them.

Worthless. A really worthless group. There wasn’t a single person who was prepared for it in the end.

There wasn’t a single person who drew a clear vision of what would happen with raping Satonaka.

It is a point where I’d like to say their just brats, but adults don’t change so much either. Humans are weak to pleasure at hand after all.

The students surprised at the massive bleeding, got away from me and yelled at each other. Seeing a chance, I flopped down, rolled my body, and sucked up the red liquid that collected on the floor. And then, I faced up with a stumble while continuing to act being in agonizing pain, and greatly spouted out the paint that I took in my mouth. As a bonus, I twitched exaggeratedly as if I'm jumping with my eyes wide up.

With a great deal of blood like they have never seen, it looked like I would die soon, which definitely induced fear.

One ran away, and then they began to escape one by one in a chain; it was an avalanche.

If they stayed till the end, all the responsibility would be passed. They would become a murderer. So, they ran away.

There could of had composure like an experienced serial killer who' give me a final blow and hide the corpse, but I supposed their group's intelligence was low with attempting to rape someone. It is simply natural they'll be seized with the thought to escape.

While checking the situation by a leer, I got impatient inside.

Flustered, a male student ran away and left his cell phone. It laid on the floor. However, the problem wasn't there: because the person who kept her down was gone, Satonaka got up from the bed and went crawling to it.

Perhaps she intended to call an ambulance. If she called for one, it would be trouble. Even if there is a commotion, on the surface I'm the only who stopped the rape from happening, so I won't be particularly blamed. But, with a big uproar and the adults' awareness pointed to Satonaka, it'd be hard to train her. That will be a trouble.

I must stop her. But, the paralyzed student still stayed. For it to be known that I'm acting if I move now, he may call back the students whom ran away.

Quickly run away, coward. While disparaging in my heart, I began to spout the red paint left in my mouth towards him.

The student touched the red paint that I just spitted out by his hand, and then having seen him tremble, he stepped back, fell straight on his ass, and raised a squeal as he ran away.

Finally just her and me, I got up and kicked the phone that lay on the floor. And then while coldly looking down on Satonaka groveling, I said:

"I'll pay your school lunch costs. So, become my meat toilet."

She looked up at me wide eyed, and then nodded without trouble.

The group that tried to rape her was an obstructive existence for a long time. After having a fuss with me, their relationship collapsed and lost their unity power.

It is caused by the fact of fleeing and laying blame on one another for

the serious injury on me. They weren't able to believe in one another as friends. Even if they knew that my serious injury was a performance, that wouldn't change it.

Their united power was fragile. Becoming a group is difficult. But, they're worthless once they go back to individuals. If that's the case, I'd carefully and discreetly crush them.

If it was the usual me, I would've permitted just that. But, however, their crime of beating me in a group is so big that it was immeasurable.

So, I returned the favor threefold in my style, but my grudge was returned nine times.

Also eyeing the male students, I planned to increase my power for a group. I waited till it grew the highest power in middle school.

I was able to achieve that level without so much trouble. Since the delinquent group lost united power, the person who took part in it and the people who were buttered up surged into my group.

A guy had said it's useless to struggle against those who are more powerful.

I invited even more independent students, and when I was convinced my power rose to the limit, I declared:

"Thoroughly ignore the students who are written down on this list. Isolate them with never becoming partners in PE classes. Don't take out

your hands. Don't abuse. This isn't bullying. The student indicated on this list is merely a 'displeasure'."

When giving the directions, all the students nodded equally. If I may so myself, it's really a wonderful plan.

It would certainly be painful being physically bullied like being kicked or stuck. A point of interaction is there with a person. So, I decided to take that interaction.

Never ending indifference. Completely disregard by an overwhelming majority. It will produce a mental pain of beyond imagination.

I made my beating. But still, it was about lukewarm, but because I didn't want to lose time training Satonaka, I decided to allow this much.

No one opposed or referred to the group that tried to rape Satonaka as delinquents, but were annoyed within their hearts. So, no one person gossiped about my scheme.

And then with Satonaka, she was still reticent, emotionless and nonresistant. If I ordered anything, she followed without a single word of complaint.

It was Satonaka, but the other students called her 'Satonaka-san'. The reason why is simple. It is because her actions were always done with me.

"Since Satonaka-san is an important girlfriend of Kijima-san, don't ever be rude."

The end result was an absurd rumor arose. Well, the rumor was also convenient for me. When making her a meat toilet, I can move more freely with the lover rumor.

Her training developed smoothly, but I was disgusted with the calm nonresistant. I would understand what's going on if she's nonresistant as training goes, but I don't understand what she underwent with the complete change from the start.

The climax wasn't done easily, however, only that began to get easier.

When I entered middle school and one year had passed, Satonaka's mother remarried with that quack doctor. Perhaps her having been raped and badly threatened, she was pressed into marriage.

To tell the truth, I completely forgot the plan that I gave to her mother.

Satonaka called her step father, "A clumsy, but a very good person," so it seems he hid his true character in front of her. She really doesn't know what he's doing with her mother behind the scenes.

But, I can also say that with her mother. She was threatened and pressed for marriage by the quack doctor, and tearfully became a toy to him for her daughter. For such cute daughter to really be taking training to become a meat toilet would be surprising.

Someone had said ignorance is bliss. At her parents' home, the mother who knew nothing, warmly welcomed and treated me luxurious meal.

I was really laughable.

———

I walk towards the high school while remembering old days. Satonaka is on my left, fully smiling. It appears like she has returned to the middle school days, but the smile is simply different.

She also wasn't grinning during those days.

Humans don't easily change. She appears to in the time of two year, but her roots haven't.

She is obedient and nonresistant. That is essentially her.

The picture is a bad legacy that inscribed my black past. I have to take the storage media that's saved it.

She is strangely confident, but it's easy if she falls into my hands. She should be evoked into her roots.

"Hey, where are we going, Kijima-san?"

Sound of the chains rattling, she crossed both hands behind her back, bent forward, and looked onto my face from below. Along with her joyfully beaming face, her auburn eyes glistened which I really couldn't stomach.

“It is the high school I go to. I left something. I have to absolutely get it today.

“Haa, it was that~”

To my indifferent explanation with a plain face, Satonaka smirked. Her expressed smiling face makes my heart irritated.

“What? If you have something to say, say it.”

“Hmmm? Do I have something to say, I mean, I’m certain it appears like the training room as before, and bring me there, blocking my way of escape: I though you are trying to take the image saved on the USB, but it it different, isn’t it nya?”

Inside I was startled to her answer as she was smirking, but I didn’t outright express my unrest.

However, what did she say? Is she saying that she read my thoughts?

“Just kidding~. In that case, I suppose it’s simply fine. I’d love to give myself over to the tormenting of your superiority complex where there are people, but it’s been a long time since we’ve been alone. Hehe, whichever way, my desire to monopolize is clear, isn’t it? I’m sorry.”

Displayed an embarrassed smile while scratching her head, she takes a step forward in front of me, stood there, and lowered her head as she

looks at me with dim eyes.

"I, I think my feelings are more enhanced than imagining it by myself. ……I wanted to meet a long time ago."

Saying that, she raised her warp and pitiable face.Large drops of tears overflow from her auburn eyes and along her cheek.

Her mouth in the shape of an upside down V shook while biting her lower lip.

Oi, oi, even though I will be training her to have tears, a runny nose, and drooling, it's frustrating with her having that face from me doing nothing. Why does giving her training works up her will?

"You disappeared and all I did was cry a lot. I mourned to my disappeared guardian angel. But, I wasn't supposed to cry. It was only I who inherited your will. So, me not doing my best……"

Thrown away her reputation as well as shame, she kept telling me in tears, a runny nose, mixture of sobs, and a desperate smile.

"But, I didn't do as well like you. You were always fighting stronger than your opponent. 'Since I'm the devil, I may as well use an unfair hand', you said with fighting outnumber, and won even if you became ragged. Even if I said thanks you replied, 'I'm doing this for myself.' You are too strong. I am not as strong……"

Without wiping neither her tears nor runny nose, she whined for the

first time.

Since the training began from six grade, and in the four years before being thrown away, she never resist exposure no matter how much foolery, never whined, and clearly didn't speak any complaints.

This isn't bad. As expected, she's amazing now. Expressing her shaking heart with complaints. The nonresistant and obedient Satonaka had a somewhat strong mental will. She had the power to see through the precise situation without ever being upset.

Since she whined, her always stable heart was none other than shaking.

If it's the current her, she can't endure my torture, and perhaps will grimace and ask for forgiveness. I became desperate to see it.

"Me, a guardian angel? That is idiotic. If I had to say, I'm the devil. My action idea is directly connected with my desire."

While thinking how I shall torture her, I answered her with an innocent look.

Having heard my words, she grasped both hands and begun to shake.

"Ah, come now, that isn't what you honestly feel. After all, you're not how it seems!"

And then, she jumped on me like a brick. Then, her used her smallish

body to her capability, and clung to me with all her effort.

We are going to my high school, and the way is small with being a residential area, but there is some pedestrian traffic. Nevertheless, to hug each other in broad daylight within the middle of the road; as expected, she doesn't care about being embarrassed.

That is fine, but the handcuffs on our wrists are bad.

Truthfully, the reason the handcuffs were placed on me was to cling onto me, but judging from the eyes of a bystander, they won't think as such.

It definitely seems like I'm committing an obscene act to her. At worst, it will be reported to the police.

"……Satonaka, people are looking. Get away for now."

I started whispering to clinging her.

The passersby glanced back at us with faces all equally red. It may really be reported if we don't get away from here quickly.

"Why you said that because of the people? Even if you told me to become nude now, I'll calmly and easily do your order!"

Even though I whispered it into her ear so the area wouldn't have heard, she returned it out loud. Moreover, the key word nude and other

stuff is very bad. Doesn't it completely seem like I'm giving the order to her?

She would actually agree to get caught if I ordered it, but I don't want her to be caught by anyone while I haven't.

"C, Calm down, Satonaka. I know, don't get entangled and cool down. There is a place similar to the training place that I used to train you before. It is even more enriched that it cannot compare with the equipment as before. So, I intended to thoroughly tease you, and make you cry asking for forgiveness. Would you like to go there? Go if you want to leave."

I wanted to be alone in the training room I used before. I said that just now to her. I thought if I said that, she might calm down.

"Really? Then, if I don't beg and cry forgiveness, you'll torment me continuously~?"

She had clung to me at full power. Arm power weakened, she puts up her face that's buried in my chest. Her cheeks dyed pink, and stared at me with upturned auburn eyes which were wet.

"Naturally. I'll keep teasing you forever until you admit defeat."

When she heard my words, she had a joyful smile on her entire face and buried herself in my chest once again. And then, placed her face on my jacket, she wiped her tears and mucus.

This bitch, I don’t think she’s particularly underhanded, but I don’t feel a sense of fright at all.

Apart from me, she pulls tightly when taking my hand.

“Let’s go quickly~. Come on, quickly, quickly.”

And then, she urges me with a sugary voice.

The purpose of bring her into the restricted warehouse appears to have been achieved very smoothly. But, I think something subtly slipped.

Began to walk to the warehouse while feeling a touch of anxiety, I wondered if I was the one bring her there.

Arrived at the high school, we snuck around to the back forest without going through the gate.

It is also a Sunday today, so naturally there are no classes. But because a lot of the students arrived at school to engage in club activities, the gate was open.

The back forest is a shortcut, but we had to make a detour from the direction where we came to. In other words, even though the gate was honestly close, it still meant I had to go around the back with Satonaka.

She is a student of another school. Furthermore, that uniform she's wearing is of the famous, prestigious high school Integrity Mausoleum. Since it's another prefecture, there also will be many students who don't know the uniform is from there. However, if there is somebody who does, it may cause a slight uproar.

I had originally called in Satonaka on the behalf of making her investigate Ogasawara Shizuka's personal life. Notwithstanding that,'I don't want my face known', it's just that it isn't necessarily to intentionally lose a 2nd advantage of,'it will be hard to lead back to me'. Which is why I prefer to avoid standing out. (1)

And when a student of another school wanders around on this school ground, it may be called out from a teacher whom thought doubtfully. Even if I skillfully explained her and got away from trouble, and not considering that it appears questionable, I would never have entered the school gates' openly. After all, a life in the shadows doesn't arise suspicion.

It is better to dodge a spark which can be avoided.

———

Leading Satonaka by the hand, we enter the woods and walk along the animal trail.

Although I had said animal trail, there are almost no grown grass. Because of the tall grove of trees, the light of day is blocked by their thick leaves to the point that weeds equally don't grow.

As for the thick grown trees, most of the trees' leaves have fallen, and with the formed humus from dead piled up leaves which laid for a long time, I see something like a path someone tread down on. We are calling it an animal trail.

Since most of the weeks also don't grow, it can be easy to go through in the daytime, but when it falls, an inexperienced person often has to avoid passing here.

Although I did say there are how many dead leaves on the ground, roots of trees crawled in many places. If it's dark, no doubt they'd lose their footing and fall down.

When I looked at the side for a moment, Satonaka, whom was making conversation a while ago, was peeking at the surrounding area with her eyes slightly raised.

It is certainly that point of hers. A point of hers that appears to have no

differed from the past. It certainly doesn't seem a worst possible outcome will happen, but she could never says never. So, she memorize the way I walked herself.

With saying a submissive order, I'm referring to having an ability that will make her carry that order out at the same time.

Even if she's how obedient, she doesn't succeed in becoming obedient if she can't carry out an order. It is possible to say Satonaka is really excellent in that regard.

After all, she has resulted in a point that she will almost surely carry out all my orders.

If it's her, perhaps she might be able to walk in this darkness all by herself. It is a major mistake to define her as some fool.

Before long, nostalgic appeared in my mind. To put Ogasawara Makoto in my scheme, I walked along this animal trial when the sun sets. Ogasawara Makoto, who followed behind me desperately, took a lot of time till she arrived at the warehouse.

And the long, black hair of hers had vividly shown that she fell down with dead leaves stuck as she arrived there, along with her uniform soiled with mud.

Ah, she didn't know it then. I was pleased purely with her having taking part in my plan.

That is it, but for her to have been such a hopeless idiot…….

“Kijima-san? Why does your face seem nostalgic? Did something good happen here?”

Hand led by me, she looked onto my face, wondering.

A good memory? Don’t screw around. If anything, it’s a bad one. A sense of regret that I could’ve still returned to the old days was welling up. (2)

If I had investigated Ogasawara Makoto in more detail, I may have been able to see through that outstanding idiot.

I was completely tricked by her appearance. Moreover, her story performance was also good. In addition to that, her behavior and movements also seem to draw a neat and pitiful picture.

Or rather, it seems she plays that modest, pretty beautiful girl in any other place than in front of me now.

I also am good at deceiving people, but she is also practically a fraud.

“Wow, you have an even more joyful face. Hahahhh~, were you thinking about the junior meat toilet? Small exposure play was done here. U. N. F. A. I. R, do exposure with me here, too~!”

“Huh? What are you saying? I do not have a joyful face—don’t take off

your clothes!”

When I look at Satonaka complaining with disgusted eyes, she tried to undo the buttons of her P coat with on hand, since one was held by me as we walked, and puffed her cheeks.

“Noo~! Even though you also pretty much said you thought equally!~! This can be regarded as special treatment of the junior meat toilet! That is clear to me!”

I tried to grasp the hand that was undoing her coat buttons, but she brushed mine off and raised her voice with a flushed face. And then, she undid the buttons skillfully with on hand.

This fellow’s skillfulness is really troublesome.

The coat was knocked off her body. A thick brown blazer and white blouse was seen from the gap. But, her movement stops there.

“So? How do you intend to take off your coat? Hm? Would you not have to take off the placed handcuffs? You are an idiot.”

It would be possible to take it off even while she has them on. However, because it can’t be casted off, it’s definitely a hindrance. And, it isn’t only the coat. Both the blazer and blouse she’s wearing inside is the same story.

The clothes will collect on the handcuffs’ chain as she undresses.

“U-! U-! U-!”

Pointed out by me, she had found no words to retort and groaned with watery eyes which were glaring at me.

The problem is settled if she takes them off, but it is absolutely disagreeable.

What will a guy think if I ran off when she takes off them off? It probably isn’t that I came here. Moreover, you would be arrested by it if anything.

At this rate, she really is the same as a mongrel dog. Everyone is nothing more than an idiot.

———

While pulling the sulking Satonaka’s hand slightly forcibly, we finally arrived in front of the warehouse door.

The person who was relieved I had a new meat toilet, wanted to go somewhere that it could be just the two of us, desired me used them early, and decided I was happily imagining Ogasawara Makoto, doesn’t make sense. Moreover, she is sulking.

What exactly does she want me to do? Like geez, she’s terribly tiring.

“For how long will you sulk? Look, we arrived.”

“Huh. Is that right.”

To my words, she scruffily turned her face, appearing to have no interest.

What is with this bitch? I’m getting the feeling of unbelievable irritation.

“Oi, look here, what is that brazed attitude? Who do you think I frickin’ am?”

“Nothing really~. Cause’ I’m an abandoned, defective item~. It isn’t needed that I listen to your orders~.”

Even though she bothered to express this to me, the stupid that Satonaka speaks to me without matching my line of sight is even more disgusting.

It is really aggravating. But it just as I expected, she’s trying to get me angry here. From focusing herself with making me angry, it’s possible she’s doing this so she can get all you want torment.

Did I fall in such a transparent trap? In which case, I’ll counterattack.

Stretched out a hand to her face which was facing the other way, I lightly touched her cheek.

Surprised at that, she vigorously turned back and looked up at me with

moist eyes. Her cheeks rapidly were being stained pink.

"Don't get me so angry. If I have to take such an attitude from you, I, I don't know what I would do……"

Saying that, I expressed it with as much sorrow as possible and stared at her with a projected smile.

Having heard my words, she opened her mouth gapingly, and then closed it. Her consciousness apparently had vanished in midair at that point.

Frickin' idiot, she had successfully fallen into my plan. A smiling face and gentle words drifting with sorrow in place of where she thought I'll get angry. She completely didn't expect it.

What a foolish face. Since such easy woman is the student president of Integrity Mausoleum, it is a matter of time that school falls.

When she's drunk with the excessive splendor of my plan, I began to hear the sound of water trickling. I turn my eyes towards where I thought the sound was.

"Huh?"

I heard the sound near Satonaka. Precisely, from her crotch.

Water was streaming down her white thigh. Oi, did this fellow seriously

wet herself?

“W, What are you doing……”

I grabbed her shoulders and shook them lightly, but there wasn’t any reaction. While her face was bright red as if it was burning, her dim eyes stare at me.

This fellow is useless: she’s in a complete different world.

I made her do continuous climaxes and piss herself, and with making her piss herself from having endure it downtown till her limit, she came many times over, but isn’t this the first time she pissed herself without my order?

Even I was a little surprised. I mean, if I made her leak at all, I’d make her piss after her underwear was taken off.

She doesn’t have something like a bag. In other words, she doesn’t have an extra pair of clothes.

Her underwear was wet with vaginal secretions when taken off in the back alley, but urine is a different story.

She threatened me with my photos and firmly set out on a promise to stay in my apartment, but she didn’t intend to walk into my apartment at the start.

Perhaps she originally intended to stay at a certain hotel around the station. In which case, judging the hindrance luggage would be in case of she met and did something with me, it's safe to think she left them win a station locker.

So then I noticed. The medium that's storing the images.

Although it's somewhere I haven't found, it should be kept in a place that the possible of it being stolen is avoided. Then, a place with a lock is ideal, but this is the first time she came to this town. Such convenient places are limited.

The locker she left her baggage. Stashing the storage item would be most apparent there.

In which case, she ought to have the locker's key. That is the place if I took the place.

But although the probability is quite high, I can't say for certain that it's hidden in a locker. Nevertheless, that is the place she'll be able to put it.

Well, the hidden place is most apparent to be the locker, I'll take the key until after she cries and begs for me to keep teasing her.

She has committed a serious crime to me. I will have to make her suffer the utmost agony.

Due to having a calm feeling, I stuck on an even better idea. Since it's the long waited tease with Satonaka, I won't be showing a hand.

While I go for the storage item, should I make her exposure in station area at night? If I do that, I'll enjoy myself in the warehouse till sun set.

While inwardly chuckling to myself, I took Satonaka, who's still harden as of now, and entered inside the warehouse.

———

"It is cold……"

She entered inside and began to grumble.

The warehouse which is built out of steel frame and concrete is cold in the summertime, but becomes even colder than the outside when the temperature falls. However, the warehouse is enriched with more equipment than my apartment, so naturally there is a fully placed air conditioner; it is generally warm. It usually is warm.

That is because the idiot always comes earlier than me and prepares. Perhaps it can be said that the idiot is useful in this case. And since the idiot was absent, the warehouse was completely cold.

"It can be helped she's weak to the cold……"

Leading her by the hand towards the table, I picked up a wireless remote placed onto it. And then, I switched on the air conditioning.

Even by physical check ups, she has been gaining weight each time. Maybe it isn't enough fat to be able to handle it.

I walked under the wintry sky endlessly, and this place is severely cold. It is the worst treatment for someone for someone like her whose sensitive to it. And with that factor, it's strange that her hand felt warm.

"Let's postpone the training. There is time, and we should also wait till the room warms up……"

Muttering while looking at the air conditioner which began to operate, I went and led Satonaka to the corner. And then, I took out blankets from a huge pile of cloth cases.

Nevertheless, the handcuffs are really a hindrance. Whatever I do, I'm stuck if I can't take her, and since I can use that side, only having one hand is extremely bothering.

While she covers up herself in a blanket till the place warms up, should I look for the handcuff keys?

Going to the bed with a blanket, I made Satonaka sit down on the edge.

"Oi, take off your shoes. Shoes are strictly prohibited on the bed. Oi, did you hear me?"

When I stood in front and stoop myself to match her eyes as she sat on the edge, I called out to her while hitting her cheek. But she doesn't answer, simply stared at me with a dumbfounded, flushed face.

Since there was no use, I squatted down in place and took off her shoes.

Her sole was worn down. It was cared for well, but the black loafers feel like they have a one year period.

Because the mother remarried with the savage father-in-law, her life should be somewhat stable, but it doesn't seem the wealth changed for the better.

Because it was packed with warmth and other things was stated even if there were holes.

"If she takes care of leather products this good, she may be a person of antique taste……"

The loafers were shining black despite being cut and wrinkled. It takes some time and labor to show that level of style here.

That is right: I'll take these loafers away. If I take the only thing that's important of hers away, she will certainly grieve. And then, I make it my collection. In return, I will buy her shoes that have no worth as a gift, which will add more salt upon the wound.

Making her face warp in pain and burst into tears making my heart excited.

When I took off her shoes, I snuck around behind her. And then turning

her waist on the bed's edge, I dragged her to the certain.

Having made her sat in the middle by me, I also sat down behind her. And then, I wrapped her in a blanket.

"Ah, it's warm. A lemon can naturally be used as a heater pack……"

I pulled myself towards her with my arms tightly wrapped around her, and placed my cheek onto hers from behind.

It feels superficial soft and fragrance. And this warmth. I'm forcibly warming her body up that got cold while taking her heat away. If I do say so myself, it's how of an unjust deed.

"Huh?"

Shivered, she tilts her head to the side. Did her consciousness finally recover?

"Eh? K, Kijima-san? ……What is this situation?"

Like a toy completely exhausted of oil, she seemed to do awkward movements with a grinding sound and askancely looked at me putting my cheek on hers from behind. Her face became redder just now.

Why do you feel embarrassed? It is unusual for her.

“You know that I don’t like feeling cold. I’m using you as a substitute heating pad till the room warms up. I’m saying it, but you have no authority to refuse.”

“Refuse this sort of situation……”

Satonaka’s face that was burning even more like it began to break out in a fire, showed unrest beyond my expectations.

This is it. It is quite interesting.

“Your chest has grew considerably in two years.”

“Hiyaaa!? W, Wait just a minute, Kijima-san!?”

Moving restlessly, I was able to turn a hand from her waist and slip it in her breasts. She raised a small squeal to my movements, and began to get flustered.

She isn’t the type of guy that’ll get that flustered with her chest being touched. The reaction is really interesting. It is over the coat, but I discovered that they became bigger in comparison of before.

“G, Get off!”

“Nope, rejected.”

“Please! I’ll go back immediately!”

With rubbing her breasts over her coat, Satonaka had begun to violently struggle.

She is on top with reflexes, but she cannot escape from me who excels with physical strength.

However, she resists that point.

“This doesn’t seem like you. Do you hate being hugged by me? Then I’ll make you hate me more.”

“Auhh, Wai!? Kijima-san, please just wait a little, ahh”

I opened my mouth line while I rubbed and embraced her. She fearfully twitched with that alone, and continues to desperately resist despite giving a sweet moan.

It is very refreshing to tease resisting Satonaka. I’m a little turned on.

“Somewhat salty. Were you fairly sweating?”

“Fuuee!?”

“It smells, well, you always had a splendid body order.”

“Unyaa!?”

I stuck out my tongue from the opened lips onto her nap and crept up slowly.

With experiencing the faint taste and of sweat, the sweat man alluring fragrance tickles my nose.

The room is still cold, and she also doesn’t want to get out of the blanket. As for the handcuffs, it isn’t necessary to take them off immediately if it’s here.

With it being a long time since I touched her and the weird resistance for her, I appear to have gotten a little aroused.

“Please, please Kijima-san……since I’m really rather fine, listen to me and let go……”

“It is useless to beg me. Rejected, rejected.”

Stopped embracing and rubbing her chest, I then unbutton her blazer as well as her blouse. And then, I pushed a hand through the blouses’ gap where the skin was sticking out.

I felt cloth on my hand. Is this fellow wearing underwear? No panties and bra are the basics. But well, this is also refreshing of her. It isn’t bad.

“Ah, noo, I anticipated nothing of this, before handd, pleaseeeee”

“Shutttt uppp. Are your nipples not erected stiff? Are you crazy about rape play nowadays?”

When I move the brassiere and grasp the breasts directly, Satonaka reacted to the groping touch and firmly projected herself. At that time it hit my palm.

While I embraced and rubbed her breasts, and with my palmed rubbed it with her projection, the struggle, movement, and resistance of hers suddenly changed.

She looked up at the ceiling, fearfully twitching while gritting her teeth. Her sign had begun to become intensely hot, too.

“What is it? You won’t resist anymore? Struggle more and please me.”

“A, Ahh, it, it was differenttt, I am resists, yeah—cuu”

I pinch the nipple with the fingers of the palm rubbing her, and heavily crushed it while kneading.

Trying to desperately tell me something, her body intensely convulsed the moment I crushed the nipples with my fingers, which she then appeared to have reached a light climax.

She was able to get one with only the nipples before, but she needed some time. She easily did one this time.

“I, I am resisting—air conditioner power, u, um, I think it should be cut……”

“Huh? Why is it necessary to turn it off? I said I’m not good with the cold.”

Like she’s soaking in the lingering of the climax, her body continues to shake, her wet eyes looking up on the ceiling dropped, and she turned to the side, locked onto me.

“Because……it could be much better we remain just as if it’s cold……in which case, it is better that it’s cold…….”

A hot sign and wet eyes. Her voice then sweetly echoes in spite of her faintly trembling. It seems just with her nipples played with, she’s completely drunk.

Apart from that, the cold will stay completely the same either way? Don’t be pulling my leg. But, she certainly can’t get rid of this state if the air conditioner is cut off. Then, will she move her body to warm? If so, I don’t have any problem even if she switched it off.

“You can be immediately used.”

“Eh? Ah, no—W, w, w, w, wait—”

With having decided to just make her body warm me up, I let my hand

massaging her breast slide down, and with it between her thighs, I slip in her skirt.

She got even more frantic to my behavior just now, and then distortedly and desperately tried to escape from me. When I forcibly pressed her down, I let more of my hand in her skirt slide and reached her underwear.

A splash resounded. Oh goodness, is this not sloppy? Even though she's resisting, her force to uphold it is zero.

"Ahii!? Hiaahh—y, you can't there—nhii"

"Your clitoris is really weak, isn't it?"

With moving a finger under the underwear, and it being entwined with the vaginal secretions overflowing like a flood from her steamy hot vagina, I touched the clitoris with the finger.

"Hiii!? Nahhhhhh"

As if she received an electric shock, her body jumped and did a climax instantaneously.

"Naah—wa, wait—cumingggggg"

She projected and banged against my finger. Without it even being peeled and shown its head, the clitoris swelled up, continuing to keep her easily giving climaxes with just a light rub there.

The coquettish voice rings inside the room. The tide blows. And then she climaxes again. The tide begins to blow more. Simultaneously with her repeating climax, she's not even able to breath, and saliva drips from the edge of her lip as she looks up to the ceiling, continuing to twitch.

Seen her have beyond ten climaxes in several minutes, I was convinced that she can already be used.

"Pl—plea—please—just wai—"

"Shush."

Satonaka, who seems like her consciousness is fading, slightly twists her body and still tries resisting. She is completely drunk in ecstasy and has lost her function, but still tries to resist.

I do want her to remain resisting if possible, but is really she going to continuing till when?

Pinned down and repeatedly convulsion before me, I rolled up the skirt which covered her pushed up buttock. And then, I lower the show, light blue underwear.

"Oi, oi, doesn't this mean you weren't really resisting? You went beyond your lewd limit, did you?"

From her now bare vagina, a large quantity of vaginal secretions

overflowed. It is also without an obstruction of view.

I realized it with a touch of my hand, but there is really no hair grown yet? It thought it grow somewhat because her appearance, but her lower mouth is still a child.

It seems the anus on top of the steamy vagina is as smooth, and is projecting and twitching. This is evident that something is always pulled in and out there.

Fluids entwined in my finger, I tentatively insert it into the anus.

‘Ah—ahhi!?”

With her white bottom sprung up, she lets out a moan.

My finger easily swallowed to the base, the narrow and soft meat wiggles and squeezes my finger.

Amazing, her anus was really well from before, but the develop is solid to the point it can’t even be compared with before.

‘Ahii, ahii, ahii”

When I move my finger in and out, her bottom fearfully twitches. Her moan rises in accordance of her buttock movement. Her quite pitiable appearance incuses my arousal.

Nevertheless, the handcuffs are really obstructive. Collapsed in the front while her bottom is pushed up, her right hand hung up. Her right and my left are connected by the chain.

Since her right hand is forcibly drawn up with my left raised, it became indirectly reversed.

Her small body is delicate. Her body is indeed very flexible, but her shoulder might become dislocated with this unreasonable posture. If that happens, it will be troublesome.

“Oi, Satonaka, where are the handcuff key?”

“Ahii, ahii, ahii”

“Without doing ‘ahii ahii’, spit it out quickly.”

“S, Since you said—ahii—s, stop moving, your finger—ahii, c, curellaahahhh”

When I ask her while moving a finger in and out her anus, she turns her face sideways as she pants.

‘Ahi ahi ahi ahi’, shut up bitch. Moreover, won’t you answer? A rebellious bitch. Quite the nuisance.

“Oi, Satonaka, without ahing, quickly spit out where the key is.”

Inserting into her anus while asking, I increase the fingers to three and pulled in and our more intensely.

The anus held them fastly inside, and strengthens the clamping and twitching evermore while the secretions untidily overflowed. And then as the liquid was overflowing from the vagina onto the bed like streaming water, it formed a strain onto the sheets. (TLNY: Kijima-san, you better removes or cleans those sheets quickly. Makoto will be coming.)

"Oi, I said spit it out."

"Ahii, naah, unyaa, you are cruellllllll"

With her face boiling red, her auburn eyes were wet with tears. And saliva dripping from the edge, she wasn't going to let out the key's whereabouts after all. It is really a cheeky mannerism of hers.

Thinking I should give her punishment, I bend the three fingers into her anus with a thrust and rubbed the clitoris with a thumb.

"S, Since you said tha ahh, stop moving your fingers—hii!? Don't do it at the same time—nhiiiiiiii, cumingggggg"

Surely not what she wanted, I violated her anus with three fingers as I torment the clitoris, making her do an uneaten climax. Moreover, the climax was unlike a while ago; she was fiercely twitching while squirting a great deal.

"I, I still won't sayyy—zahii—since I won't say, torment me

moree—naaa—I’m hapyyy”

When I stop moving my fingers, she greatly twitches and smiles with vacant eyes.

You won’t say? That is fine. If that’s your plan, I have one, too.

I pulled my fingers from her anus, take down my bent by a hand, and take our swelled and protruding penis to the point that it will let our anymore.

“You understand the mood. Do you intend to resists till the end? I’ll endlessly tease you only after you let it out.”

“Q, Quickly, I want you to mess me up senseless like before—a lot, if I get teased a lot, I, I’ll do anythingggg”

Grasping the rod of my swollen penis, I applied it to the anus completely twitching. And then, I quickly thrust it in.

“Nhiii!? It issssssss, it is entereinggggggg—nahhhhhhhh”

The anus swallowed my penis in one go, tightened in a moment, and then while the soft meat wrapped and pressed my penis, I arbitrarily inhaled through my nose. I had nearly ejaculated unintentionally with the surplus pleasure, but I pushed out my waist more as I gritted my teeth and endured.

The second my waist stuck onto her bottom, the hit of my penis was hit with something.

“Kuu, oi, you did preparations to be used right away, didn’t you?”

“Ahh, naaaaaahhhh, ihiiiiiiiaaaaaaaahhhhh”

With the anus tightening, the meat sensations wiggled. The meat hole tried to draw in my penis on its own even if she didn’t move.

The merit state is different to the reference of developing Ogasawara Makoto’s anus. I endured ejaculating to the best of my abilities with the meat hole I changed into just as sexual processor, and here something was openly discomforting on the tip of my penis. However, the moan that soaked into a scream wasn’t going to simply give me an answer.

With a two year absence, I understand without it being explain that she continued to develop her own body without cease.

I reviewed it just a little, but it was an extremely big mistake to leave waste products inside the anus while boating that she can be immediately used.

“Nhiiiiiiiiiiii, cumingggggggg”

“Ku”

With pulling out my penis, she was convulsing intensely as her moan

sounded like a scream. Intestinal juices overflowed from the anus simultaneously, and the lubricate nature of it was added with the increased clamping.

Seized with the feeling of ejaculating again, I somehow endured it and pulled my entire penis out.

As for Satonaka, she was unmindful that I felt uncomfortable, and did a grand climax.

"Tsk, a meat toilet which isn't serviceable……but, this is strange."

Clicking my tough as I was irritated, I grandly slapped her white, twitching bottom with the palm of my hand. Then, I felt a strange uneasiness.

My penis isn't dirty at all. When I quickly turned my eyes onto her bottom, transparent intestinal juices were dripping from her gapingly open anus.

It is beyond beautiful for it to have remaining waste. But, I definitely felt something on my penis' tip.

The hole began to gradually get tighter when I looked at it. And then, it started to open and close like a fish's mouth. It seems as if it's trying to lie something.

"Wahmw ndds kjdiw ahj……ahhh" (Utter hell. I TRIED, OKAY?)

Together with her mutter of her tongue not articulating well, the anus continued to open and tightly close. And then, something came out.

It was a sphere divided by blue middle and transparent on top. The globe that was bigger than a ping pong ball was something I used in my childhood.

It was a plastic capsule that came out when you bought a gacha gacha. It came out of her anus.

The capsule was plastered in transparent juices, was most impossibly squeezed out as her anus was abnormally opened, and then it was pushed out with sticky strings.

To the capsule which falls onto the bed and suddenly rolled, words couldn't come out.

What did this fellow do? Why did she insert such a thing into her anus? Is she stupid? Is this fellow also stupid?

".....Huh? Ah?"

When I take the capsule rolling on the bed while drawing back a little, it made a clank.

As I looked inside by the clear part, a brilliant, silver key was seen from within. Furthermore, there were two.

I see, did she hide the handcuffs and locker key in her anus? ……This person really is stupid.

“A, jhbs, iwhia, awahlaj jaahj, wjheni akujm? Thda ejshia ejiowe kjsan sjue sklau? Kiwjam-swkm si iriakjr—”

“I don’t understand what you said at all, fucking bitch.”

Satonaka tried to desperately tell me something with slurs, but I couldn’t understand what she said at the least. However, I can mostly get what she said.

Perhaps the capsule laid in front of me, was a hidden scheme to delight me. Nevertheless, she missed her timing for this current point of time.

“AJio, akuw, iwuj jhsja, doisiuw wuehnj ahuns huank. JIAm jai……”

“So what are you saying? I can’t understand what you’re talking about. You shut up for a minute.”

Although I said I don’t know what she’s saying, I still slapped the buttock of Satonaka, who continued to desperately explain, and opened the capsule and took a key out. And then, I placed the key in the small key hole of the cuffs, and turned it.

With a click the handcuffs came off.

Was I at last free? To really be frickin' think about such a trivial thing.

Satonaka collapsed at the front as her ass was raised. I turn both her hands to the back, and placed the handcuffs on both her wrists.

"Fuee?"

She was in a state that couldn't understand what happened. Perfect. I will keep both her hands locked and continue tormenting.

When I grabbed her ass by my free left and my penis with my right, I covered the anus with it's' tip.

Even if it's teasing her, I go in at once.

"Fuee!? Waeei, wweaittttt—hii!?"

"Since you aren't a serviceable meat toilet, that will tighten your hole."

Just as she grandly climaxed, I restricted both her hands to the back and she tried to escape like a caterpillar. But her body didn't appear to move freely, and she yielded to the penis inserted in her anus with empty struggle.

I'm strangle not somewhat as aroused with her struggle.

"Naaaaaahhhhh"

The moan scream echoed within the warehouse. I, who grabbed her buttock with both hands as I heard it, pushed out my waist in one go and began to wave my waist without mercy.

Lying on her back upon the bed, she stares at the ceiling with her dazed auburn eyes.

Her cheeks are dyed pink and her sigh rough. And the sweat upon her was like beads.

The room is heated up by the air conditioner, but the temperature itself isn't that high yet. However, as a result of the torment her body had, she broke in a large quantity of it.

The dark brown blazer and blouse allowed skin out in the open. Due her exposed, the well-shaped breasts which were moving up and down, restlessly, displayed her heavy breath.

With underwear cast aside, her thighs were tightly closed. She was wearing the red, green, and dark blue tartan skirt, but with it rolled up, it couldn't achieve the main purpose of one.

It really was an obscene and erotic appearance which isn't thinkable for a student council president of such a distinguished, educational high school.

Alongside her breasts which grew a size from the past two years, her pubic hairlessness has not changed in that time span.

Her body is small, and presents a general childishness, but in contrary to the figure of a narrow waist and pushed up breasts, it makes one believe her fruit is just one shy of being ripen.

Her appearance can be described as a youthful girl, and her unbalance body may be described as a woman. In addition to that, her female smell which filled the warehouse can't help but arouse desire.

It can be fairly said that I have somewhat revised my thought of using her. From being a lemon that isn't marketable, once she has a fine upgraded she might become a marketable outlet in spite of her defects.

Such as her appearance, her hairlessness is beyond childish. Although her pubic doesn't appear to have changed from the two years, it's because her thighs are closed.

With her vagina, I have not done any training other than the clitoris. Therefore, with the two years of her skin being white as snow, this is the situation I'll be entering into that one muscle.

"Satonaka, open your tights. Do it to your utmost limit,"

Squatted down to her feet, I gave Satonaka, who was lying on her back, an order.

Twitch in reaction, she faintly shakes her head. That indicates she intends to refuse my order.

With a broad smile, I arose, moved aside of her, and supported myself with on knee.

Satonaka, who was in a satisfactory state of my torture method, bit her underlip with watery eyes, making a desperate appeal.

‘I want you to let me go’.

“Violating an order. I’ll give you the same punishment as I just had given you.”

Stoop myself over, I put my lips to her ear and whispered mercilessly.

Having heard my whisper, her shaking eyes didn’t match with tears of praise, and which she then simply moved her eyes to look at me.

With her shaking eyes which were also similar to being frightened, my heart bubbled.

The torture that I hadn’t thought two years ago. While observing her behavior in the warehouse, I hit upon a method that was so savage it was terrifying.

This is the place to test it out: having been subjected to all the training from me, she has resistance to pleasure in spite of her development, but having done climaxes which exceeded her limit in just about an hour, and I have succeeded in cornering till she reached a state she can’t even utter a cry.

“Satonaka, having seen you after two years, you have become delicately cute.”

Eyes opened wide to my whisper, she tightly bites her lip, shuts her

eyes, and waves her neck intensely.

“Satonaka, when I had seen you today, my lust was slightly arising with your delicate charm.”

Toward my whisper which was in an indifferent tone, her neck was shaking even more intensely.

“Satonaka, you’re really delicately cute—”

“For you to do such a sly torment! My head is going crazy with happiness even though I know it is a lieee!”

Interrupted my whisper, she raised a cry with all the power she ahd left.

“I will die! I am really at my limit nowwww! Can you stop tormenting me with caressing me gently while you whisper affection into my earrrr!”

“I have no remembrance of whispering affection. I’m saying that you’re delicately cute.”

“Aaahhh! When the tsundere language is translated, it is different: having you say cute is absurdddd! You savage!”

Satonaka ranting against me with teary eyes, she unexpectedly expresses her dislike loosely.

However, her reserves way of thinking is surprising. I didn't think the delicate praise would torture her, but it showed effect more than the several hour pleasure.

While putting my lips to her ear, I extend my right hand to her breast. And then tightly pinching the stiff, pointed, erect pink nipple by the fingers, I twist it lightly.

"You withering is sublimely adorable."

'Ahh—cummminggg—breathh, I can't breathh—cummingggg againnn"

With both her hands tied behind her back with handcuffs, she climaxed simply with the nipples being lightly twisted.

She became more and more fatigued that can no longer move her body, but she can still somehow faintly twists her body to escape. However, with the movement of the pulled and pinched nipple, she did more climaxes as she convulsions.

"Godddd! Hear my well, God! You mustn't misunderstand! Kijima-san cannot become this person! It is troubling to the children; there will be many children who suffer! So you mustn't monopolize—

"You are loveable and delicately cute."

"Unyaaaaaaaahhhhhh!"

She desperately tried to warn someone to keep her reason, but her ship tragically sunk by my whisper attack and she fell into climax hell with her nipples simply twisted.

Hmm, craven and erotic word torture shows some effect, but this torture seems to bring a greater effect.

When the whisper attack continuing as I play with her nipples, her shout suddenly paused like a toy that ran out of battery.

“Satonaka?

Calling out, her body reacted with a twitch while I strengthen the pinch, but there was no reply.

“Fainted.”

Muttered as I peep onto her face, her eyes were closed with a joyful face as if she was in complete heaven.

I separated my fingers, stood up, and tiptoed towards her. And then I simply opened the closed tights forcibly while shivering.

“Ahh, an awfully a lot for just this……”

A huge stain was formed on the sheets from under her opened thighs. She kept squirting a tide of urine. For this to have happened with her

nipple simply being tormented lightly. If I did the whisper attacks as I inserted my penis in her anus, I can't even imagine what on earth would happen. And as such, curiosity was bubbling up.

Should I try that later on the street? When I torment here in a place where she can't raise a cry; I am very much interested.

As I think, I move my eyes to the center of her thighs. Her vagina in the center of her thighs appeared: it was so stuffy that it seemed steam came out with a large quantity of love juice overflowing from her indecent hole.

Her vagina after a two year quarter. Its indecent mouth is now opened, exposing a vivid pink form. Moreover, it had grown to the extent of the labia on both sides were protruding out.

Her vagina also grew with her body, but that isn't just that. It is considerably evident that it has been tinkered with.

Her childish body and nature are prominent, but her crotch makes an excellent woman. Furthermore, since hair doesn't grow the erotic appearance is emphasized even more, which brings out an immoral feeling to the point of creating an abnormality.

"My, my, she simply spends all her time masturbating. Since she's even a virgin with this, I'm amazed."

But then, it's me that made her become lewd. Nevertheless, it is really amazing. Does she hardly touch the hole itself? There is hardly any change from before. But, the development of the labia is intense.

The clitoris is also the same. It seems to come out of its' skin by itself when erected, but it's doubtful that it can really go back when it's normal.

In front of the department store of the arcade street we arranged to meet, I would like to show the men who were coming and going as they glancing at Satonaka together this scene.

When I lower my eyes while being slightly amazed, her twitching anus continued to repeatedly contract under her indecent vagina. And due to what made her faint, viscous liquid that looked cloudy overflowed from the hole that couldn't close, and dripped upon the sheet.

I intended to finish with just a blow, but I let our about two with it being overwhelming amazing. When having carried the mistake of bombarding her with whispers, I was able to see the result it had on her.

Since I let out to with Ogasawara Makoto today, it became a total of four. Thanks to that, my body felt really heavy.

Will I be able to insert it later on in the road?

"……K, Kijima-san."

A feeble voice reached my ears, and I looked up. Apparently, her consciousness seems to have recovered.

"I, I only want you, to tell me one thing. T, The junior meat toilet……has

not snatched you after all?"

With the exhaling shallow, rough breaths, it seemed like her tone would break off at any moment.

"Yes, I'm not interested in her."

When I separated both my hands from her forcibly opened thighs, I stood up saying as such and went got off the bed.

"I, Is that right.....I feel a little, relieved....."

Towards my back which was trying to face the refrigerator, Satonaka muttered. So, her voice was cut off.

Faint breathing of someone sleeping was heard if I listened carefully. She did faint, she fell asleep this time.

What do you feel relieved about? I'm interested in nothing more than the anus you should know that well.

Originally the organ's purpose was excreting, so it's fascinating precisely because it's being used for sexual processing. Moreover, the action of doing a climax only by the anus gives a number of great shame and sense of immorality.

The pervert of herself that does a climax with the anus. The pervert who is pleased with their unclean hole to be used for me. By carving that into

the depths of her heart, they fall into the abyss of despair and can never return.

That is all there is to it. There aren't any other intentions besides that.

———

Satonaka sleeps peacefully. The incredibly calm look upon her sleeping face screams that.

Lying down beside her, I stick an elbow on the bed and look at her while supporting my head with the palm.

Did she sleep for about three after since she started to? When I look at wristwatch on my left, it was currently past four p.m.

The sun was setting quite recently. If it goes for one more hour, it'll be sunset.

———

About thirty more minutes has passed, and the cheeks of Satonaka had begun to strangely redden. Even if it's hidden well, the breathing becomes rough, too.

When I stare at Satonaka closely, her mouth made an upside down 'V' glancing at me for a moment, and then she closed her eyes immediately. And with her hands fixed behind her, she skillfully twists her body and

nestles close to me.

“Zzzzzz……”

She muttered unnaturally. Did this person not say ‘zzzz’ in the middle of her sleep?

I have a feeling some other idiot was doing the same thing, but do idiots share the same thought circuit?

But well, I seemed to notice she was pretending. Did this idiot think I wouldn’t?

Incidentally, what would she do after this? Since I didn’t get lunch, I am considerably hungry. I am good for time: I’ll go to the shoe store after I have eaten supper, and then should I go to where Satonaka left her baggage?

No, I’ll go shop for clothes before a meal. Even if I enjoyed the exposure with Satonaka, clothes also have to correspond with that. However, I don’t have enough. Before I go to the clothing store, I have to get close to the ATM in a bank or convenience store.

I tried to get up as I considered such things, but then I suddenly noticed that my body was sticky.

While she nestled her cheek close to my chest, I extended my hand and touched her exposed breasts.

“Nn……zzzzzz, zzzzzz—ahh, nuu—z, zzzzzzz……”

When I rub and hold her breasts, her body trembled, her cheeks blushed, and she gave a sweet, subtle moan. However, didn’t intend to stop her fake sleeping.

I also didn’t plunge into it, I rubbed her breasts and examined her sweat condition, and as I assume, she seems to be considerably sticky.

In which case, a bath is first. Since I didn’t prepare hot water today, the outside shower isn’t usable. I mean, I’d also like to take a bath, so the outside shower is rejected.

“Satonaka, we’re eating out for supper today, but let’s stop at my apartment first and take a bath—” (1)

“Let’s go!”

She opened her eyes in a snap and interrupted my words as she had a full face smile.

“You good with your fake sleep?”

“Mmhmm!”

I had believed she would say a sarcastic remark, but she nodded and was smiling as lively as ever. Amazed with her not worrisome and timid

state, I threw a sigh while judging her with my eyes.

“Your……laugh is adorably delicate.”

‘Eh!?”

When her body bounced to my words and her face instantly dyed bright red, her eyes restlessly swam, her eyes became stiff, and her thighs were grinding.

“As expected, this torture is greatly effective.”

“…..Y, Yes, greatly effective.”

With me grinning, her face turned bright red to the point of steam seeming to be coming out, and as she averts her eyes from me, she muttered with her cheeks into my breast.

———

Satonaka sat on the edge of the bed quietly. Standing in front of her, I stooped over and arranged clothes for her.

“S, Sorry? For making, you do this……”

She lowered the end of her eyes brows, seeming apologetic, but she also seemed slightly glad.

The whisper attack reduced her mental power, and moreover, it seems her body has a considerable burden. In fact, she reached a fierce climax that she waited with her tips just being played with.

Therefore, far from standing up, she doesn't even seem to be able to directly move a finger.

Incidentally, the handcuffs are taken off. But then assume that we had gone out with the handcuffs after the sun had set rather than in the daylight, it would certainly cause a disturbance if someone saw.

"Can you stand?"

Prepared clothes for her, I placed her shoes on her, got up, and asked while looking down.

"I I'm fine……"

When she nodded, she puts all her strength into both her hands on the bed and tries to stand up. But, her knees shake and couldn't possibly stand.

"Ahh"

Nevertheless, she clenched her teeth, forcibly standing up, and then with the regained momentum, she fell face forward. But, since I stood there, she avoided the fall by clinging onto me.

“I said if you were able to; don’t overwork yourself.”

“Ah, Ahaha……so, sorry.”

Clinging to me, her knees shook like a newborn fawn, and then the lower ends of her eyebrows, apologizing while looking at me with upturned eyes.

Indeed, if I had grasped her own physical condition, it can be said she’s an excellent meat toilet. If she insists that the impossible is possible, she will do it even when the user is troubled.

But well, a meat toilet is an outlet after all. It can’t be helped, yeah?

When I throw a grand sigh, I let Satonaka, who was clinging to me, sit on the bed’s edge again, turned my back from her and squatted down.

“Tsk, get on. Since it can’t be helped, I’ll carry you on my back.”

And then, I called out to the back while clicking my tongue. I waited a moment for a reply like that, but I didn’t get one.

When glancing behind for a moment, I see her covering her face with both hands and shaking. And then subtly, just faintly, I heard a sobbing voice.

Even though she was laughing with an idiotic face until just now, why is

she crying now? She wasn't someone who needed a lot of looking after before.

"…..Wh, When we hadn't met……it was bearable."

Mixed with sobs, I heard a slender voice which trembled.

"……If you treated me more coldly, I would be made to return home with a smile."

The sob became slightly bigger, and the sorrowful voice had begun to be mixed with the shaking, slender voice.

Her delicate shoulder shook. Drops dripped from the gap of both her hands upon her face and fell to her knees.

"…..I am really stupid, aren't I? Even though we're still here together, even though there is even tomorrow, I already think it's about time I go home."

Having said that, she raised her head slowly and separated her hands.

Large drops of tears overflowed from her auburn eyes, streaming down her cheeks.

End of her eyebrows knitted, her lips quivered, and forcibly smiled with her head tilted.

“When, can we meet again?”

With the glistening auburn eyes, dark, gloomy shadows fell down.

As if she was told the world was completely gone, the appearance of hers should be even be described as the picture of despair.

Just like she was the world will be destroyed, the appearance of hers is able to be even described as the picture of despair.

“You……became weak.”

Those words naturally came out of my mouth. Even that day she was attacked in a vacant house, she never stopped fighting, and now it seems like her heart has been completely broken.

“I, know. The reason that you don’t take the virginity of the girls you trained. Rather than what you said before, your way of thinking is old-fashioned, isn’t it? Virginity is given to the person who’s loved sincerely. So, you won’t take—”

“It’s different!”

Interrupted Satonaka, who explained in a mixture of plain sobbing while having a cramped smile, I screamed.

Having come back to my senses, I stood up and scratched my head.

What am I doing? Satonaka only said something stupid. I will dismiss it as a stupid story.

“Phish, you’re freakin’ stupid: do you want me to say I didn’t take virginity away for your sake? Idiotic, don’t be conceited. By developing a dirty hole, I like watching the women tremble with shame while falling into being licentio—”

“Then take it! Isn’t it fine after you taking everything!? And yet, you won’t take my lips! My virginity either! Your kindness is even harder!”

Interrupted my words while glaring, she scowls at me as if she’s shooting me, and raises her voice similar to a scream.

Gritting my teeth, anger swells up.

Shit, for her to resists me with her position. Furthermore, scowling at me is unspeakable.

But calm down, becoming hot headed isn’t me. It is, after all, outlet nonsense. Without theorizing, she’s simply ranting and yelling with only her emotions. I mustn’t get upset over such a cliché thing.

When I inhale and forcibly shut out my brimming angry, I took out my wallet from my pant pocket, And then, I pull out a key for my apartment and bank card and threw it to her.

Scowling at me, she flusteredly caught the card.

“It is the card to my apartment and bank. Never lose it. It takes a lot of money to make a master key. I had it made to give it to you a cash card. Transportation expenses, investigation fees, *etc*. money for necessary costs.”

She held two cards in both hands, staring at me in dumbstruck as I spoke in an indifferent tone.

“ ‘Why I called you?’, the reason was to have you investigate the personal life of a certain someone. And so……”

To me who had an entire smile upon their face, she shook.

“You had currently irritated me very much. That rebellious manner needs to be corrected. In other words, I guess I have to train you again. Prepare yourself.”

Light returned in the eyes of Satonaka with hearing my words.

“…..I did say I would make you irritated at the beginning.”

Cheeks blushed pink, she muttered.

———

It is currently past five p.m. The sun has completely set and the street lamps installed on the edge of the road are shining brightly.

There is a reason I'm carrying Satonaka to my apartment, but I cannot help be bothered by the hot sighs in my ear.

Oi, Satonaka, you have been panting since a little while ago. Are you not excited with this amount of exposure?"

"C, Cause'....."

Carried on my back, she puts her lip to my ear and raises a sweet, soft, coxing voice. Alongside it, a hot sigh is blown to my ear.

The body temperature which is transmitted from my hand supporting her thigh is also quite hot. She's probably quite excited.

However, she wasn't partially undressed. She simply did have on underwear.

With her being carried, her legs are spread open. In other words, if stoop over a little from behind her, you will get a full view of her anus and vagina. Moreover, with her thighs fixated, and due to both her hands on my neck, she can't close her crotch to hide it.

It is considerably normal to be embarrassed in this situation, but since her training has put weight on the exposure, it should be beyond sweet.

Moreover, although the streetlights illuminate the road here and there, she doesn't considerably know if someone isn't approaching with the day

having set.

She clings to me tightly from behind, and unless they stoop himself to peep into her skirt, there is nothing to worry about in the first place.

Nevertheless, the students are going back, and whether we pass a passerby on the route of going back, she fearfully shakes.

The development of her erogenous zone seems to have progressed in the two years I left her unattended, but did her tolerance to exposure weaken?

"Have you, not been recently exposed?"

"N, No, I do. However, I keep myself from being seen."

"Aren't you more excessively afraid than before?"

"C, Cause'.....With doing it myself and doing it with you, um, it different in many ways....."

To my question, she answers in a voice which is strangely shy.

Did she continue the exposure herself the same way as the physical development? Moreover, the shame isn't normal. I mean, she didn't feel any shame when took down her underwear when we were in the back alley of arcade street, and she was going to take off her uniform on the animal trail in the forest which was behind the high school.

“Kijima-san?”

With me halting, Satonaka raises an uneasy voice.

I can’t understand her condition at all. I would be better to make her be full-fledged exposed to test this.

With looking around, I walked to a nearby telephone pole next to a house wall and squatted down to drop her.

“K, Kjima-san? Eh? W, What? What are you doing?”

She is obviously shaking. When I stood up and look back, her hands were attached to the telephone pole with her teary eyes looking up at me while her knees quivered.

Can’t she directly stand? However, I have a feeling it isn’t simply due to the fatigue that she’s shaking.

She cautiously looks around, curling and learning herself to the wall.

Funny. This is her, but it’s too different from the one I know.

When I extend my hand straight out, she shook her head with shivers, and then as her mouth was in an upside down ‘V’, her watery eyes appeared as if they’ll burst at any time.

What on earth is this? What is this behavior? It as if this is the reaction of the innocent girl who never had been exposed.

“W, Wait, please wait. I, I need to prepare my heart—ah”

Extending the direction of my hand to her, I thrust a hand into her skirt.

The indecent sound of liquid was heard. She opens her eyes wide, trembling.

“K, Kwima-san—please, wait, there is no good”

Stroking my index finger where it doesn’t touch the vagina too much, I simply rub the clitoris.

The moment my fingertip touched the clitoris which was erected to the limit, Satonaka held her lips with both hands and tightly closed her eyes, fearfully twitching.

Alongside the viscous liquid strings dripping upon the ground, a tide was squirted out and formed a black stain on the floor.

Her knees trembled to the point of abnormality. She further shook her neck. The auburn eyes of hers stared at me, pleading.

I realized my penis was swelled to the limit.

This……this torment is absolutely effective.

Jumping from her skirt, I extended both my hands to her. She seems to be trying to escape, but she's not in the condition that's able to decently move. Moreover, since she's leaning close to the telephone pole, she has completely lost her escape.

Separated both hands from her lips, she then covers her breasts. She appears to realize what I'm about to do.

When I drive away the hands, the coat, blazer, and blouse are successively taken off.

The resistance of hers left, but she shakes her head, and with her mouth in an upside down V, she still stares at me with teary eyes.

Ignoring her, I finished completely taking off all the button of her blazer and coat, and then stripped off the blouse.

That moment, she quickly covered her chest with both hands and frequently looked around with a flushed face.

When I grabbed her delicate shoulders and forcibly turned her around, I lowered my trousers' fastener and took out my penis which was erected to the limit.

"Set your hands on the wall. There is nobody now. Do as I say quickly if

you don’t want to be discovered.”

Her upper body naked, she showed a second of hesitation behavior to my words, but she slouched over, placed on hand on the wall, and pushed out her butt.

“It is both hands, put both hands up.”

Rolled her skirt, I ordered her while hitting her exposed white ass.

She had a hand on there, but the other was covering up her exposed breasts.

“Did you not hear? Put both hands up there.”

I clapped her butt and gave the order again. However, she simply shakes her head with not obeying it.

A chill ran up my back as I felt irritated.

“Tsk, an unserviceable meat toilet. Tighten your hole to the utmost.”

Spat that out, I applied my penis to her anus and went straight in.

“Eh!? Ehauu!?”

Was that a soundless scream she did? I heard a something like a faint

groan, but it went into thinking it was a sorrowful, poorly given scream.

Moreover, the tightness of her anus isn't the usual. It continued tightening to the point of it being like my penis might be torn off alongside it being easily pulled in out with the overflowing anal juices.

"Haa, not bad."

When I grabbed her white ass by a hand and slap it with the other, I gripped it by both.

And then, I pull out my penis from the constricting anus.

"Stopp—ahh—uuuu"

Waist twitching, she quickly moved the hand which covered her breasts with her lips and desperately suppresses her voice.

It seems she'll crumble at any moment, but she won't even be able to, due to the fact I'm holding her bottom. Naturally she resists, but her waist is being banged as she twitches.

In succession, a gushing tide is stuck onto the ground and raises a splash.

Waving my waist absorbedly, I grip her ass with the feeling of ejaculation welling up, and then was seized with the impulse that wants to just yield myself to the pleasure and desire. However, after the event in

the warehouse came into mind, I held on and broadly grinned.

Having her exposed on the street, I intended to try the whisper attack. But, I just about forgot due to the excessively good product she is.

When I push out my waist and insert my penis into the base, I separate both hands from her ass, bending myself over her. And then grabbing both her breasts with my hands, I put my lips to her ear while holding and rubbing them.

“Satonaka, you feeling shy is delicately adorable.”

“Ahi!? Don’t—touchh”

She desperately was suppressing her voice, but when she gave a soft moan like a small bird’s chirp due to something unexpected, she reproachfully glared at me with a glance. And then to answer as such, she separated her hand and groan.

Being satisfied with having seen that, I twisted and pinched her elastic nipples up to the very limit while rubbing and her breasts. And then, I began to forcibly shake my waist.

She did a soundless scream with the obscene sound of liquid echoing. And then with the tightness of the meat hole increasing as I pound and pound, I let out my lust to my heart’s content.

Soaking myself in the lingering pleasure while breathing heavily, I pulled out my penis. Alongside that, Satonaka collapsed.

Collapsed onto the ground just like she was prostrating herself, her button timidly twitches while she opened anus was exposed. And as urine was trickling, cloudy viscous liquid overflowed from it.

“Yeah, not bad.”

As though she reacted to my muttered words, the bottom of hers jumped remarkably big.

With her cheeks dyed red as if they were on fire, Satonaka glared at me with hate-filled eyes full of anger and resentment.

Receiving her eyes directly without running or hiding, I sat on a chair with my feet crossed, placed my elbows on the desk while resting my jaw on my hands, and patiently watched the lewd revelry unfold before my eyes while smirking.

“A, Amazing! Even though it’s so tight, with this sliminess I can move in and out easily!”

Satonaka was naked and on all fours upon the table. Ogasawara Makoto, who was kneeling on her knees in front of her buttocks, raised her voice in surprise while pulling and pushing the very thick test tube inside her anus.

“Ahh, uu, M, Makoto-chann, th, that is so intenseee—don’t do thatt”

Satonaka, whose face reddened even more with the act, shook her neck while begging with her watery eyes.

“When I unplug and plug the test tube, the inside is stirring!”

Having ignored her plea, Ogasawara Makoto stuck the extra thick test tube to the base of her anus, and when she looked into the test tube with shining eyes, she raised her voice in further admiration.

Even though I had told her not to hold back, she really didn’t.

Ogasawara Makoto, you did a good job. As expected, it's dangerous to take this fellow lightly.

"Ogasawara, Satonaka has gained a considerable amount of experience as my assistant. This person is equal to a veteran for you. Now listen, don't hesitate. For you be reserved with an experience veteran, it isn't recognized as respect, but as an insult."

Stiffening my expression, I declared that to her.

"Y, Yes!"

When she heard my words, she answered with an earnest and lively expression, and then began to pull the very thick test tube inserted into her anus in and out again.

"Ahh, e, even when I said don'ttt, kuunn, you do it so intenselyy—ahiii"

Satonaka's bottom twitched intensely every time the test tube was put in, and then as her whole body dyed red, she began to spout a great deal of sweat.

If she yielded herself to the given pleasure, she'd climaxed. But does she hate being forced to climax by the junior? Instead, she was clenching her teeth, enduring while intensely shaking her head.

"A-amazing! If it were so deep inside me, I would already be so nervous! Satonaka-senpai is indeed amazing! I-I am a— chick! Tweet tweet!"

Having stopped pulling the test tube in and out, Ogasawara Makoto spoke to the seemingly tense Satonaka whose sweat rolled down her cheek, and then Ogasawara stood up and began moving both her hands like a chick flapping.

It seemed like she was making a fool out of Satonaka no matter how you looked at it, but her expression itself was genuine.

“Huh!? Is it that even a chick can become a chicken if it works hard and trains, and when it lays an egg, another chick will be produced! And then redoing the training again from the beginning, senpai!?”

Ogasawara Makoto, who stopped flapping her hands, asked Satonaka, who was in a shocked state due to not being able to process her words.

When she was about to ask, her face was still burning red, and then instantly stared at me with a loss expression.

—Kijjima-san, what is this child talking about?

Her auburn eyes which stared me appeared to appeal that silently.

“Calm down, Ogasawara. Even if you were to become a chicken and lay an egg, that egg wouldn’t be you personally. That’s why your experience doesn’t disappear, so relax. Also, if a chick were to hatch from an egg you laid, that would mean you produced a disciple. Understood?”

“I, I see! As expected of Kijima-san!

When I answered in substitution for Satonaka loss, Ogasawara Makoto instantly dyed red, and looked at me while shivering with being deeply impressed.

To her question, I answered in quite the justified manner to appear disappointed, but I’m actually also like Satonaka who can’t understand her. No matter how I think about it, her thought circuit is really strange. I agree on how she would be confused.

But then again, with this being Satonaka and Ogasawara Makoto’s first meeting, I have a slight advantage. Moreover, by making Ogasawara Makoto confuse Satonaka, I was able to observe their behavior objectively, see through and analyze Ogasawara Makoto’s eccentric behavior, and handle her easily.

It is bad for Satonaka, but this situation has changed for the better that I had originally thought it would.

“Ogasawara, also fiddle with Satonaka-senpai’s clitoris and nipple. What kind of influence will stimulating the erogenous zone do the anus? Observed the body of veteran Satonaka well.”

“Y, Yes!”

“Uuu……you are cruel, Kijima-san. Making her think anything is allowed when attaching a senpai……she doesn’t even seem to believe its bad……”

With Ogasawara Makoto replying to my words lively with a salute, Satonaka suddenly looks down, spilling a complaint.

Satonaka appears to be openly pouting with a displeased glare towards me, but she also appearsto like Ogasawara Makoto. When I quickly look at Ogasawara Makoto who has taken Satonaka, it doesn't seem like the two have bad chemistry.

"Satonaka-senpai, do you produce breast milk?"

"Eh!? What did you suddenly say!?"

When Ogasawara Makoto lowered her hand from the salute, she turned around to face Satonaka with a brisk gesture and stern expression, and then drew out an unexpected question.

Satonaka became flustered. With not being able to get what she asked, she was nearly consumed in a whirlpool of confusion.

The pain of her confusion I moderately understand. But, I'm able to laugh with objectively watching it.

Apart from that, is Ogasawara Makoto still particular about breast milk?

"I want to produce it! Breast milk!"

"Eh!? It's so important you're saying it twice!?"

To Ogasawara Makoto, who clenches her hand in front of her chest, Satonaka breaks into a cold sweat with her eyes turning monochrome.

“I want to produce it! Breast milk!”

“I heard!? I understood when you said it once!?”

With Ogasawara Makoto making her appeal,‘I want to produce breast milk’ twice, she ignores Satonaka’s retort as she’s naked in a dog position with her anus still vividly shown by the extra thick test tube.

They’re not quite mesh with the discussion, but these guys are on the same wavelength.

“Do you produce it, Satonaka senpai? Breast milk~”

“U, Um, do I look like I have experienced pregnancy?”

“That is not a problem: I want to know have you or have you not produced breast milk?”

“Eh!? To say that isn’t a problem, do you even think pregnancy and breast milk is inseparable!?”

With Ogasawara Makoto shaking her head while throwing a sigh, Satonaka shrewdly retorted despite being confused.

I know since it was me who kept her occupied till now. Satonaka has now been cornered.

It normally wouldn't be strange if she went berserk and socked her.

"Satonaka-senpai, your way of thinking is upside down. If it is impossible to produce breast milk necessary for a baby, you should take our breast milk which the baby has no need for. In which case, there is no need to become pregnant. Isn't it?"

"Eh!? Huh!? My way of thinking is upside down? E, Excuse me, but I don't know where you came up with I'm upside down! Moreover, I don't believe you saying that breast milk which is unnecessary for the baby is what you say!"

To the words of Ogasawara Makoto, who were wide eyed having suddenly hit upon something, Satonaka retorted honestly while almost crying.

Satonaka, you will pollute your mind if you act too rashly.

"Ogasawara, if you're worried whether veteran Satonaka can or cannot produce breast milk, you should squeeze out her milk. The problem will be solved with that."

Judging that the spirit of Satonaka won't last if I leave too much unattended, I added some assistance.

"I, I see! As expected of you!"

“T, That is a bit much……”

With Ogasawara Makoto looking back at me will a full on small, Satonaka glares at me while gripping with a sour expressing.

“T, Then……Satonaka-senpai! Excuse me!”

“K, Kjima-san, you savage!”

Ogasawara Makoto bows towards Satonaka, raises her face in excitement, and got on both her knees.

Without so much as escaping from on top of the table which she’s on all fours on, she glares at me with teary eyes.

“Although mine is a strong red, I think yours is a beautiful pink. Also very stiff……”

Standing next to naked her, she bends herself a little, extents both her hands, and pinches the pink teats on the point of her breasts. And then with raising a voice of admiration while blushing, she began to play with the stiff nipples.

“Ahnnnn—Makoto-chan, it’s fine if you touch them, so please stop describing them!”

According to Satonaka, who raised her sweet voice, she entreated to

Ogasawara Makoto with a voice that appears to cry while glancing at her.

Hmm, she appears to definitely feel pleasure with her nipple being fiddled, but it's quite the different reaction from when I touched them. In other words, the sensitivity of hers changes with the person, and it looks like to be heavily mental influence.

Satonaka climaxes only with a whisper attack, physical pleasure, mental satisfaction with pleasure, and anything with a huge amount of shame.

'Then, I'll squeeze. One two, one two, one two, one two."

She pulls both the nipples alternately with her fingers. Moreover, she doesn't only pull them, she glides her finger to the tip of the nipple with the pull and lightly crushes it. She skillfully performs this in a series of movements alternately.

"Ah, ah, ah, ahh—ueeennn, you go and don't go into so seriouslyyy"

And then with Satonaka giving a sweet moan whenever her nipple is pulled, and alongside her trembling waist, Satonaka shakes her head teary eyed while frequently looking at her.

"Ki, Kijima-san! Once I started squeezing, I did it quite firmly and quickly! Will this—perhaps produce milk?!"

"That is right, it might be produced; keep at it, Ogasawara."

“Heeennn, It won’t come outttt”

Ogasawara Makoto, who looks at me with cold sweat streaming down her cheek, asked me while continuing to skillfully milk. When I answered the question, Satonaka retorted feebly.

“One two, one two, one two…….Hmm, it doesn’t seem to be coming out, yeah?”

Continuing to squeeze the two nipples in turn, she separates a finger from one. And then wiping the sweat that stood out with the back of that hand, she muttered in an absent voice while throwing a small sigh.

“I told you it wouldn’t come out……”

Satonaka spoke to her, but she doesn’t seem to listen. Pathetic……

“Uuu……M, Makoto-chan, um, so, although you really want it to come out……”

The milking suddenly stopped, and Satonaka, who heaved a sigh of relief, lowered the end of her eyebrows and looked at her apologetically.

Ho, does Satonaka want to produce breast milk? I see. Then assistance should be in order.

“Ogasawara, may I suggest sucking? It might come out if you do so.”

“Ha!? I see!”

I held out a helping hand to Ogasawara Makoto, who had strayed into a blind spot. Eyes opened wide to my sudden suggestion, Ogasawara Makoto intensely looked at Satonaka erected nipple as she touches her lips by the hand.

“Kijima-san! Don’t inspire this child with unnecessary things! This child will probably suck them! She really willll!”

Realizing this fellow was serious, Satonaka shout towards me while being on the verge of crying.

In my opinion, that’s quite the impertinent attitude. She doesn’t show a bit of remorse.

“Ogasawara, when you suck using your mouth, twiddle the left nipple with your finger to simulate it. And with your open hand? Stimulate the clitoris with it.

“Alright!”

When I had spoken my words attentively and she listened while nodding, she then looked at Satonaka, continuing to nod her head even more with stars in her eyes.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I am cheeky! Since I have had a change of heart, don’t inspire this child anymore with unnecessary thingssss!”

When Ogasawara Makoto's gaze washed over Satonaka like a carnivorous animal having captured a herbivore, Satonaka shuddered and trembled while looking at me, desperately apologize. But, I splendidly ignored her.

She defied me several times in the warehouse. Moreover, she insulted me in front of the apartment. Reflect to the utmost, fucking idiot.

The development of Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka's relationship of harmonious messing around is strange. It was a nice miscalculation for me. I thought it would be more of a troublesome thing for me.

There is a beginning when this all happened with her. And, it's also Satonaka's fault. Because of what she suggested by herself, she has to clean up after it. She knows.

Returning home to my apartment, Satonaka glanced at Ogasawara Makoto who waited for me and abnormally liked her.

Also unusually, it seemed Ogasawara Makoto liked her when came into view. So from the moment we entered the front door and they saw each other, Satonaka had acknowledged her as a younger sister.

———

Arrived at the apartment with carrying Satonaka on my shoulders, I clicked my tongue as I look up at it.

The light of my room was turned on. That means she's still in there.

Even if I say she's an idiot, she's the type to show a serious and faithful appearance at the most important of times. If possible, I wanted her to have gone home before I returned and unlocked the door.

But well, since I'm making Satonaka investigate the persona life of Ogasawara Shizuka, she will sooner or later notice Satonaka. It is much better for her to know this way.

The high school will also be closed tomorrow for a holiday, but Satonaka has to return home by then. And the earliest she can come back after that is during the evening four days from then. It would be fine to use those four days to win Ogasawara Makoto over.

However, I don't think she can be so easily won over. I have not the slightest idea how she will see Satonaka. And with having no idea, working out a plan becomes difficult.

In which case, I have no choice but to skillfully work at Satonaka. So with me saying it is necessary to make those two meet today, it's necessary.

"Satonaka, I have something important to say now. Hammer everything I say into your head without one missing word."

"Eh? Uh, Uhuh. I'll certainly memorize everything……"

Bringing her down from my back before entering the apartment, I

decided to explain in detail about Ogasawara Makoto.

Having gotten off my back, her knees were still shaking, but she appears to have recovered if she holds onto me.

When I made sure she's fine, I take out my wallet from my pants' pocket as well as a single photo from inside there, and then held it out to her.

"Listen, I'll be saying this first. Do not be deceived by her appearance. It is a painful experience with taking her lightly."

"O, Okay. But she doesn't bite, yeah?"

Satonaka took the photo which I held out and asked while looking up at me uneasily. I couldn't answer the question immediately.

Whether or not she suddenly bites? If she bites, she accomplishes it quite calmly.

"That possibility can't be denied, but I definitely don't give her a chance to bite. So, you also don't get too close carelessly. Try to always maintain a two meter radius."

"…..Eh? Although I said it as a joke, does she really bite? What kind of child is she……"

Swallowing her saliva with a pale face, she held the picture in her hands and looks at it timidly. That moment, she stared at the picture wide eyed.

“Beautiful……”

And then muttered while being absent minded.

This was only her first class appearance.

“Satonaka, listen well: I was deceived by that person’s appearance, too. She seems like a pretty and neat girl, but the inside is a completely different story. It is better to think of an idiot comedian. No, it isn’t just an ordinary idiot. It is an idiot, idiot who invites trouble. Should I say even homicidal? Nevertheless, she does unexpected things. If you relax your guard for a moment, you will be swallowed by that guy’s pace in a second.”

Having listened to my story, Satonaka silently stares at the photo in utter amazement, and then shifted the picture seeming like she was confused. The moment I saw that, I felt my whole body bubble and quickly extended my hand toward the photo which she held.

But still staring at the picture, she suddenly dodged my hand without moving her gaze.

Shit, I of all people.

“S, Satonaka, return the picture and don’t say anything.”

“……Huh.”

Squinting her eyes, she stared at the picture with a stiff smile. The other photograph that I hid under the one I gave her.

“So this involuntarily taken picture of her adorable sleeping face was in your wallet, yeah?”

A blue vein rose her temple as she had a wicked smile.

“Y, You fucking idiot! No, it’s different! It was necessary in order to explain the difference when her eyes are closed and opened, that is all there is to it!”

It is a difference, a difference. To explain Ogasawara Makoto’s appearance to her, I just so happened to have it to show her the different of when she sleeping and awake. I don’t normally carry it.

“Haha, is that so? With that explanation, it is different, isn’t it?”

While glaring at me with disgusted eyes, she turned the picture of Ogasawara Makoto’s sleeping face towards me and waved it. This bitch doesn’t believe my explanation.

“Ittttttt issssss diferentttttttt! I have even said it so many times!”

I tried to snatch the picture while saying so, but she already proved within the back alley of the arcade street that is impossible to steal a picture from her when she devotes herself to dodging.

“Then why don’t you explain the difference? I can’t say I’m convinced.”

“Then stop looking at me with those eyes, fucking idiot!”

“Sorry~. My eyes are naturally this way.”

“T, This bitch!”

In spite of being a dwarf, she’s looking completely down on me with her eyes, and then with the tone that makes me seem like an idiot, I felt a blue vein rise on my temple.

This bastard. Alright, I also have an idea if you’re so inclined.

“Are you jealous? Jealous because of this? In which case, let me show you. Look, this is the picture when Ogasawara Makoto had a test tube inserted into her anus! This is a picture when she climax having her clitoris played with! I’m not finished there! If you want to be jealous, own up to it, fucking idiot!”

Pulling out pictures from my wallet while I keep talking, I threw them towards her.

Frickin’ looking down on me. I can’t allow it. I will never allow it.

“Heh, oh really~. However, there’s nothing particularly special about those pictures, though? Since I know you’ve been training her. The photo

which you took her sleeping face was what got me mad the most. With that said, your love is coming through. You photographing the sheltered girl as if she were the apple of your eyes makes me irritated."

Acting as if it's nothing even if photos are thrown by me, she squatted down and began to pick up the photograph which was scattered on the ground.

Bastard. This bastard. Even though she's nothing more than a talentless meat toilet outlet which breaths heavily when a penis is trusted inside her anus.

Being so angry that it seemed like the blood vessel in my head would break, I tried to consider how grave her punishment will be, but my thought circuit short stopped just before with anger.

Calm down, first calm down. And don't get hot headed. It isn't like me. I am evil and unjust; an aloof demon. That is me, but how did I get this upset?

"Huh? Eh? ……This."

With trying to desperately compress my enraged angry, Satonaka suddenly stopped and picked up a scattered photo.

When I think what it was and take a peep, my heart blazed for a moment and then froze.

"C, Calm down Satonaka, listen to me well: I just had that picture by

chance. Yes, that's right, I intended to throw it away, but I had completely forgotten. I had no other intentions. I really didn't."

Cold sweat came out from my whole body. In addition, my knees almost shook by themselves.

"This is……you really aren't honest……"

Saying that, she picked up the photo, which was her next to the school's gate on the day of the middle school graduation ceremony.

I did intend to throw it away and placed it in my wallet, and then I had completely forgotten. It is true, I did intend to throw it away. But since it was too trifle of a picture, I even forgot to throw it away.

"Kijima-san……id. i . ot."

Drops dripped onto the ground. Shoulders delicately shaking, she stared at the back of the picture and smiled.

"Akira Satonaka, you aren't weak. To have written such a message. Did you intend to hand it to me on the day of the graduation ceremony? Nevertheless, you couldn't honestly hand it over and had it all this time? Ahaha, you're hopeless……"

Laughing while crying, she stood up slowly as she pushed the photograph onto her chest like it was important, and buried her face into my chest when she got close.

“Please, don’t make me love you more than I do. I already love you to the very limit. And yet……id. i. ot.”

“Shutttt upppp, you’re being ridiculous, fucking idiot.”

She trembled with her face buried into my chest. I was going to throw it away and forgot it while it was in my wallet, but she won’t believe it even if I explain only that.

That already said, the big idiot established a misunderstanding herself.

———

Entered the apartment, we passed through the hall and stepped into the elevator. Satonaka is abnormally happy next to me. She kept singing a hum to herself since a little while ago, which is very annoying.

Humph, well it’s fine, it seems she’ll grow more obedient to me with this misunderstanding. All part of my plan. I showed those photos on purpose.

According to the script. Yeah, absolutely according to the script.

So to forget the events for the time being, I decided to currently convey information about Ogasawara Makoto to Satonaka.

What is particularly important is that Ogasawara Makoto and I are

practicing massaging, and Satonaka was my assistant in my hometown. In other worse, she is a senior apprentice of Ogasawara Makoto, and I ordered her to completely play that out.

I thought she'll grumble a little, but she accepted it readily with a full smile.

Fufu, with my skillful plan that used the tactic of showing her the photographs, I have successfully made her fall into my trap.

Fufufu, without knowing I showed her on purpose, she comically increased her obedience herself.

Kukukuku, with her having successfully fallen into my plan, it was fruitful having shown her the photo.

It was a performance, but it was naturally shown with skill. It was a performance, but obviously, for it to be thoroughly performed, it has to then be shown naturally. It is quite difficult, but I accomplished it.

Fufu, I think of my myself awfully amazing. I am amazing.

"You showed the photo on purpose? Was it a trick? You are saying it went well?"

"Yes, well, I had successfully made her fall into my plan. Kukuku, this idiot is easily manageable—huh?"

“Fufufu”

I came back to my senses and glared at Satonaka. Having noticed my glance, she laughed while covering her lips the moment she saw me.

……Can I torment and confine this fellow until her mind breaks?

“Satonaka.”

“Yes~”

“I will seriously go berserk.”

“Alright~. My rebellious behavior towards you can’t be allowed. So, I will receive severe punishment.”

“Then it’s fine.”

Satonaka smiled to my answer.

“I will accept any kind of punishment contentedly……or rather, I would like to receive my punish me quickly, right now……”

Blushing, Satonaka looked up at me and personally rolled up her skirt. Endlessly going along her white thigh, vaginal secretions overflowed from her hairless vagina.

Humph, fucking heated bitch. Even if you cry this time, I won't let you off.

———

The door of the elevator opened, and I placed a foot forward.

"Ah"

Satonaka moved forward after me, but raised a small scream. Turning around, I immediately extended out my hand and caught Satonaka falling forward.

Her knees were shaking the whole time in there. I thought she may fall, but she did after all.

So, I caught her. But even then, this fellow didn't stop holding the photo to her chest like it was so important.

It is said there is no medicine for stupidity, but it's true.

"Good grief, that's why I said to hold on to me."

"No. I don't want to let go of the photo."

"One hand is enough for a picture. You only have to grab onto me with one hand.

“No. There is no meaning if I don’t hold it with both.”

Tighten her expression, she shook her head. She does this rebellious attitude in spite of saying she’s contentedly receive punishment. Did she even repent at all?

However, judging from her expression, she will never pull back when it’s related to the photo.

It is a waste of time to dispute such a topic.

“Fine, do as you like. But, prepare yourself, since I’m adding a punishment.”

“Eh? Kya!?”

Having thought it was futile to even say that, I carried Satonaka.

The room is just before us, and it’s easier and quicker this way. And her body is small, so her weight is also light.

“……I, I appreciate it.”

“You’re always silent. If you pay your regards, listen to my order, fucking idiot.”

“……Hehehehehe, yeah.”

Gave an embarrassed grin to my complaint, she pushes the photograph to her chest as before, sets her head on my chest, and closes her eyes while laughing joyfully.

“I hear your heart beating.”

And then she muttered.

This fellow is useless. She has no regret.

———

Arrived at my room, I drop Satonaka and open the door lock. And then, I enter inside.

“Hii!”

“Eh? What’s wrong!? Ah……what is that.”

The moment we nearly front door, I nearly screamed at the sight that came into view. Just barely.

One drawing stuck in front of the entrance. An eerie drawing drawn on paper was stuck on the wall by Scotch tape.

The sky was filled with dark clouds and miasma which swirled around the world. And then a huge, green, carnivorous object covered the earth.

Whether it was hell or Satan, it can be in any case said that whoever drew this abstract picture is mysterious, and disturbed to the root, but even if I didn't explain that, it would be understood at first glance.

However, why put this in the entrance hall? Is it a talisman?

"Y, Yes, Satonaka, I felt also surprised, but I explained earlier that Ogasawara Makoto draws. How is it, do you somewhat understand? This is what I meant her actions go through my slanted predictions..... Satonaka?"

Swallowed my saliva while breaking into a cold sweat, I spoke to her. But, she didn't reply.

I thought she may have fainted after the unpleasant surprise, so I then looked to the side.

"O, Oi, were you that afraid you cried?"

Having come into view, I saw her crying while looking at the picture. As she bit her lower lip, her delicate shoulders shook.

"Yeah, that sort of child. Yeah....."

Muttered that, she dazedly walks towards the picture.

“This is definitely your mental scenery. When you spend a long time in a painful life, it brings about such a world. But, but……”

When she stood in front of the picture upon the wall, she touched and then lightly strokes it like she pitied it.

“An arrow of light break through the dark clouds and strikes the earth. Kijima-san is a direct and powerful light in every point, and you, the small flower, will be lighten up by that light. Yeah, ahahaha……if I do take Kijima-san now, this child, will die……”

She spoke those words calmly. I thought a strange weight came alongside with each one.

Stroking the picture for a while, she looked back and stared straight at me.

“I clearly understand the reason you said investigate. With removing the darkness of this child, it is no good only helping her heart, yeah? I am able to understand what that means regarding this child in particular. What can truly save this child is the essential power of me who was in a similar circumstance.”

To her words, I twisted my glance and frowned with clicking my tongue.

She again grandly misunderstood.

“You don’t deny it?”

“Shut up.”

Approaching me, she looks into my face and smiles. Having seen her askancely, I clicked my tongue again.

Humph, well it’s fine. Her misunderstanding the person is convenient in many ways. It won’t be necessary to expressly deny it.

“Trust me. I, Akira Satonaka, shall exchange my life to rescue this child. On that day you saved me……I shall help.”

“Suit yourself.”

Nodding greatly while she peered into my face, the idiot became fired up herself. Having retorted those words to her stupidity, I began to walk.

However, with there definitely being something I couldn’t handle, I stopped and turned back.

“You, a meat toilet have no right to spend your life doing what you want. Don’t selfishly put your life on stake. Listen, never speak of risking yourself again. You are conceited with your position as a meat toilet!”

Does she think her own life has value with her status? Well, isn’t that nice she is so graciously willing to exchange her own life all proud.

Don’t get carried away and conceited.

“…..You aren’t really honest.”

Having been in a blank state, she threw out a small sigh and rushed up towards me with bright eyes and a full smile.

I’m not honest? Don’t be joking with me. There wouldn’t be an honest human being with this much desire such as me.

Born a natural meat toilet, this fellow has no right to gleefully say she will do whatever she wants with her own life. It makes me laugh, really.

———

With crayons placed on the floor, drawings paper also was, too. As for the crayons, all the colors have considerably decreases.

No, the darker colors seemed to have decreased more, in a violent manner.

“Kijima-san! Welcome ba—”

With the door opened and having entered inside, Ogasawara Makoto noticed me coming home and stopped drawing a picture to look up at me. However, the moment her eyes turned behind me, she suddenly stopped moving as if time did.

“Huh? Who is, that person?”

Her eyes lost light. She muttered with her head tilted Her smile hardened and muttered with a tilted head.

“Hello, nice to meet you. My name is Akira Satonaka. I am from the same hometown as Kijima-san—”

“S, Sorry. I, I, I will go home.”

Satonaka quickly stepped in front of me and tried to introduce herself to Ogasawara Makoto with a carefree smile. But when she interrupted those words with a raised voice, she simply crammed all of the drawing set scattered on the floor, stood up without looking anywhere, and bolted.

When I look at Satonaka for a moment, she looked at me the and also winked.

Ogasawara Makoto, who bolted, planned to simply through me and Satonaka to escape.

Satonaka quickly backtracked. The sum it up, it a refined movement. She stepped back at the same speed of Ogasawara Makoto’s dash, and softly hugged her.

I thought that they collided. Ogasawara Makoto closes her eyes and stiffened her body, but the impact was not there. It was unforeseeable that she would step back at the same speed of her. Moreover, at the

direct she would dash to. However, the movement of Satonaka seem to have perfectly merged with Ogasawara Makoto's, to the extent of being several times faster.

"Okay~, you're caught."

Eventually, Satonaka caught her as easily as taking candy from a baby.

I was as speechless with her motor relaxed and flexible body as ever. Is she a cat?

"Please let go of me!"

"No. pe! I will not let go of such a cute child~."

She tried to act violently, but when she lifted her hand up, Satonaka touches it and gently turns it away. She also twisted her waist the same way. The force was killed with her soft direction changing movement, and Ogasawara Makoto looked bewildered.

"Okay~, one turn~! If the dance is over, should you not bow?"

She gritted her teeth and raised her hand, but Satonaka also lightly moved that hand away, and also due to the force with the course being changed, she turned her around on the spot.

Having no idea what just happened, Ogasawara Makoto could do nothing but stare at Satonaka dumbfounded.

It is a hassle to get involved in with women trouble. Having thought that, I sat the chair when I walked towards my desk, crossed my legs and laid back.

Do whatever you want, idiots.

“Hello, Ogasawara-chan. I am Akira Satonaka. I’m from the same hometown as Kijima-san. Because of that, I want you to be my friend. So, I offer this.”

Having become confused from being caught off guard, Satonaka kept talking to Ogasawara in an ostentatious way to not give her time to think, and then held out something taken from her coat pocket.

And when she opened her clenched hand, there was a brilliant, silver ring in her palm.

I remember that ring. I gave that to her. Being moody, I had somehow felt at the time I wanted to really give her one.

“This is the ring I got from Kijima-san. Three days before he disappeared, he suddenly came out and said,‘I’m giving you this.’ Hehehe, would you like it? You jealous?”

Saying it boastfully, Satonaka took the hand of dumbstruck Ogasawara Makoto and made her take hold of it.

“You understand, right? How important this ring is, do you understand? I said I would give you this……”

Smiling, Satonaka muttered with a quick serious look. And then she stared at her with cold eyes.

“I am putting trust into you. Let go of this ring, and I will go mad. When I was heartbroken, wanted to cry, and when I was fed up with everything, this ring pushed me back every time. I said I will give this to you, so you don’t need to fret, yeah?”

To her words, Ogasawara Makoto at the same time quickly lost all the strength in her body.

“I can’t take, such an important thing……”

“Thank you. I thought you would say that. I was trouble of what I would do if you did not return it to me.”

She held out the silver ring on the palm of her hand. Satonaka immediately snatched the ring, clenched it with both hands, and then placed it into her chest with throwing a relieved sigh.

“What did you intend to do if I didn’t?”

To Ogasawara Makoto’s word calmly spoken, Satonaka gave a stiff smile.

“To be honest, I wasn’t sure since I didn’t anticipated it. In order to

detain you, I thought I would exchange my most important thing to exchange a conversation. I only thought of that. Sorry for this sort of reply."

Answered with her stiff smile, Satonaka's knees bent. Ogasawara Makoto held her.

She calmly captured Ogasawara Makoto, but she also can barely walk. Supposing she bolted once again, it would be impossible for her to be stopped.

Her most important thing in order to win the person over. It isn't a plan worked out precisely. It is a bluff; a bluff that confused an unwearable spirit.

"You are an honest person, aren't you."

"W, well. After a certain somebody suddenly disappeared, I wasn't honest, bore a grudge against myself, and was continuously regretting……am I the most honest? Makoto-chan."

To Satonaka, who was smiling with a pale face, Ogasawara Makoto breathed out a sigh. And then looked back at me with hugging Satonaka.

"Kijima-san, this person, is good."

When said with a straight face, she brought her face near her head and smelt it.

“But this person, smells like the white liquid you let out. Moreover, it was let out about three times.” (1)

With her mutter, Satonaka shivered and her face twitched.

Ah, the smell. She smells if a bath wasn’t taken. However, for the number of times: are you a dog?

“Naturally. Listen carefully, Ogasawara. She was my assistant when I lived in my hometown, so that means this person is the same as a senior to you.”

“Eh!?”

“Today we met after a long time, and we practiced the massage in the warehouse. After an interval of two years, Ogasawara, she more skill than you.”

Elbows placed on my desk, I smiled with my hands on my jaw, and Ogasawara Makoto, who couldn’t hide their astonishment, stared at me and Satonaka alternately, and then became pale

“A, Ahaha……is such an explanation okay?”

Satonaka glanced at me while being hugged by her, and muttered in an uneasy way,

Humph, frickin' stupid. In this situation, it's natural to be fairly frank. You shouldn't have to feel guilty.

Satonaka has also learned a considerable amount of skill. To place that skill of hers into Ogasawara Makoto, it better to explain it frankly from the start.

If Ogasawara Makoto seems like she would complain about it, it would be fine to just abandon her then.

"Satonaka……senpai."

"Eh? Y, Yes!"

Satonaka reacted with raising her voice to the mumble.

"It is a honor! For your guidance and encouragement, please take care of me!"

"Y, Yes! It should be me who says treat me—ehhh!? You accept that explanation just now!?"

Satonaka should have been the one who caught her into the plan, but she is instead confused.

Which is why I said,'don't take that person lightly.'

“Looking forward to your help! Satonaka-senpai!”

With her being confused to her words even more, Ogasawara Makoto pinioned her hands behind her back and pulled her.

“Wait just a minute! Wait just a minute! I didn’t hear! I didn’t hear this! What is this child! Why is she so strong!? Kijima-san! Wait a minute Kijima-sannnnn!”

“That is just fine, Ogasawara, have senpai Satonaka be a display model at once. Satonaka, become naked for now and have her put a test tube in your anus. Show your junior what a trained anus should look like.

“Eh!? What!? Eh!? Wait a min—”

She tried to resist, but Ogasawara Makoto overwhelmed her with her muscle strength. It appears she isn’t able to resist with her hands behind her back.

“Ogasawara, it isn’t necessary to hesitate with her being a senior. Since Satonaka is a senior who received all the training, you’re similar to a chick. It nothing but an insult being fuss about by you. If you understand, tear off her clothes to get her nude.”

“Yes!”

“Ahhhhh! Ogre! Demon! Makoto-chan, calm down Makoto-channnn! Calm down and talk to me—noooooooooooooo!”

Her resistance was in vain, and in an instant Satonaka's clothes were removed. She sat naked on the bed while covering her breasts with both arms, and was trembling and shivering as she turned paler by the second. Satonaka appealed to me for help with a teary expression.

Kuku, this is a punishment for looking down on me. Get toyed with to the utmost limit!

"Satonaka, showing you that photo was on purpose."

"Are you still holding a grudge over that?! I understand! I believe you so stop this child already!"

"Ogasawara, go ahead."

"Yes!"

"…… Even though I said I believed you."

As I ordered Ogasawara Makoto with a wide grin, Satonaka's shoulders also dropped simultaneously. She probably already realized that escaping from this empty room and us was impossible.

As for what happens when you make me angry, it'll be good to firmly pound it into your body.

"Ah, it's amazing. Even without putting on lotion, it entered easily. But

despite that, the clamping is great!”

“Unyaaaaaa! Please don’t put it in so suddenlyyyyyyy!”

Thus, this is how the revelry started.

Ah, and I showed that picture on purpose, really!

Fuu, that was a good bath.

With Satonaka's return from a bath, warm steam rose off her entire body.

She had a hand towel wrapped around her head and a bath towel wrapped around her body.

Her chestnut hair, which was spilling out from the hand towel, had taken on a pale black color due to being wet from the bath, and was dripping drops of water all over the place.

Her skin that was freely exposed by the bath towel was slightly pink.

Satonaka briskly trotted over to me while in a good mood. Even though she had been turned into a toy earlier by Ogasawara Makoto, taking a bath seemed to have returned her hard-headedness, strength, and spirit considerably.

"I'm sorry about that? You only took a quick shower, right? And yet I went and fully enjoyed myself in the bath."

Leaning my back against the wall as I read the original work of Zombie Rion, I pointed my eyes to the refrigerator instead of answering her. Noticing that, she waved her hand, walked to the refrigerator, opened the door, and took out a plastic bottle of mineral water.

“Is it okay if I just drink it directly with my mouth?”

“Do as you like.”

When I answered Satonaka, who was looking at me with upturned eyes, she smiled and opened the water bottle. She then proceeded to drink the water with large gulps.

“Fuu, ahh, delicious. Drinking cold water right after getting out of a bath is the best!”

A bit of water spilled out from the edge of her lips, and Satonaka glanced sideways at me without wiping it. She was clearly inviting me with that sexy expression and behavior.

She had been played with by Ogasawara Makoto after we returned.

Her sexual desire are bottomless to invite me after that.

Now that I thought about it, even in the past, Satonaka had poor endurance but absurdly high resilience.

Unfortunately though, my physical strength had not completely recovered yet. I would probably need to spend a bit more time recovering. It was probably also because of watching Satonaka and Ogasawara Makoto’s wild banquet fro1m earlier.

Sorry, but unlike them, I'm just a normal human being. (1)

"Makoto-chan, are you happy with me staying over tonight?"

"I didn't hear about that. I also don't recall him giving you permission."

"Even though he didn't explicitly say it, I think he allows it, Makoto-chan."

"Are you making a fool out of me?"

"It's just that I trust you~."

I snap my Zombie Rion original novel shut, place it on the floor, and click my tongue. Frickin' Ogasawara Makoto isn't the superior. Satonaka, let me teach your body what happens when you make a fool out of me.

Having finished swallowing the water from the previous plastic bottle, Satonaka approaches me while giggling. As she crouches down beside me, she rests her back against the wall, and cuddles up to me.

"I refuse: even if you tell me not to, it's a maiden's instinct to want to become close. Rub, rub~"

Refused to let go of my elbow, wrapped herself around my arm with both hands while boldly rubbing it in-between her breasts.

“She’s impossible, that child.”

“Don’t try to deceive me by changing the subject. Now, get away from me.”

“Didn’t I say I refuse? If you really don’t like it, are you going to punish me? Even though I’ll be happy?”

Satonaka peered up at me from below while sitting on her knees and hugging my arm.

Her skin was flushed from having just gotten out of the bath, and a sweet, fresh fragrance tickled my nose. Hidden underneath a single bath towel was her naked body.

I could see her cleavage sticking out right below her collarbone, and because my arm was being hugged and pressed against them, their softness was silently being conveyed to me.

In addition, because she was sitting on her knees, there wasn’t the slightest thing hiding her thighs. Of course, she wasn’t wearing any underwear underneath either.

However, since she was sitting right next to me, her secret place was just barely hidden from my line of sight by the edge of the bath towel.

This was certainly on purpose. Satonaka was putting on a bewitching appereance, inviting me.

I was persevering against my sexual desires to the utmost, but she must have been thinking that it would be impossible to resist. However, riding on her invitation would be seriously irritating. If it came down to this, shouldn't I try to get past this temptation by all means?

"She was crying, that child. Although she only passed by the entrance to the bath, I heard a quiet sobbing sound coming from the bathroom. I thought she believed me, but she's still scared that Kijima-san will be stolen away, as expected."

"Stolen away? By who? Who are you saying will steal me away?"

"Ob. vi. ous. ly. me."

"You idiot, don't say stupid things. Sleep talk after you fall asleep."

Satonaka, who wrapped both of her hands around my arm, had released one of them and pointed to herself, but now she was just glaring at me with an evil eye.

Was this fellow an idiot? Forget about being stolen, I wasn't somebody's belonging to begin with. Even so, for the likes of a meat toilet to declare her ownership of me was rude to the extreme.

This was usually where I would make her get down on all fours and pry into her anus, but I won't show my hands right now.

“Concerning that picture that was placed in the entranceway, Makoto-chan perhaps drew it with the desire of receiving praise from you…she’s unconsciously asking for help, isn’t she?”

Her smile disappeared as she stared straight at me. She threw a small sigh with her words and made a thin smile.

“I wonder who I’m explaining this to? Even I know Kijima-san must have already seen through this.”

Satonaka stuck out her tongue and shrugged her shoulders, as if she was mocking and laughing at herself somewhat.

“Whatever that is, I didn’t. You haven’t caught her disease, have you? If you have, it’s the end for you. There is no medicine to cure stupidity.”

“Yes, yes, I have caught stupidity~. Good grief, you aren’t honest in the slightest…”

I’m not crazy, so if I’m not at leisure, I won’t take mind to idiots. Despite lightly making a complaint, she glanced towards the bathroom.

She said that when Ogasawara Makoto passed by the bathroom, she heard her crying.

I had never seen her crying in front of me. Although she wasn’t directly seen, Satonaka had heard her.

No, it might be a trick. A child attracting the mother's attention.

In other words, she was doing nothing more than lying in front of me. However, if what Satonaka had seen was authentic, it was possible that she isn't lying and wants to have comfort.

Not to mention it's their first meeting, why does she open her heart to Satonaka who she met for about an hour? The answer is simple. Both her and Satonaka are destined meat toilets. No doubt they sense each other's true, lecherous character.

I see, she is useful. I'll use Satonaka in order to accelerate Ogasawara Makoto's meat toilet transformation.

An obedient puppet to me, and a senior disciple for Ogasawara Makoto. In other words, with her position being on top, she can become friends and discussion with the same viewpoint. Moreover, since she seems to respect Satonaka, I may be able to freely manipulate her throughout if I make good use of Satonaka.

Even if the erotic acts makes her feel uncomfortable with I, a man commanding them, I may be able to keep discomfort at a minimum when using Satonaka.

"Satonaka."

"Yeees."

"I'm heading to the convenience store for a bit. If Ogasawara comes out

of the bath, keep her company.”

As I said that and stood up, Satonaka remained seated and grinned at me.

“What’s with that stupid expression?”

“Hmm? I just thought that a guy who can read the atmosphere are popular.”

“Ha? What are you talking about?”

“Once Makoto-chan gets out of the bath and if Kijima-san were still here, Makoto-chan would force herself to act cheerful again, right?”

“Force herself? What are you talking about? That fellow is a fool by nature. Fools can only mess around.”

She nodded at my words and looked at me with a bewitching side glance, which wasn’t suitable for her childish features.

“Makoto-chan is tremendously cute. I’m slightly jealous~”

Then she playfully muttered such a thing.”

That idiot is tremendously cute? She must be mistake with tremendously annoying. This is why it’s necessary to make her quickly

become a meat toilet.

"The current Ogasawara is unbearably annoying. So, the training needs to be quickly advanced—"

"The current Makoto-chan's mind is quite unstable. Although she was able to become positive for a special person, the fear of losing them at the same time causes her cowardice."

"No, what are you saying? I said I want to—"

"With making sure she doesn't think of unnecessary things with pleasure, it's also necessary to make her have a dependable figure for moral support other than you. It must be a person whom you trust. For the current her, a friend who she can open her heart and confess everything is needed. That is my duty."

She interrupted my remark completely and said that by herself.

This fellow was useless; what she was saying was completely out of the question. Even if I say anything, it would be a waste of time.

"Do whatever. I can't be associated with stupidity."

" 'It is completely as you said. It is so perfect that it isn't necessary to correct you. So, I'll be going to the convenience store with peace of mind. Sorry, but I'm relying on you to treat her well. Right now, it's necessary that she has a place to cry,' is all that you wanted to say, yeah? I understand."

She waved her hands while laughing.

T, This fellow really had a frickin' character that pissed me off. What I said was different.

"I wanted you to be rough with me until Makoto-chan actually got out of the bath, but..."

Having heard her mutter, I clicked my tongue, scowled at her, and left the room.

I thought she wasn't so stupid, but her brain appeared to have somehow rotten in these past two years.

They are perfectly well-matched. Those fucking idiots make good friends.

———

I left the apartment and went towards the convenience store, but I'm greatly regretting it as of now.

"Kijima-senpai! I got to meet you on this consecutive holiday, super lucky!"

"Yes, yes! Super lucky! I have also emailed this overwhelming happiness to Sachiko!"

“I, I also mailed Michiko. Then she sent an email back saying she’ll come right now and to detain Kijima-san.”

“The email took a little time, since Sachiko was putting on her makeup. That is useless effort, isn’t that right? But, that’s the Sachiko I adore.”

The two girls got right in front of me and raised a clamor.

Damn, to really be confined in this way was completely out of my expectations.

I was going to go to the station, clothes store, shoe store, and to eat, but I have became busy in several ways.

When I was suddenly called out to at the convenience store’s parking lot, I looked back to see two girls rushing up. Then the machine gun talking began.

This is awful. Did I really have to encounter students from my high school? No, since the high school was near the apartment I lived at, there was a possibility of meeting students from my school. However, the possibility wasn’t exactly high.

Did a first grader calling me senpai? She looks like a child.

A junior is difficult. Even if someone of the same grade level or a senior sees me, the possibility of speaking is low. However, a junior is slightly

different.

How amazingly lively. Moreover, their formed faction surrounded me. It is very troublesome, but I cannot treat this bluntly yet.

After all, I am an official honor student. A honor student is trusted by their surroundings, and tends to push forwards in favor of the people if there is some problem. I would like to keep performing that profile as much as possible.

“Yuuko! Is it true that I was complimented by Kijima-senpai-it was true! I love you, Yuuko!”

“Michiko! Quickly, quickly! What!? You took a bath for Kijima-senpai! You smell really good!”

“Smell!”

A girl broke through the darkness and dashed intensely. Another one has appeared.

“Kijima-senpai! Is your house nearby!?”

The third person who emerged suddenly spoke familiarly to me. Moreover, she’s breathing heavily while being excited and blushing…ugh, that’s kind of disgusting.

My apartment is close by, but since it exposing my dwelling will

become troublesome, I will tell a lie. However, since my apartment address has been submitted to the high school, if they intend to search and check up, but since these people appear stupid, it's possibly okay.

"Eh? A, Ah…no, is it far…?

"Kijima-senpai! Do you come to this convenience store often?"

The moment I responded to that question, another idiot suddenly asked a question.

This is the convenience store I use often, but it's better to convey that.

"Ah, no, do I…?"

"There has been a rumor of you and third year Sugiura have been dating, is that true!?"

When I answered, another fool asked another incoherent question.

A, Are these guys making a fool of me? It is ridiculous the idiot that'll think I would answer that seriously.

And who is Sugiura? I don't know such a person.

"U, Um, no, isn't that an ordinary rumor? Sugiura-san? Ah, no, we probably haven't even had a conversation…"

I mean, I don't know that person. But if that person is famous to some degree, it may have caused trouble if I didn't answer properly. So, I should safely answer.

"Eh!? Even, even though she spread, 'Kijima-san is my boyfriend!' !? Then, then, did Sugiura-senpai lie!?"

"E, Eh?! Ah, no, I don't know. S, Sorry, I don't really remember myself..."

Am I dating them? Who is this person? I don't even know.

Damn, I give up. My own rumor didn't even reach my ears. As a result, I didn't have any information.

This strange development is troubling to me.

These girls who were completely ignorant of my personal affairs, were posting sequential questions without hesitation as they surround me. Moreover, when one asked, the other two took pictures with their phones and rotated in the same rhythm.

Oi, don't take pictures as you please. It is beyond rude. Do you have any morals? (2)

"If it's the best beauty in the school, isn't it the second year Senior Tanaka?"

Tanaka? The big sister to Ogasawara Makoto? She is surely famous for

being a beautiful girl, but the very best? If it's the only appearance, isn't Ogasawara Makoto the top one?

"Uh huh, it's Tanaka after all, yeah? Moreover, it has been said she's really helpful. Although Sugiura-senpai seems like an amateur model, she doesn't match up with Tanaka-senpai."

It has went to Sugiura again. Who is that person? I don't question that she's not an interesting person. Is he an amateur model that works in a fashion magazine? In which case, she'll be a beautiful girl at some level. I'm not interested.

" 'I really like Kijima-san acting like a spoiled child~!' Sugiura-senpai said that to Kyouko." (TLNY: LMAO, oh god Kimjia-san! Looks like someone is either jumping on your street cred, or has a massive wannabe crush!)

Eh? Oi, Oi, what is this rumor she's spreading on her own? I behave like a spoiled child? Don't fuck around with getting in over your head. And, who is Kyoko?

"But Kijima-senpai said he doesn't know her, is it a lie?"

It is definitely a lie. In the first place, I don't even intend to date women. Why do such a troublesome thing? That is why I make meat toilets to comfortably handle lust.

"Although Sugiura-senpai is well matched with Kijima-senpai because of appearances, her character is something else."

Wait a moment, don't just go and say we're well matched. Also, be in my shoes. A match isn't when the person doesn't know their face.

"When considering character, isn't it more Ogasawara and Tanaka-senpai? Ogasawara-senpai doesn't attract very much attention, but I think she's prettier than Sugiura-senpai."

I don't know Sugiura, but Ogasawara is first class in terms of appearances. Surely she will top that Sugiura person.

"For the beautiful girl ranking, I think Tanaka-senpai is first place and Sugiura third? Is Ogasawara fourth?"

I heard a rumor there was a beautiful girl ranking, but there actually is one? Moreover, Tanaka is first? Is she that pretty? And Sugiura is third when Ogasawara is four? I can't agree that she's fourth.

"It is because Ogasawara-senpai doesn't stand out~. But, her reputation has been spreading pretty rapidly lately. I also heard Sugiura-senpai's votes were organized."

"Ah, that seems like her."

"Uh huh, it seems Sugiura would do anything to be called pretty."

Fufu, it appears it has been happening. I heard rumors that Ogasawara Makoto's popularity has rose to an unbelievable rate now of days. And

since she didn't stand out, she went under Sugiura. Sugiura cannot seriously compete with her.

And Sugiura had organized votes? Did you bribes people to collect votes? She's pitiful. However, her plan to collect popularity was a lot better better than complaining without doing anything.

Sugiura, you didn't do very good. Look at it again.

"But is Ogasawara-senpai and Sasaki-senpai a set? It seems his reasonably popular, but my Kijima group is absolute."

Ah, Sasaki. His quite popular to be saying it's moderate. His famous for being good look and also having good school results.

Your Kijima group is the minority.

"I, I'm also in the Kijima group."

You too?

"I am also."

Her also?

"Kyoko said she's in the Kijima group, too."

Who is Kyoko?

“Yukiko is crazy about the Kijima group.”

Also Yukiko? Moreover, to the point of crazy? I don’t know who she is, but I need to pay special mind to her. I’ll check her out later.

The three people completely ignored me had blossomed in conversation. I tried to take that chance to escape, but my route was exquisitely blocked in combination.

Ah, this is fucking troublesome. These damn kiddies bitches. Who are you? I don’t know you.

“Ah, Which reminds me, you saw the current sexy male ranking?”

Sexy male ranking? There also such a thing? It somewhat feels like they made it themselves. I’m not interested in this, since it’s unnecessary information.

“I saw, I saw! Kijima-senpai who was first place for the first term has finally disappeared! Sasaki-senpai who was second place for many years has became first place instead!”

……Oi, I was first place? Not Sasaki? It is what I say, but I think Sasaki is more manly and handsome.

From what they had said, I had learned that I was once first place after I

knew I had fell from there.

I'm not interested, but it's simply a shock.

"Although I had felt it would happen someday, Kijima-senpai has risen to second place in the beautiful female ranking, yeah?" (3)

"And Sugiura has fallen to third place."

.....What did this fellow say? I joined the female ranking? Moreover, I passed Sugiura who diligently collected bribery votes for second place? Sugiura, you're really a pitiful person. I sympathize.

"However, Kijima-senpai will be first place in that ranking. It isn't my an impress that Kijima-senpai is adorable."

"Uh huh!"

"I know, right!"

The three people exchange a conversation while looking at me frequently with sparkling eyes. I almost went berserk to what I had heard.

You. I am a chill man, but I actually mind being seen like a woman. It simply makes me depressed. Do you understand?

If you insist on being in the Kijima group, respect me more.

“It is Tanka x Kijima for me.” (4)

“The beautiful big sister as the dominant and the beautiful Japanese boy as the submissive? That is good……yes, good.”

“It has bloomed. Oof, I’ll have a bloody nose if I imaginit……”

Oi, you are discussing that in front of the person himself? You’re in the Kijima group, yeah? Respect me more!

I also don’t like Tanka. I don’t like strong women. Even if I ignore her, the woman will open a path herself and I will have no change to take advantage of her.

Even if she’s caught off guard, that woman type is boring.

Enough about that. I don’t like another person rating me as they like, but I don’t like my name being in the woman rank more.

If it does have to happen, I truthfully would make it the hateful male ranking. And, I want to become the first place in that ranking.

“Ahh! I’m looking forward the next year’s school festival!”

“This year’s was enjoyable when the students had believed Kijima-san was a woman dressed in male clothing wasn’t it!”

“It appeared to have happened last year, too! After last year’s festival, didn’t one of the boys from another school confess? Kijima-senpai!” (5)

Shit, don’t remind me of something so unpleasant. In my life, there have been no good memories of school festivals.

If possible, I would like to absent for that period, but I’m generally selected as a member of the executive committee. It is as if they’re totally preventing my escape.

I was genuinely made to become a member of the student council by force, but since it was troublesome, I declined. In exchange for that, I have been forced to participle with being a festival’s executive committee member.

The student council does the festival until graduation once a year, which then the executive committee takes over. If asked who they choose to restrain, it is needless to think it would be the formers.

“Uooooooooooaaaahhhh! Kijima-senpaiiiiiiiii! Raaaaaaaaabuuuuuuu!”

Pushing their way through the darkness, something approaches with an intense force while giving a cry like a beast that can vibrate the atmosphere.

Is a girl riding a bicycle? But, they’re coming here with the look of a demon. Moreover, at a fierce speed that’s unthinkable for a bicycle.

I’m now only afraid.

“Sachiko! Here, here! Hurry, hurry!”

“Uygaaaaaaa! Kijima-senpaiiiiiiii!”

Did they even increase speed?

‘How many times do these guys multiply? For mercy’s sake, please let me go now.

_____

It was half an hour later that I was at last freed.

A photography meeting started in front of the convenience store, and as they took ceremonial photos with each one smiling, they demanded a handshake and a signature.

The handshake was fine, but a signature was a problem.

Meanwhile, two more people were added, and then they stopped collecting when three more arrived, and since I couldn’t help it, I had bought juice and cake in the convenience store, gave them it, and then they began to eat.

“After this, you may call out to my casually. Ah, sorry, that reminds me I

have business. Since I'm already late, too, you better return early. It is dangerous in many ways if a cute girl is walking at night. Well then, see you at school!"

I said all that to deceive them and escaped. And then to make sure, I went to the opposite direction of my house and made detour home.

I would become extremely troublesome if they followed to my apartment.

Goddamn, kiddie bitches. Killing my precious time.

Haa, it isn't easy playing an honor student.

———

Arrived at my apartment with sighs, I check my watch.

The time is past 8:00 pm. It has become very late.

With thinking that eating is a waste timewise, I bought ingredients at the supermarket. Satonaka would do something if I hand the ingredients over.

However, I cannot make Ogasawara Makoto set foot in the kitchen. I don't know what she's capacity of, but it most likely won't be good.

I also loaded the stuff I got in the shoe and clothe store in the station locker she left her baggage in. She will take these tomorrow.

I will be successfully obtained quite the in depth of information concerning Ogasawara Shizuka.

If Ogasawara Makoto depends on Satonaka, it will become easy for Satonaka to sneak into her home. With that being the case, it'll become easy to collect info.

Therefore, today and tomorrow I should make Satonaka and Ogasawara Makoto get along well.

———

The elevator stopped and the doors slid open. Whew, I finally arrived. For some reason, I felt strangely tired. All this was probably due to those fucking kiddie bitches. I sighed just from recalling it.

I got off the elevator and walked down the corridor, finally arriving in front of my apartment. I then inserted my key and entered inside.

"It's quiet…"

Even though I opened the door, I could not hear anyone. I had thought that Ogasawara Makoto would surely be clamoring inside.

As I walked down the hallway and opened the door I bumped into, only

the orange glow from a night light slightly illuminated the dark interior of the room.

“What? Don’t tell me they’ve already gone to bed—”

“Hmmmm”

Wondering who I was muttering to, I heard that faint voice. As I turned to look in the direction I heard the voice coming from, I saw the appearance of Satonaka who was sitting with her back against the wall. Ogasawara Makoto was lying beside her, using her thighs as a lap pillow.

Oi oi, you’re really sleeping? Even though the time can be said to be late, it’s not even past nine yet, you know! You’re like a child!

I first headed to the kitchen to organize the ingredients I bought. Afterward, I headed back to Satonaka.

Satonaka, who had been patting Ogasawara Makoto’s head as she laid there, grinned and laughed upon seeing me.

“Welcome back. You sure took your time, didn’t you?”

As Satonaka asked me in a whisper, I lowered myself down next to her and sat.

“I let myself borrow a sweater, since we can’t afford to just sleep about in our uniforms.”

Saying so, Satonaka pinches the neck of the black sweater. Because it's mine, it was baggy on her.

When I lower my gaze, Ogasawara Makoto was wearing one of my sweaters like Satonaka, but of a different color. That was fine, but while Ogasawara Makoto looked comfortable as she slept and breathed deeply, she was also nibbling on the edge of the sleeve.

Playfully biting the clothes of the master makes her seem completely like a pet dog. My frickin' sweatshirt is covered in saliva.

While glaring at Ogasawara Makoto, I brought a sandwich to Satonaka's mouth.

She was surprised, but opened her mouth and took a bite.

"Mhamohm. Ohmahu wkme mohan euyahm ohm."

I couldn't understand the words said while her face was stuffed.

"Talk after you swallow. I don't understand what you said."

As I said that to her, I brought the plastic bottle tea alongside the sandwich and pushed that to her mouth.

In the dim, orange light, she appeared to be slightly embarrassed, and then gave a joyful laugh with touching her lips on the tip of the bottle.

“Puhaaa, delicious. Since I couldn’t move, you saved me. You’re still the same as ever, aren’t you~.”

To her lips speaking with a smile, I forcibly pushed the sandwich. She bites it.

Humph, Ogasawara Makoto is sleeping nice and quietly. She will start making noise again if she gets up. I had to fill Satonaka’s energy up so that she wouldn’t get up.

In other words, my actions are necessary and have no other intentions. You might say it’s like replenishing a convenient tool with oil.

When I gave the sandwich and tea in terms, I confirmed that she was satisfied with a nod, stood up, took a blanket, and got next to Satonaka. And then, I covered Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka with the blanket.

It will be busy all day tomorrow. It would trouble me if they caught a cold and had to stay in bed.

“Hehehe, thank you very much……”

When I stared at Satonaka who was blushing and smiling, she took down my waist next to me.

“Makoto-chan, was crying until just now. ‘Kijima-san is gone’, she said. But when she found out you were coming back, she cried. I think she was

definitely looking for a reason to."

Placing her head on my shoulder, she muttered while kidney pattering Ogasawara Makoto's head.

It would have been correct to have cried when I left. And even if she cried, it's just troublesome.

"She's really a cute child. She's also a strong, delicate, and weak one. I clearly understand why you're concerned."

Moving the blanket with her restless movement, she touched my hand under it. And then, she grasped it.

"It will be a lot of fun, tomorrow…… with Makoto-chan……"

She gradually spoke her words in small pauses. When her words were completely broken off, only the breathing of the two people sleeping was heard within the room.

The hand which was grasping mine was strongly grasped as if it never wanted to separate with her small breathing.

"I will enjoy me myself tomorrow…"

I said those words. What kind of training will I give tomorrow? It is natural to have Satonaka be exposed downtown, but then Ogasawara Makoto will debut in her real exposure.

When Satonaka fades Ogasawara Makoto's wariness, combined with the reassurance that she's not alone, that's the only way the training will be possible.

In any days, it will be a fun holiday.

I have a heavy schedule for tomorrow. It is still slightly early, but should I take a nap to preserve my physical strength?

I closed my eyes while listening to the calm breathing of the two sleeping.

A meat toilet is a trained outlet for lust. Obedient and deal with every sexual idea, they're able to have let out one's lust as many times as one would like. It can certainly be said it's a male ideal. There is a great different from those goddamn kiddie bitches who I got involved with at the convenience store.

That does not mean I'm relieved. After all, I only feel all women are meat toilets.

As I felt a strange suffocation, I opened my eyes slightly.

Inside the room, it was only dimly lit by the orange night light. However, daylight spilled forth from the gap between the curtains.

It's morning huh. I apparently fell asleep at some point.

It was the first time I slept that deeply in a long while. Come to think of it, I didn't have any nightmares.

"Well, reality is more like the nightmare, though…"

My back should have been leaning against the wall, but not knowing when I ended up lying on the floor instead. Well, that's fine and normal.

The problem was the two people sleeping on either side of me.

"Kuh, I'm stuck…"

In the front, Satonaka appeared to be sleeping comfortably, quietly breathing in and out, with her face buried into my chest while hugging me tightly. Even her legs were wrapped around mine.

And then from the back, two hands were wrapped around me just like some sort of spirit. I couldn't see behind me, but without a doubt, it was that fellow. Then, those huge boobs pressed against the center of my back also belonged to that fellow. And just like Satonaka, my leg was also being entangled with hers.

Though the two of them were wearing my sweaters, they were still wearing clothing only on the top half of their bodies. Due to that, since both of their legs were entangled with my legs, their white supple thighs were being exposed to my eyes.

Ogasawara Makoto's thighs were plump but not overly so, and Satonaka's thighs, while also being slightly slimmer, had a womanly charm. Both had a fair complexion, but Satanaka's stood out as slightly whiter.

Speaking of which, Satonaka's mother seemed to have come from the northeastern mountains, which was famous for producing many fair-skinned ladies. That northwestern accent was one of the reasons why Satonaka was reserved in the past, or so I heard from the person herself.

Certainly when I was in elementary school, I had thought that the intonation of Satonaka's speech had been slightly accented. But the person herself hadn't seemed to have noticed it.

In addition, where I'm from is also within the northwestern area. Due to the close proximity of the towns in the forests to what was known as the largest city in the northwestern area, my dialect seemed to have disappeared, but compared to standard Japanese, my intonation still carries some peculiarities.

In short, the fools who made fun of Satonaka's accent were definitely pots calling the kettle black.

During that time when I was small, I might have thought that a person like Satonaka was better off having a slight accent. Now, though, she has

completely changed to standard Japanese.

“Munyamunya… Kijima-san…”

“Guh?! Guah?!”

At the same time I heard muttering coming from behind me, the feeling of hands wrapped around my stomach disappeared, and in the next moment, two hands extended abruptly from behind me and wrapped around my neck. And then those hands which had grabbed onto the jacket I was wearing began to slowly strangle me.

With her hands crossed and grabbing my jacket, this was like a judo chokehold.

This was bad. Though it wasn’t to the extent where I couldn’t completely breathe, it was impossible to speak out. Moreover, at this rate, I was likely to faint.

This was no joke. To fail here due to these girls making me faint was no laughing matter.

“Unyuu… Kijima-san is perverted… umyaa.”

Following that, a murmur could be heard from around my chest. At the same time, Satonaka had wrapped her arms around my middle and slowly begun to put maximum strength into her arms.

“Kahhh—Hyuu—Huuuuuu.”

Right then, she did a Bear Hug (sumo wrestling move). Thanks to that, the remaining oxygen in my lungs was forced out.

“O, Ogasa—Sato—gi—giv—give—!”

My view gradually faded with my neck being strangled and receiving a Bear Hug. My consciousness was moving farther and farther away. This was bad, really bad. At this rate, I really will black out.

You have got to be fucking kidding me: who the hell is going to faint?! I absolutely won’t black out here. Even if I lose everything, there’s no way I’m going to faint here.

“Kwimaja-sewam……asw esqpected owf wou.”

“Kwimja-shan…….wou pwervert.”

Somewhere in my receding consciousness, I heard those idiotic mutters from the two idiots.

These girls…… you better remember this!

———

The time is around nine o’clock in the morning. Today, I was going to

take Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka along to do the training while shopping downtown. Or so was the plan, but…

“Ki, Kijima-san, it, it wasn’t, on, on purpose, you know! Kuu, because I was asleep, hiiii!”

“Ki, Kijima-shuan, aauuuu, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! Uukyuu.”

Dressed in a dark brown blazer, with a red, green, and blue tartan checkered skirt, was Satonaka. And then, in the black sailor uniform with a red ribbon scarf and a pleated skirt which was also black, was Ogasawara Makoto.

Right now, these two people were lined up, side by side on the floor upon their knees and hands.

I was crouched behind them, flipping both of their skirts while focusing my gaze at the center of their exposed white asses, and thrusted anal sticks in and out of their anuses.

Both of their white behinds were trembling from the continuous vibrations of the anal sticks. It was quite a spectacular scenery.

In the end, I fainted. Thanks to the two idiots, I pitifully fainted. What a disgrace.

A matter such as blacking out due to a meat toilet cannot be allowed. Of course, it’s unforgivable.

“Thank you. Thanks to you, I could experience the greatest waking up experience ever. I’ll never forget this for the rest of my life. At least to have me give you my thanks, please accept it.”

While laughing thinly, I spoke towards the two white bottoms I could see in front of me.

“His voice is, is scary! W, What should we do Makoto-chan, Kijima-san seems seriously angry.”

“Awawawa, what should we do, Satonaka-sempai?! I, I, I’ve never seen Kijima-san in a state of actually being angry!”

While on all fours, they stared at each other’s faces which became paler with an impatient expression.

“Fufu, you don’t need to be that reserved. To you, the people who gave me the best kind of wake up, didn’t I say that I just wanted to give you a small show of my gratitude?”

Saying so with a smile, I suddenly slapped Satonaka’s rear with my palm. In reaction to that, Satonaka’s butt jerked and jumped up.

“Eh, you don’t need to!”

While buzzing, Satonaka shakes her head side to side while refusing with a loud cry.

“S, Satonaka-sempai, Kijima-san seems like he wants to show his gratitude, yeah? I, I want to receive it.”

On the other side, Ogasawara Makoto was asking Satonaka as she watched while blushing with an excited expression on her face.

“Unyaaaaa! Do, Don’t be fooled, Makoto-chan! When Kijima-san says something kind, you absolutely cannot trust his words!!”

In front of Ogasawara Makoto, who seemed to have taken my words at face value, Satonaka was screaming with a desperate expression. Although Satonaka seems to have realized my true intention, Ogasawara Makoto doesn’t seem to have caught on at all.

I see, I see, so Ogasawara Makoto wants a small reward from me?

“Something kind? Even though Kijima-san is always being kind?”

In response to Satonaka’s desperate calls, she responds while tilting her head. Is that so, I’m always being nice, huh. In that case, let me do something even nicer.

“Don’t! Makoto-chan! It’ll be bad if you don’t beg for the punishment! Because the reward or whatever is never anything decentt—aah!”

“I think it’s surely going to be a super wonderful reward!”

Satonaka’s desperate persuasion was in vain as Ogasawara Makoto was

in a state of breathing heavily through her nose, [with] stars in her deep black eyes, a blushing face, and an expectant appearance.

"This girl is hopeless! Ki, Kijima-san! I'll take on two people's portion of punishment, so! Unnn, even three or four or ten people's portions, I'll take it all! So, please forgive Makoto-chan!"

Upon seeing Ogasawara Makoto's appearance, Satonaka's already pale face became even paler as she twisted her neck to look back at me, begging desperately.

Realizing it was useless no matter what she said to her, Satonaka seems to have switched her target of persuasion to me. It's a good decision if I were in the mood to be persuaded. Unfortunately, it's futile as I have not the slightest intention of accepting Satonaka's entreaty.

"Ogasawara, you want the reward?"

"Y, Yes! I want it!"

"Don't! Makoto-chan, don't do it!!"

In response to my question, Ogasawara Makoto nods repeatedly. Confirmed what she did, I ignored the scream of Satonaka echoing into the room, and stood up straight. And then, I squatted down before her face when I snuck around in front of her.

With her looking up at me with expectant eyes. Satonaka shook her head intensely while also crying.

“I, I want…….your reward.”

“Yes, I understand. Since it seems Satonaka doesn’t seem to need it, I’ll give both to you.”

“Don’ttttttt…….Makoto-chan, he’s tricking you, don’t do it……”

While on all fours, I touched the cheek of Ogasawara Makoto looking up at me, and she smiled with her grinding her cheeks in my hand. Satonaka let out a sorrowful mutter as she saw that.

As expected, even Satonaka was unable to deduce what kind of reward I was probably going to give. However, she deduced correctly that it wasn’t anything decent.

“Ogasawara, kneel on your knees.”

“Yes……”

Upon hearing my instruction, she knelt on her knees with her face dyed red while nodding. Satonaka watched her with a pale face. It seemed like tears would overflow from her moist, auburn eyes at any moment.

Despite her worry, Ogasawara Makoto stood on her knees to me, and looked at me with expectful eyes. I rolled up her blouse and made her well shaped, big, white breasts be exposed.

Her breasts shook. The stiff, reddish nipple was pointed most likely due to either the anal stick inserted in her anus or from the expectation of getting a reward from me, were already erected to the limit.

“Ogasawara, roll up your skirt. And then expose your clitoris using your fingers.”

The regardless honest Ogasawara Makoto, following my orders, lifted her skirt herself, and then reached between her white thighs with her hand and peeled back the skin covering her clitoris.

“Nnnn……”

Her bright red clitoris made an appearance. Ogasawara Makoto, giving a dim moan with a smile, bites her lower lip. It seems to feel good just from the skin being peeled.

The preparations were now set. I shall now assume giving your reward.

Before that, I grinned when I side glanced at Satonaka. Having suddenly noticed I saw her, she looked up at Ogasawara Makoto while being flustered.

“T, That can’t be……”

Did she notice? It is the whisper attack that tormented you so badly yesterday. I’m going to make Ogasawara Makoto have a taste of it, too. However, don’t think it will be the same as yesterday. After all, it’s a reward for two.

Ogasawara, I'll give you climax hell which will make you go crazy. You will have a glimpse of the pleasure paradise ahead.

"M, Makoto-chan! Hold onto yourself tightly! You mustn't be engulfed in his whispers! If you do, there is no coming back!"

She inevitably called out to her impatiently. But, Ogasawara Makoto doesn't seem to see anyone else but me now. Her head is full of the reward.

"Please, Kijima-san! Makoto-chan is a really pure child! Whisper attacks are too much of a heavy burden! Please, rethink this! If you don't, she will break!"

Realizing it was futile to call out to Ogasawara Makoto, she changed her target to me and quickly tried useless persuasion.

I don't care what she had to say. The sins that were dropped onto me. The sins of the humiliation you made me taste. That is the greatest of sins which are immeasurable. A meat toilet should compensate punishment with their body.

"Ogasawara, you're quite a bit prettier than before."

While moving my hand to her cheek, I began to gently whisper.

Losing the brightness in her cheek at my hand, she opened her eyes wide. And then, turning into a red hot color, her face boiled.

“T, That……to say that……too cruel……”

Satonaka shakily muttered. When I cast a sideglance to Satonaka for a moment, she was trembling continuously and looking up at Ogasawara Makoto with her auburn eyes which displayed sorrow.

Kuku, how was that? Well now, that’s the opening to climax hell. She will taste the tidal waves of never ending pleasure.

“Ogasawara, you, really are nowadays—”

When I grabbed her breast with my left hand while further whispering, I pinched her nipple. And then, I extended my right between her crotch. Ogasawara Makoto had a full on smile upon her face.

“He, hehe…….said I was pretty……you said I was pretty! ……I’m so happy that I could cry.”

“Eh?”

Huh? What? Is she a little pleased?

Clinging to me, Ogasawara Makoto rubbed her cheeks into my chest with her full smile, and tears gathered in the corner of her eyes.

No, that isn’t it, it’s completely different from the development that I believed would happen.

She should have opened her eyes wide, her face turning so red as if it

was burning, and then saying nothing more, she would be writhing in pleasure. Moreover, a wave of pleasure would approach whenever I whispered, and after she kept climaxing, she should be asking nothing less than forgiveness.

The same as Satonaka was yesterday.

It can't be that she's unaffectedly pleased with my words……this is unexpected.

Being confused, I began to panic and worriedly looked at Satonaka. Then, unexpectedly for her, she watched me in amazement.

"O, Oi, Satonaka, why is she unaffected to my words?"

"I, I also was going to ask that……"

She muttered while returning my words. Even though she heard it, she couldn't answer at all. After all, Satonaka saw hell when she took my whisper attack.

"……Wait a minute."

She whispered in a shocked state. And then, a blue vein rose on her temple.

"Wait just a minute. Why is she unaffected? Isn't that cunningness?"

With a dark smile floating on her face while trembling, she moved from the order of getting on all fours and approached Ogasawara Makoto's

back as her smile twitched. And then, she firmly grabbed her shoulder.

"H, Hey, Makoto-chan. Is it a lie? Is it a lie? It is a lie what Kijima-san said just now. She was trying to tease you."

A smiling face that was not laughing, she spoke to her in a shaking voice as she pulled the grasped shoulder.

On the other side of Ogasawara Makoto, she clung to me tightly like she will never let go. On the contrary, with her calm expression and patient smile, she was rubbing her cheek against my chest like usual.

"H, Hey, Makoto-chan? I'm the senior, you know? The massage assistant senior? The admirable one? So, yeah? Let go. Let go of Kijima-san. Let's do that, okay?"

Although she's asking kindly, her voice is trembling while pulling her shoulder, which doesn't give a calm impression.

"Although you're the senior in massage assistance, our grade is the same."

Looking over at Satonaka in an instant while having her face buried in my chest, Ogasawara Makoto answered her and turned away quickly.

"G, Get away! E, Even I! Even I want to be honestly fawned over by Kijima-san! And yet, it's only you, you sly little!"

She was steadily pulling her with one hand grasped onto her shoulder,

and now she had both grasped onto her with her voice raised and tears in her eyes to pull her away with all her effort.

However, because she was clinging to me with her full strength, she couldn't be torn off even if Satonaka struggled.

"You said for me to be honest, Satonka-senpai. I'm just following your orders."

Face buried in my chest, she declared so in a stuck up attitude.

"T, That's right, but! I said buttt! But, Makoto-chan, you're only being sly! I want to be fawned over by Kijima-san, too!"

Realizing she was no match for her power, she burst into tears with her hands onto her shoulders. Ogasawara Makoto glanced sideways at Satonaka, and while letting out a small sigh, she separated from me.

"You are special, kay? I'll lend him to you only for a little bit."

"Uu, thank you, Makoto-chan. I really love you, Makoto-chan……"

Separating her hands from her shoulders and placing them onto her eyes, she seriously cried and spoke kindly like a cradled child. Having heard those words, Ogasawara Makoto nodded while crying.

I looked at the scene in utter amazement. What is this? What is this strange development?

“W, Well, I’ll borrow him for a bit, yeah?”

“Yes, only a little, kay? Please return him immediately, yeah?”

“Uh-huh, I understand, thank you.”

Staring at each other, they exchanged a conversation with a smile. And then, Satonaka approached me with flushed cheeks.

Kneeling in front of me, she smiled with her cheeks wet with tears, and when she unbuttoned her blazer and blouse, her breasts were revealed. And then when she raised her skirt herself, she was going to peel the clitoris’ skin with a finger, but it was already peeled back with it being erected.

“Yes, please.”

Flushed, she smiled as she was embarrassed. What is with,”Yes, please.”?

“You are an idiot.”

“Hehe, that isn’t right~. Like Makoto-chan a while ago, say I am also pretty~. Will you say I’m delicate?”

I glared at Satonaka with scornful eyes, but she raised a voice like a spoiled brat with lusty eyes and a pleasant smile.

“You idiot.”

“T, Those aren’t the words, yeah? Hey, I would like to be called like Makoto-chan was a bit ago—”

“You idiot.”

“T, That isn’t it, yeah? Like Makoto-chan a while ag—”

“You idiot.”

“…..Uuh.”

“You idiot.”

“……I’m not an idiot.”

Each time Satonaka asked a question, I would strike it down, and each time her face would grimace a bit more, until finally, on the verge of tears, she feel dejected and clung to Ogasawara Makoto.

“Waaahh, Makoto-channn. Kijima-san is tormenting meeeee.”

“There, there. He’s not able to say you’re pretty, but I’m able to. You really are.”

“Waaaah! Society is hardddddddd!”

To Ogasawara Makoto's words, which I don't know if they're either mean or comforting, Satonaka nodded while crying.

"M, Makoto-chan, please teach me to have him pamper me."

"Haa, it can't be helped, can it? You're a special case."

"Thank you, Makoto-chan, I really love you."

"There, there."

I looked at the two who exchanged a conversation while hugging each other and recovered slowly.

This is hopeless. It's already beyond help for Satonaka. The Ogasawara Makoto disease has spread completely.

———

Beginning to take my leave of these two idiots, I packed necessary things in my bag.

My motivation was a little lost, but it seems fine. If I train them downtown, these idiots will realize reality. And then, they'll be stricken with humiliation.

When I got up, I threw the bag over my shoulder and looked back.

“You okay? Will you please listen carefully?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Kijima-san said I was cute. That means, in other words, he thought I was cute.”

“Uh-huh.”

“So, it seems he thought I was cute.”

“Uh-huh. Is that the secret to being pampered by Kijima-san?”

“That is it! You need to be considered cute!”

“I see! H, How do I seem cute?”

“I don’t know. However, it’s true that he thought I was cute!”

“….Uuh, you are only braggingggg!”

The two idiots sat on the floor for a meeting and still exchanged a stupid conversation.

Both of them were sitting with their uniforms, which can’t be helped

since they only have those.

They also have no particular baggage. In other words, they are ready. That is fine, but.

Satonaka, don't you know that her viewpoint is inadequate? How is it then acceptable?

"I am taller."

Putting a hand on her head, Ogasawara Makoto then suddenly moved the hand aside. It moved over Satonaka's, and she then suddenly complained while her eyes watered.

"…..Uuu, I'm a midget.

"I also have bigger breasts."

Touching her chest through her uniform, Ogasawara Makoto raised them to show off to Satonaka. As her eyes watered even more, she spilled another complaint, and while placing her hands on the floor, she looked down disappointedly.

"…..Uuu, even though I'm bigger than averageeeeee~"

As she was depressed, Ogasawara Makoto continued to make further attacks on Satonaka. Ogasawara Makoto, do you have a grudge against her!?

“Oi, you, cut it out! We are going out soon.”

“Okay!”

“……Yes.”

With Ogasawara Makoto, who raised her right hand and answering in a lively manner, Satonaka weakly answered as her head hung. I glanced at the two and then went to the front door.

It is good that Ogasawara Makoto has become attached to Satonaka, but it’s like their roles have unexpectedly reversed.

I freely control Ogasawara Makoto, and have Satonaka grasped by the reins, but this may be a little problem.

Good grief, do I have no choice but to defeat herself with my own hand after all? Satonaka isn’t useful. But……

“Satonaka-senpai! Let’s go quickly! Kijima-san is just about to leave!”

“U, Uh-huh.”

When Ogasawara Makoto got up and held out her hand to Satonaka, she took it and unsteadily stood up.

She looked at depressed Satonaka with a full smile which she never showed to a high school friend. It is a smile she only shows to me.

Apparently, she’s somewhat depending on Satonaka just as planned.

Satonaka is a factory-grade meat toilet after all. For once, I do have to accept that everything is going smoothly.

Located right outside of the apartment wasthe shopping arcade next to the station.

During weekdays, it would be a disordered shopping arcade with people coming and going, but on the weekends, it was considerably flooded with people.

If you want something, people simply gather here. In other words, if there was something you wanted, then you could find it here where most everything is.

Because of all the famous fast food chain stores located here, students were also likely to come and queue up.

Normally I rather hate noise, but I had found the closely located shopping arcade was the most convenient and handy place.

The wide two-lane road for only pedestrians was paved with brick.

In the center aisle of the road, matching intervals of trees were planted in the roadside verge, and benches were placed in a circle around those trees.

The shopping arcade was not only huge, but it was also a shopping district. Nowadays, the huge department store and shopping mall have expanded their reach, but it’s because they’re able to fulfill their desire purpose completely, that this shopping area has gotten such a public response.

Additionally, young people also gathered here. Not just a lot of university students and high school students, but there were also a lot of middle school students. And though they are wearing casual clothes, there appeared to be a group of elementary school girls. Those girls were giddily calling out to men with smiles on their faces.

Though it's main purpose is shopping, it has also became a place for socializing and relaxing, so perhaps it can be stated the area's original purpose has gotten an expanded.

Though in exchange, the higher incidence of crime could be a disadvantage.

And although it's obvious, but the possibility of encountering students from our high school was very high.

For that one part of Ogasawara Makoto training where we had gone to the large shopping mall in the next city, the students from our high school rarely visited there. Compared to that, this arcade street's existence is huge.

Not only was it nearby, but it was a shopping district that had everything. Moreover, their entertainment facilities are enriched, too. Even so, we purposely paid the train fare to ride to the next town.

At any rate, since the train is a roundabout one, I can get us some fast food.

"Kijima-san, where are you planning on going?"

“Hmm, since we’re doing the training, perhaps we are entering a suitable store?”

As I walked along, pushing the crowd away, Ogasawara Makoto muttered with looking around restlessly. And then, Satonaka answered while leading Ogasawara Makoto by the hand.

Ogasawara is unpredictable when I take my eyes off her, but if Satonaka is here, there won’t be any issues.

Even if she got separated from me, I can predict Satonaka’s actions. Thus, I can easily join back up.

Satonaka has to return home once it’s morning today. She is a factory-grade meat toilet in the end, but since she’s very convenient with being a guard for Ogasawara Makoto, it also feels like a slight pain.

“Training……where? With this many people?”

Ogasawara Makoto muttered in a voice that appeared to be slightly uneasy while reviewing the area. Differently from Satonaka, she had little experience with exposure in any place other than in front of me.

We did do the training inside the electric train to the shopping small, and then continued it inside the movie theater.

Moreover, at that time when she held the feeling of peeing her pants,

the enema produced a mental state which was without any composure. Her desire to discharge was bigger than humiliation.

However, it's different this time. It is because all the things told she told me in the apartment.

It is also meaningful that Satonaka is near her.

It is more meaningful that Satonaka is also near her.

She is not alone. There is an encouraging support by her side. I will bring that inside her mentally. The situation is different from the shopping mall training, where was so absorbed with enduring her desires.

In other words, she will be calm with her shame.

"Makoto-chan, it's okay, when Kijima-san is around there will be no problems."

"That is right, but, but……"

When I leer back to check the two as they didn't notice, Ogasawara Makoto, who was led by Satonaka's hand, looked a little down and blushed as Satonaka answered her question.

"To be honest, I don't want anyone but Kijima-san to seem me in my practice state……"

To her words, which were faint, Satonaka closes her eyes partly and smiles. It is just like she's a mother who's looking at her young daughter.

"I know, I know, I understand your feeling very well~! I also was like that at first, too."

And then she answered while nodding a lot.

"Buttt, I believe my heart was pounding out of my chest and the stress had wonderfully left my body. Kijima-san said some way or another before,'it is fine, I won't make you do this much.' "

She hit a fist at Ogasawara Makoto's small back, but different from Ogasawara Makoto's suspicious behavior, she's clearly calm.

As Ogasawara Makoto has black eyes and long hair in comparison of her rather high height and bigger than average breasts, Satonaka's figure is delicately small with thin, pigmented hair and pupils which give a strong impression of a child. However, with being asked which one is grown up between Satonaka and Ogasawara Makoto, everyone would reply Satonaka.

There is one element that's the most important when forming a human being. How big does their mind affect the area? Satonaka is the role model. And her spirit also vividly displays that appearance.

The strong brightness in her eyes give off a cautious view to the area while also having a subtle impression of composure inside them.

In fact, when a man passes by ogling Ogasawara Makoto, they subsequently miss Satonaka's as they got flustered. However, majority of the men's eyes had frequently caught glances of her.

Ogasawara Makoto has white skin like snow, and long, raven black hair that gives off a fascinating, childish feel. Moreover, she had big breasts which are slightly disproportionate for a girl. Ogasawara Makoto had the indecent charm of a girl and woman mixture; sexy, but fragily unstable.

And then when they look at Satonaka when meeting her face in a cross path, and yet, they know she's very aware. She changes her directly slightly when she receives a man's glaze, which silently shows a will of refusal. With that in mind, she's putting her heart and soul into first handedly defending Ogasawara Makoto's on her left side.

"Moreoverrrr, Kijima-san is near when I'm exposed. When we walked downtown, I think I was like you now; he would always place his hand on my left, and lead me."

Satonaka looked at the distance with remembering the old days, and smiled with nostalgia.

"Is that so? Then, why are you leading me by the hand? I also want Kijima-san to."

Satonaka was speaking heartily to her. Still, Ogasawara Makoto couldn't read the atmosphere.

With a bitter smile on her face as she scratches her head, Satonaka nodded at her and glanced at me.

“It can’t be helped. I didn’t want to trouble Kijima-san, so I will make do with you.”

“……Thank you.”

I’m not supporting her, but Satonaka, you can get angry at the idiot.

“I am slightly annoyed……”

She had spoken in a malicious and stuck up attitude, but she seems lonely and muttered as she looked at my back.

“Annoyed? Why?”

Having heard Ogasawara Makoto’s mutter, Satonaka looked puzzled and asked her.

“I know. I know how much Kijima-san trusts you. His attitude to me and to you is completely different. Ugh, isn’t it that Kijima-san pays even more attention to you, and not at all for me?”

Ogasawara Makoto separated her eyes from my back, and then turned them over to Satonaka, who led her. The clear sight of jealousy was seen within her eyes.

It was more than expected. For her to have openly show her honest feelings here. It seems she's dependent on Satonaka at a rate faster than I assumed.

"Y, Yeah. Even if it has been two years, even though it may seem different on the surface, we have been long friends……"

Quickly avoided Ogasawara Makoto's honest eyes, she subdued answered in an embarrassment while blushing.

"Is that right? Although I cannot imagine that he changes his attitude to any person such as one he has known a long time, yes?"

"Y, Yeah……"

To her question, Satonaka raised a groan and let her eyes swim from being troubled.

Her words definitely shot like an arrow.

As someone who plays the honor student, I rarely expose my true self even if we're acquaintances for a how long. Ogasawara Makoto isn't an expectation either as I give her meat toilet training.

Much like Satonaka, once she exposes the transformation into a meat toilet will be complete. All the training I have given her, is it even

necessary to hide her from knowing Satonaka's dependable position?

"Yeah, yeah, it would be rude if I denied it, Makoto-chan. Yeah, I'm the most trusted than anyone else for him. I'm reliable as well as being even more credible than his own family!"

Pitching an over the wall lie, Satonaka held a direct and calm expression, and then glancing towards Ogasawara Makoto, she had a smile on.

What is this thing about being more credibility than my own family? Don't get conceited with you overbearing delusions. I was merely eliminated like math math.

Since I was deserted from my family, I don't have anyone reliable there. Although I had people that could be stated as friends in my hometown, I rarely opened up from being used like a chest piece.

So I guess she could be stated as beyond my own family, but being the most reliable would be a mistake.

I don't trust her completely. I have no one else other than her, so naturally her name simply popped into my head.

"....That is quite the confident remark, isn't it? Even if it's you, that's the face Kijima completely trusts. Honestly, it makes me furious. But, there is no helping it if it's true.

Gritting her teeth, Ogasawara Makoto, who would normally never show

it openly, scowled at Satonaka. It was an expression beyond disproportionate for her.

Because she usually suppress herself, her spirit is impossible to control when it explodes. That part of her is frightening. I don't know what to do.

However, unusually since Ogasawara Makoto's anger is to this point, Satonaka looks at her while humming a tune.

Of course. Since Ogasawara Makoto keeps holding herself in, she would continue doing so.

And, Satonaka never has been defeated once as far as I know. Even if she received how much caustic handling, she would continue groveling forward. This means Satonaka would win against her no matter what.

"I'll tell you since you're special. I am the most trusted to Kijima-san. In which case, isn't that why he left me to you? I don't know how you were before I came along, but has Kijima-san left you to anyone?"

"T, That……"

Overthrown with the urge to say it isn't that, Satonaka uttered the words gently while gracing a soft smile. Sensing her hidden strength of composure, Ogasawara Makoto silently shrunk back and looked at Satonaka with upturned eyes.

"That is why I got mad. He called me with expressly entrusting me to a young lady. It as though he treasures you like a princess, isn't it? You

understand? You're simply that special. Honestly speaking, shouldn't I the one who envies you a lot?"

Puffing out her cheeks, Satonaka glares at Ogasawara Makoto, but doesn't seem to be that angry. Nevertheless, the force of her composure cannot be defeated by her so easily.

Venting her own angry upright, Satonaka took it head on without dogging it. Moreover, she still had her calmness.

"S, Sorry……"

Shrunken back even more, Ogasawara Makoto looked just like a scolded dog.

"Oooh! I love handling princess girls~!

Inside the crowd of people, Satonaka suddenly raised her voice, which startled the neighboring passersby and caused them to then pay attention to her.

Oi, Oi, why did that idiot suddenly raise her voice? I don't want to attract attention, so don't make any noise!

And yet in the face of being watched, she quickly placed a hand on her waist and begun to shake her buttock. I couldn't bear watching this

amount of stupidity anymore.

Due to Satonaka's sudden action, Ogasawara Makoto, who was dumbfounded, tightened her expression. And then, she quickly placed a hand on her waist just like Satonaka.

"I wanted to get closer to you without hesitation~!"

Again like Satonaka, Ogasawara Makoto waved her bottom and raised her voice.

From the two people screaming, as well as waving their asses, the scene we made had double.

M, My head.....I have a headache.

The passer-byes had stopped. The passing people, particularly males, began to gather a circle around the two idiots. They may have thought it was an event or something.

"Treat me more kindly~! I devote so much to you~!"

Satonaka screamed as she shook her bottom A cheer arises from the area. Moreover, with her bold attitude, Satonaka really didn't feel any shame, which made it seem like it was a complete performance.

Stars twinkling in Ogasawara Makoto's eyes that stared at Satonaka. She is clearly interested. No, she is certainly thrilled.

“I am a burdonnnn~! I will do anything~!”

Raising her buttock alongside her voice again, she had a full on smile with her face flushed.

Different from Satonaka, she appears embarrassed, but also seems uplifted in the exhilaration of the public cheers.

Feeling my dizziness, I staggered aimlessly as I held my head with a hand.

The spectators kept gathering. The cheer built up. The two idiots are hopeless, but their appearances are first class. With them having commenced a street performance, it’s natural people gather around.

Moreover, the worst of all is that students wearing the uniform of my high school were inside the audience.

“Hey, isn’t that Ogasawara-san? What is she doing?”

“She may have started a band. Who is the child next to her?”

“No way, twin vocal with two beautiful girls?! Isn’t Sugiura-senpai in trouble? Isn’t all the popularity going to be had by Ogasawara-san?”

Several of the school girls in our uniform exchanged a conversation as they watched the two idiots surprised. Moreover, they’re photographing

it with their mobiles.

How did this happen? Do I leave these idiots here? No, the damage might spread if I left them unattended. But, I would like to avoid sticking out as much as I can.

I don't have a problem that it's know Ogasawara Makoto as a connection to Satonaka, but they cannot know I have one with her also. But even so, if I appear here, my connection will be exposed.

"The crow made a chirp, chirp~, and flew into the sky~!"

"The rabbit jumped with a bong, bong! It's cute little nose twitched~!"

Worried with what I should do to disappear into the audience, the two idiots caught me off guard with their singing. It has the tempo as a children song, but I haven't heard it either. Satonaka is the soprano, and Ogasawara Makoto sings a perfect harmony like an alto.

They are also shaking their buttocks. An interlude had begun to rise from the area in according to their swings.

Ogasawara Makoto felt embarrassed, but with getting caught up in the praise of the area, she began to further raise her voice and sing.

In this hopeless situation, there is but one thing I can do.

I have to forcibly take these two idiots. It will become hard to use

Satonaka as an investigation messenger if I do that, but it's much better than leaving her unattended and have the damage spread.

Also, Satonaka is still usable in many other ways. She is a role model to Ogasawara Makoto. So, it's wise to take them so this uproar doesn't go further out of hand.

Covering myself as much as I could with a hand, I was about ready to push the crowd aside and step forward.

Satonaka glanced at me, and then winked.

Then, I suddenly noticed, Satonaka was possibly……

Ogasawara Makoto showed hesitation about being exposed downtown. In other words, Ogasawara Makoto tends to dislike being the center of attention.

For Satonaka to have her uplifted with standing out, shouldn't she teach it from experience?

In which case, damage won't spread even when I leave them alone. Letting them do a proper performance, the crowd will breed and then leave in a moderate way.

Realizing that, I snuck ahead of the crowd gathered around them, and entered inside a nearby general store.

Satonaka's plan isn't bad, but I don't want to be seen as an acquaintance to them.

———

The two high school girls continued to sing the nursery rhyme-like song. Moreover, with the slow tempo and lovely vocal that recreated an echo, the scale of the crowd surrounding them grew.

I left those two unattended and went to kill time at a general store.

It soon will be the golden time. If they go on too long, the gathered crowd will leave.

Just when I thought that, an especially big cheer arose from outside.

When I looked outside for a moment, I saw two shadows which ran to this store's entrance. It was undoubtedly Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka.

The reason there are was big cheer is because the performance was finished. According to my prediction, a lot of people should have left.

Sure enough, as soon as the two people passed by the front of the store, my cell phone vibrated.

It was an email from Satonaka which told their current location.

To her email, I gave them instructions to go to station.

It can't be helped that they stood out. When I make Ogasawara Makoto be exposed, it will be necessary. So, I have no intentions to scold Satonaka at all.

Still, they became a little too conspicuous at the arcade street. If I act like I'm with those two, more people will surely be attracted.

Luckily, there were several of items crampily displayed in this store. There was a wig and glasses that attracted my glance, too. (1)

Concerning the wig, it's partially an extension one. Moreover, the price is reasonable unlike a professional one, but then again it might seem weird.

Well, it's fine. In the end I can disguise myself.

When disguising oneself, a hairstyle is the biggest point. A long haired woman is much better for an extension wig, but if a man suddenly grows out their hair, it will give people a completely different impression. (2)

An extension wig is possible to remove with a single touch. I chose one which closely resembled my hair. I also got black rimmed, ornamental glasses. Even if I have only those two items, I should be able to hide my real identity.

Bought the wig and glasses, I took off my hat, fitted the wig on top of my head, placed on the glasses, and then wore the hat again. And then, I

stood in front of a large mirror in the shop.

Yeah, perfect. The black hair is about the same as mine, and even though it's a cheap extension, it isn't that incongruous. More so with the hat I placed on.

With this, even if there was a student of my high school inside the mall's train, they won't notice it's me.

After checking myself several times in the mirror, I left to store and went to station to join the two.

———

Satonaka sent an message saying they made a detour along with their present location in detail.

Satonaka isn't that familiar here, but she's next to Ogasawara Makoto. The sentence full of information was clearly from her.

If Ogasawara Makoto is the one who sent it, it will by all means be complicated.

The email's final direction was the entrance of the west side station at the back.

"Huh? Is that Kijima-san in a ponytail……"

“Hahahahaha! That is so cute~!”

When I went up the stairs of the pedestrian bridge to the west station, two shadows overlook me from the top.

Oi, oi, you didn’t put on underwear! And despite that, they looked down and I got a full on view of the inside of their skirts.

With Satonaka’s being erotic in spite of being hairless, Ogasawara Makoto’s had faintly some. In addition, I could totally see the anal stick inserted into their anuses.

I looked around, but there doesn’t appear to be anyone to notice these two’s petit exposure.

Ran upstairs, I forcibly pulled Satonaka’s arm I grabbed. At the same time, I grabbed Ogasawara’s hand.

“You two are completely exposed from below!”

“Eh? Did you see? I was careful so that no one else but you would have seen it.”

Satonaka replied to me in an aloof manner.

“M, My heart is beating. Satonaka is really amazing after all……”

Standing next to Satonaka, Ogasawara Makoto was flushed while breathing a sigh of relief.

"All things considered, I never thought you would go with disguising yourself as a woman. Your attractiveness has really increased amazingly than when you were in middle sohool…this is dangerous."

Said such an idiotic thing, Satonaka's cheeks were red.

I don't think I'm crossdressing? I'm only wearing an extension wig and glasses. My hair has only grown, and I haven't changed my clothes; this has no connection to crossdressing.

"S, Satonaka-senpai, his ponytail is too cute. What do I do?"

Flushed, Ogasawara Makoto, whose breathing was raised while staring at me, grasped Satonaka's hand, pulled it, and said something ridiculous.

Who you calling cute? I didn't change my clothes, and this isn't a ponytail, it's a topknot. It is like a samurai.

"Perhaps the gathered up wig was easier to put up, and just so happens to look like a ponytail, yeah? Looking on Kijima-san in several aspects, it seems negligent and comparatively cheap. But yeah, it has the feeling of a captain for a female Kendo club, doesn't it?"

"Ah, I see, so it's……that, that I feel I can agree on."

Ignoring my glare, those two idiots willfully got excited.

Captain of a girl Kendo club……although I had subtly glazed at thought it looked samurai-like, a girl is too much.

Well, fine, all is good if I'm not currently being noticed. If it isn't out of place, I don't have a problem.

"Go, time is valuable."

Saying so, I began to walk towards the station's' entrance and the two whose hand were connected followed.

"Kijima-san, you aren't angry?"

Satonaka took quick steps as she lead Ogasawara Makoto, and then spoke to me as she got next to me.

Aren't I angry? She must mean the street performance they did a while ago.

"That is unnecessary. I decided it was useful part of the training. There isn't a reason to scold."

I casted a side glance to her and intruded so.

In fact, Ogasawara Makoto exposed the inside of her skirt to the bottom

of the stairs. That means if Satonaka suggests it, she will accomplish it greatly and smoothly.

"Eh? You're saying that? There is not meaning for you to get angry even when you recognized the proper reason to?"

"Y, yes, it's as Satonaka-senpai says. I thought you would certainly get angry. And since I got carried away……"

When Satonaka speaks to Ogasawara Makoto while smiling, she listens to her, nods, and then heaved a sigh of relief.

To get the exposure training done, it can be said Satonaka's actions were quite the excellent judgement. She received encouragement from the spectators. Due to that, Ogasawara Makoto's spirits were now uplifted.

Having read my thoughts, Satonaka took her actions to smoothly push the training, and naturally, I was convinced once I noticed. So, I had no reason to scold her.

However, Ogasawara Makoto was only tempted by Satonaka's behavior. She couldn't have been able to judge what kind of action she would have taken. So, that was why she thought she would be scolded.

And now, as Satonaka had said, she trusts Satonaka even more.

Splendid, tolerance and interest in exposure has been planted, and in coincident with a plan to raise her reliability with Satonaka.

From now on, Satonaka will be the pointed to my plans. I'm adding her to the one now.

"Satonaka."

"Huh?"

Stopped, I turned around and called out to Satonaka. She also stopped, turned around to me, and seemed confused.

Turning my waist to Satonaka, I then forcibly brought her close to my body.

"Nyaa!?"

Caught completely at surprised, Satonaka raised a foolish scream with her face instantly flushed.

"You did well."

Forcibly holding flustered her, I lightly petted her head. And then, I quickly looked at Ogasawara Makoto with a glance.

Still clenching Satonaka's hand, she stood still, looking at us enviously while bright red.

Her behavior is going as I expected with the praisement. Her eyes immediately showed that.

Satonaka was praised by me. Ogasawara Makoto has burning rivalry with Satonaka, but nevertheless, she has little experience. Then, what I'm doing with praising her?

The answer is simple. Having directed on Satonaka's initiative, I will obtain far more fruits with her added arrangements.

It supports her rivalry behavior and independently urges the want to be praised.

I separate myself from Satonaka, who's dazed as her face was burning red, and then turned to Ogasawara Makoto.

"Ogasawara."

"Y, Yes……"

She spoke to me, blushing while she was tense.

"Well, you did well. I have expectations for you next time."

When I said that, I turned my face away, and began to walk with Satonaka hand attached to mine. And then Ogasawara Makoto grabbed Satonaka's, and also began to walk.

As Satonaka was absentminded, Ogasawara Makoto puffs out her cheeks with teary eyes. Satonaka was hugged and stroked on the head. However, I only spoke to Ogasawara Makoto. There is a very big difference there.

“When I don’t do my best……”

I chuckled inside as I heard that mutter from behind.

Perfect. Ogasawara Makoto will advance the exposure training by herself now. That plan of Satonaka’s was enough. So naturally, I would praise her, but even so Satonaka wouldn’t have noticed it was because of the plan.

Now, what will Ogasawara Makoto do in the future to please me? Enduring my laughter that nearly came out, we went to the ticket gate.

“K, Kijima-san……i, it is already, impossibleeeee!”

Waist timidly shaking, Satonaka tightly grabs my jacket with both her hands and looked up at me with teary eyes.

Her cheeks were flushed and breathe roughly. A great deal of viscous liquid on her thigh dripped excessively onto the floor.

Vibrating sounds were heard as the train went along. And, a mixture of a small moan rose intermittently.

We’re currently on a train going to the shopping mall in the next city.

The restricted, airtight train space could be said ideal for exposure training. Moreover, I now have Satonaka. With using Satonaka, it’s the ideal chance to make Ogasawara Makoto know what exposure. There is no chance I would miss this.

With her back against the corner wall of the train, Satonaka was clinging onto me from the front. And, Ogasawara Makoto stood up so that she could match her stance.

Since Satonaka is short, it’ll be hard for the area to see if Ogasawara Makoto is the wall. So, a somewhat bold exposure became possible.

Similarly, with her dark brown blazer jacket buttons taken off, her skin was shown out with her white blouses let down.

And since her clothes exposed her front skin greatly, it's no exaggeration to say she's seminude.

Incidentally, Ogasawara was wearing her coat.

Grasping her exposed breasts with my left hand, I kneaded the pink, erect nipple with a finger. Alongside that, my right hand fingers were placed in her skirt, tinkering with her clitoris which was swelled to its limit.

"W, Wai—cu—ahhhhh."

As a subtle moan was heard, her body trembles. Submerged in the lingering pleasant sensation as her eyes were vacant, she pants with saliva dripped from the edge of her lip.

With having some tolerance for the pleasure and exposure, she muffles her voice as her body climaxes. But, she can't deny the pleasure. She can simply endure and thoroughly suppressing her voice, but on the other end, the pleasure will increase by placing her body in an environment she can't speak in.

As of now it's been about ten minutes on the train, and Satonaka has already reached a climax six times.

The strength grasping my jacket had also loosened a bit of a moment, but then it immediately tightened. The wave of pleasure began to flock for the next climax. After all, my hand as well as fingers on her breasts and nipples, and I'm also continuing her clitoris stimulate without rest.

Her trembling knees seemed they would even break soon, but somehow, she has avoided collapsing with clinging onto me. She had already said it was impossible, but this is a crucial moment.

"K, Kijima-san—please, pleaseee—I'm really at my limit now—Kijima-san—please put it my bottommmm"

Standing on her tippy toes, she brought her lips to my ears and begged with a whisper.

Wasn't it impossible? Didn't you want to stop, and you want it in? Apart from that, it is extremely rude of you to give me an order. But, won't it be a good time soon? After a long time isn't able to suppress the desires building up from the exposure training.

Moreover, I have to consider the performance done in the street a while ago.

If I get excellent results, far more fruit will be achieved. Even if the other person is a child and adult, it's the root to basics with having a carrot on a stick to handle people. However, it's also necessary to change the amount and frequency to the other person.

I turned my eye forward as I heard her. Ogasawara Makoto had her back turned from Satonaka, which means she couldn't see what was going on at all. However, her ears were burning red.

She was eavesdropping.

“Ogasawara, turn around.”

When I gave a low voice order, Ogasawara reacted with a flinch. But, she didn’t try to move.

“Ogasawara, didn’t you hear? I said turn around.”

It was impossible for her to have not. She definitely reacted when I spoke.

Next to being a wall, she could do nothing. Nevertheless, she didn’t want to see Satonaka continuing doing climaxes and be given candy. In other words, she’s jealous.

“Ogasawara.”

“Y, Yes……”

Answered to my third small appeal, she slowly changed her body’s direction.

Her big, black eyes were shaking as tears were in the outer corner of her eyes. And with biting her underlip, her mouth was in an upside down ‘V’. She obviously looks jealous.

‘Satonaka did good. So, she gets a reward. I only imitated Satonaka. So, I don’t get one.’ Perhaps she’s thinking that.

It will be dangerous inciting her jealousy too much, but it was necessary to teach her what sort of reward she will get when praised.

How can she do her best? I was grinding this clear idea into her with using Satonaka.

“Ogasawara, remove the stick from Satonaka-senapi’s bottom.”

Separated a hand from her breasts, I gave an order to Ogasawara Makoto while putting a finger in Satonaka’s slovenian mouth.

With my finger placed into her, she innocently intertwined her tongue and then began to suck.

The movement of her tongue stuck. That reminds me, I haven’t made her suck a single thing. Satonaka’s fera was quite good. I need to check how much she evolved during these two years.

Well, when should I carefully check that later?

She’s working in many ways for Ogasawara Makoto, but being twiddled by me, she seems to be completely turned on. She also doesn’t feel a bit of concern for her, and her demanding greed instinct has taken over. In which case, I will give it to her.

“D, Do I remove it here? A, A person will find it……”

Glancing at the area frequently with a leer, she asked in a low, shaking voice. She was clearly showing a rebellious attitude.

Nevertheless, there certainly is a high danger of being found out. However, this is an unexpected development. Perhaps in a place where I did how many obscene actions with Satonaka, it will be very hard for her to expose.

When we took the train, we met with eyes of every male passenger. All of them flusteredly missed my eyes equally, and now they're frequently taking peeks.

It was neither at Satonaka nor Ogasawara Makoto, but me.

It's extremely aggravating, but it appears they probably think I'm a woman. Moreover, from the looks of it I may be reflected as their favorite type of woman.

Since I'm with Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka together, I have complicated feeling that I was glanced at first.

I definitely have on a topknot, but being recognized with that alone is strange. Have their eyes gone bad? I should be an ordinary, long haired man. But even so, shit, if anything, I wanted to seem manly

However, this is convenient. Even if I go for a small, bold action such as doing an indecent act between women, it normally won't be expected that's it. Even if it showed a little, it would seem like two close women that are just touching a bit much. Moreover, there is a wall.

It is no more than loathsome to compared with crossdressing, but I now know that disguising myself as a woman when I train women are convenient is several ways. If I full on dressed as one, a bolder exposure training may be possible.

Shall I test it out?

But, I should think about it after arriving at the shopping mall. First, I have the grind in the craving and desire for a reward into Ogasawara Makoto.

“Just do it. I want you to remove it slowly, carefully, and considerately.”

Ogasawara Makoto, whose eyes swim to my words, averted mine. As expected, her dissatisfied is because of Satonaka only feeling good.

That is fine. If she’s dissatisfied, it’s also necessary to take out her feelings against it. The thought she doesn’t want to lose. The thought she wants to be praised. It’s raising her independence.

That is fine. If she’s dissatisfied, it’s also necessary to take out her feelings against it. The thought she doesn’t want to lose. The thought she wants to be praised. It’s raising her independence.

With what I said to her and playing with her clitoris, Satonaka is fearfully twitching as she gives a hot sigh and a faint moan.

Vaginal secretions drip onto the floor. A large quantity of it streaming down her inner thighs also wasn't odd. If Ogasawara Makoto wasn't the wall, the passengers would have certainly noticed.

No, there is a possible the passengers are feeling uncomfortable. A female fragrance issued from Satonaka had actually begun to wander around the area.

But not caring about such a thing, Satonaka coils her tongue around my finger and lustfully sucks it. Her auburn, unfocused eyes stared at me. She seems to have dove in a completely different world. Nevertheless, she is still suppressing her voice.

"I, I understand. B, But, can I……can I say one thing?"

Her mouth made an upside down 'V' as her cheeks flushed, but glared at me with her black eyes full of tears. No, the person herself wouldn't have considered glaring. The expression shows her feelings and desires beginning to spring out.

"Say it."

As I stared back to those eyes, I pressed her to say it without completely breaking my calm manner.

"I, If I do my best, do I also, um……ca, can I also have this?"

Cheeks dyed pink while shaking, she uttered those words those words brokenly.

What do you also want to have? What, where, and how do you want it? She would have originally had said that much, but indeed, that sort of hurdle is too high in a train. If it was Satonaka, she would have calmly said it.

"Of course, if you meet my expectations……"

Grinning as I said that, I pinched the tongue of Satonaka with my finger, and pulled it in and out.

She continued to convulse as I did that. I no longer knew how many times she had climaxed.

"I will give you a reward that will make you face become this."

Satonaka was drunk in the whirlpool of pleasure, causing her consciousness to dim. Seeing her slovenly face warped in pleasure, Ogasawara Makoto's eye locked onto hers seemed jealous.

However, she immediately nodded with a tight expression.

In the corner of the train, I stood to a wall and Satonaka clung to me. And, Ogasawara Makoto just sticks behind Satonaka. Her hand was extended to Satonaka skirt.

"Nuu!?"

Not understood what was happening, her eyes opened widely as I drew out her tongue.

Her extremely shaking, auburn eyes vividly showed she was at unrest.

Ogasawara Makoto's arm pulled it slowly towards her. Satonaka's knees were also shaking alongside that.

The anal stick was slowly and carefully pulled out that a sound never arose. I can't see the tennis sized globs being pulled out, but if her waste is convulsion in especially intense rhythm, I know the globes were coming out.

Ogasawara Makoto straightened her posture with her trembles. The anal stick grasped in her hand was covered in intestinal juices. Ogasawara Makoto then presses it to her breasts so it wouldn't be caught by the area.

"Okay, Ogasawara, hold onto Satonaka. If you want to feel good like Satonaka-senpai, then you may help me."

Separated my finger as I said, I reversed Satonaka's body and pointed her to Ogasawara Makoto.

Her blazer and blouse exposed her front skin. Her white, well shaped breasts were displayed as a result. And, the pink nipples were well erected with the climaxes.

Being swallowed in too many climaxes, her intellectual and thoughts

deteriorated, and most likely to prevent her knees from bowing, she then clung to Ogasawara Makoto.

"Satonaka, don't you feel sorry you're the only one enjoying yourself? Love you junior."

When I rolled the skirt of Satonaka turned from me, I thrusted a finger into her gaping anus. And then I ransacked her insides to my heart's content.

"Fuu!? Nuhhh!?"

Not being able to comprehend what happened to her body, her voice leaked from the sudden arrival of pleasure in her anus.

When I felt side glances from the area, several of the passengers were watching. But due to Ogasawara Makoto being the wall, they couldn't see Satonaka.

It is more high-risk when there are a lot of people as you train someone with fiddling their erogenous zone in a train. However, the freedom of the act increases considerably with a wall. There is still an attendant risk, but the risk doubles the pleasure. The real pleasure is this exposure, and this stage demonstrates Satonaka's full and true value.

"Oi, Satonaka, don't stop being affectionate with the junior. It's your duty as a senior to take off the junior."

As I said that, I pulled out my finger from her anus, unfastened my

pant's zipper, and then took out my penis.

My penis received from the strain of last night, and now with it being already completely refilled, it was erected to the limit. I should be good for four more shots today.

In response to my words, Satonaka began to move restlessly.

"Nnn"

Ogasawara Makoto's face was stiff with flushed cheeks. Both of Satonaka's hands had invaded her uniform. She then began to rub her breasts, which caused Ogasawara Makoto's expression to change.

Satonaka collapsed and stuck to Ogasawara Makoto's body like glue. Ogasawara Makoto's hand invaded her skirt.

"Auu"

Perhaps her finger touched the clitoris. She gave a faint moan, and in contrary to that, her buttock was intensely shaking. She appears to have somehow done a light climax.

The senior who refused to climax from the junior was now ruined.

Gripping at my penis which was fully erected, I also gripped and lifted her exposed, white bottom, and then lowered the tip to match with her anus. Then, I pushed out my waist quickly.

The inserted penis made a wet, erotic noise, and was then swallowed to the base like it was pulled it.

“Ahh—cu—cu”

Just from having inserted it, Satonaka was provoked with an intense climax, but she kept her voice at a minimum. Nevertheless, her body didn’t appear to go as she wants.

While squirting out waves, her knees shook like a newborn fawn.

Moreover, Ogasawara Makoto further played with her clitoris at the same time. Being tormented from the behind, the junior was also tormenting her at the front. She was exposing a complete, sluttish face to her junior.

Ogasawara Makoto, whose breasts were being robbed from this crumbling Satonaka, glared at her in spite of breathing heavily. When I thought what was wrong, I lowered my glance and saw both of Satonaka’s hands, which should have been massaging her breasts, one had strayed down her uniform and was placed inside her skirt.

As expected, she launched a counterattack.

However, she can’t only pay attention to her. After all, I’m tormenting her anus from behind.

Due to her clitoris being tormented by Ogasawara Makoto, her anus kept tightening around my penis more than usual and has so far became

the best. I could get addicted to this tightness.

It isn't bad to have a meat toilet stimulate the other while I use one.

"Cu—cuu"

I thought that while pulling out my penis. Satonaka switches magnificently as she gave a faint moan. And then, she vigorously squirted out a tide.

It will make an overwhelming noise if the tide hits the floor. To prevent that, I took off my jacket and threw it onto the floor.

As she opens her legs open to the width of her shoulders, she vigorously gushes out a tide, and then fell onto my drenched jacket.

"Nn—kuuu—waa"

Ogasawara Makoto, who was once glaring, could no longer do so as she closed her eyes, contorted her eyebrows, and bit her lower lip as if she was desperately enduring the pleasure. Her cheeks were dyed red, and her sigh became more intense every second.

It's clear that she's close to a climax. However, like Satonaka when she was composed, she doesn't want to cum from the senior. Due to that, it seems she doesn't know well about the climax. Since the person herself described the feeling of becoming jumpy.

It is also necessary to teach her as she climaxes.

But for now—

“It’s coming out, Satonaka.”

Grabbed her buttock firmly with both hands, I began to shake my waist while not paying attention to the area.

“Auu——cuuuu——”

Trembling so instantly, she gave a small, soundless scream.

“Nnn, kuu—ahhh”

To her scream, Ogasawara Makoto was also convulsing.

Her breasts which Satonaka were rubbing can be seen having been gripped over her coat tightly. She most likely was pinching her nipples. And as a result, she’s having a climax.

And then Satonaka’s hand, which was shivering with a climax, went into her skirt. She possibly has her finger on Ogasawara Makoto’s clitoris.

Since Satonaka is climaxing, she perhaps has no composure to care about her. So, she may have mercilessly put all her power into her breasts, nipples and clitoris.

Normally one would grimace to the pain or raise a cry. But, Ogasawara Makoto endured it desperately. Satonaka didn't raise her voice, so he believes she had to work hard herself, too.

Waved my waist against Satonaka's buttock for a while, I thoroughly enjoyed her superb asshole and then released my lust in her bowels.

Even though my waist movements had stopped, she still continues to convulse as ever.

She nearly fell over with her consciousness being completely blown off. Ogasawara Makoto holds her up.

Her breath was raised and her cheeks were bright red, Ogasawara Makoto grits her teeth while glaring at Satonaka in her arms. Her eyes didn't seem to contain hater, but rather a rivalry.

Satonaka is her trusted superior and rival at the same time. She didn't show her hatred up front, and then since she has grasped her character which is respectable and trustworthy.

And, the reason she got a reward was because she had good results. More than anything, it would be unreasonable to blame Satonaka when she herself understands that.

Feeling refreshed, I pulled out my penis from her anus. The moment everything came gushing out, I forcibly turned her body around.

“Ogasawara, cork her gaping hole for me.”

I gave her that order as I held Satonaka, who seemed they would collapse at any given moment. Bawling breath as her face was flushed, she nodded and stretched out her right hand to her waist. And then, she rolled her uniform. Thereupon, the anal stick’s handle fastened on the lower part of skirt showed.

Gripping the hand, she pulled it out, rolled up Satonaka’s skirt with her left hand while bawling breath, covered the tip of her anus with it, and then pushed it in.

“Ah—”

Clinging to me as she continued to convulse, she forcibly looked up when the anal stick was placed in, and opened her mouth and eyes wide. Slava hanged down from the edge of her lip.

How idiotic her sluttish face is. It is as if a salmon laying eggs.

“Satonaka, if you’re like this, are you done? Don’t you understand don’t make noise? Your efficiency has also fallen.”

With the anal stick once again inserted by Ogasawara Makoto, Satonaka, who was given even more pleasure, was soon indulging in the lingering feeling of the climax and had completely stopped thinking.

The eyes staring at me were lost of light as I scolded her.

Her consciousness appears to be totally gone as I looked into her eyes.

However, she began to awkwardly move, and when she puts her trembling hand into her blazer pocket, she took out a handkerchief. And then, she began to wipe my exposed penis.

It took a little time due to her awkward moments, but when she finished, she placed my penis in my pants and zipped it up

“T, Thank you……very much.

And then when she looked up at me, she smiled as she staard with eyes loss of light, and then thanked with a shaken voice.

Ogasawara Makoto stared at this. From sharp eyes, I felt the will that was trying to memorize everyone without letting the slightest moment of Satonaka’s get pass.

———

The train stopped at the station, and I, who turned a hand to Satonaka’s dropping waist, went down the train as I supported Satonaka who couldn’t walk by herself. I am accompanied by Ogasawara Makoto behind me.

When I peek back for a moment, Ogasawara Makoto was clenching her hand as she bit her underlip, glaring at the back of Satonaka.

She was fairly induced. She has endured quite a lot.

As such, Ogasawara Makoto will surely be running out of control. She wholeheartedly wants to be recognized by me, and it's conceivable that will run to a more radical act than necessary.

"I'm going to the restroom for a bit."

Spoken such to behind, dim consciousness Satonaka and I went to the bathroom together.

I only had a topknot, but the people seem to think me to be a woman. And with Satonaka's consciousness flying, a quick support is impossible.

If I brought her to the men's restroom and she made the nose, I won't be able to handle the trouble. The training will be no more when that happens.

I entered the ladies' bathroom because I wanted to avoid that.

When I entered the restroom, I passed some women, and although they were surprised at the drooping Satonaka, they weren't particularly surprised with me.

Do I seem like a woman after all? Even though I didn't disguise myself, this is simply stabbing in my heart.

Entered a stall, sat Satonaka on a Western style toilet, and smacked her cheek.

“Naa”

Her consciousness thereby returned, but she didn’t show a reaction and just stared at me, dazedly. Perhaps her memory is blown off. She may not even understand she’s in a station bathroom.

“Satonaka, listen. Ogasawara has been induced a lot. She might go for a wild action. However, don’t push her too strong, since she might not move voluntarily. For the most part, the plan is going accordingly.”

To my words, she nodded in a daze. Memory ability is remarkable, which is why I will properly incise within it.

“Assuming that she will be driven reckless, If I tell her to stop it will confuse her. And as such, she will give up. So, if possible, don’t restrain her. Now, this is your moment from now on. Use your good insight. Release her spirit while inducing her well, pay careful attention, and don’t go overboard. You understand?”

As I said that, she faintly nodded absently.

Okay, it’ll be fine with this. I decided to leave for the shopping mall after waiting for Satonaka to recover.

Thinking about it, Satonaka had completely recovered in only a few minutes. Only her resilience is still as remarkable.

Arrived at the mall, we first headed to an area where they handled ladies' clothes.

"Aahah, hey, look, look Makoto-chan, there are a lot of cute clothes!"

"Ehehe, there is, Satonaka-senpai. They seem like clothes that would only look good on a cute girl like you, right?"

When I quickly casted a glance behind, Ogasawara and Satonaka's pair of hands were connected as they walked behind me, equally smiling with having a lively conversation. However, each other's tones were said in a monolog manner.

When we entered inside the mall, they obeyed my order, "Behave yourselves."

"That is no not true! I can't match up to you! ……Although I was the one who gave you affection."

"It's true! You're really cute! ……Even though you don't grow hair there. "

A blue vein risen on their temples, the two still exchanged a conversation without ceasing their smile. Their real feelings did come out, however.

"I'm embarrassed when you praise me! ……Although the one who doesn't grow hair feels cleaner."

“I feel honored to be told I’m unrivaled from you! ……Cleaner when you peed yourself in the train, absurd.”

The two’s vein has risen further, but in contrast to that, they were smiling to each other.

This is quite the stormy atmosphere. Passerbys were startled and forcibly avoid those unusual two.

Ogasawara Makoto was fully burning her rivalry to Satonaka as I had predicted, but oi, Satonaka, what are you doing tempting her?

I thought there would be no problem leaving it to Satonaka, but I’m slightly doubtful. I must pay attention to Ogasawara’s attitude, too.

“It is an honor! I’m so embarrassed! ……That wasn’t pee. This is why his child is an embarrassment.”

“Satonaka-senpai, a cute person has humility, and even more so when it’s unpleasant! It does not that the fact that you peed yourself to the point of splashing!”

“Wow! She started the quarrel! This child started it!”

While exchanging lip service to one another, they subtly muttered their true feelings. Well, until Ogasawara Makoto had finally exploded with a remark.

The two stopped, dropped their smiles, and began to look at each other with daggering eyes.

A crowd began to form around these two.

An uproar in the arcade was Satonaka's plan, but, this time is different. She seems to be genuinely competing.

Well, if I leave it alone it will certainly become something troublesome. Nevertheless, I don't want to seem I know them to even stop it.

In which case, I'll let them do as they like. And if the trouble becomes too big, I'll return.

———

I left the two idiots and walked along the passage.

"Ouch."

When I walked along while avoiding the crowd, I had hit a man's shoulder from in front. The man frowns and raises a voice.

I avoided, but they clashed with me. There seems to be someone accompanying him, and my existence hadn't entered to him as he was absorbed in a conversation.

“Hey, good grief, pay attention—”

“Huh?”

“…..No, it’s nothing.”

The man complained as he looked at me askance, but when I glared at him, he went pale and quickly ran away while apologizing.

I usually answer in an acceptable manner, but I’m in a bad mood due to those two idiots. And as such, my true personality had shown.

It is fine, but……

“Even though they ran, they ran with a red face……damn it, this is getting me pissed off.”

The man who ran seemed to have been freaked out by me, but how he freaked out was disgusting. No matter how you look at it, the man wasn’t afraid.

This is all because of the topknot I have on. How would it turn out if I fully disguised myself as a woman? No, I may be even more irritated since it’s half done. The reason I’m doing this is because I really don’t want to be mistaken for a woman with only long hair.

In which case, if I earnestly crossed dressed, I may look quite serious.

Thinking that, I suddenly noticed a store.

“Welcome~!”

Entered inside, an upbeat saleswoman rushed up and welcomed me.

It’s not so much as reluctance that I’m buying women’s clothes. If I sneak around, I will be doubted. If it’s someone else, he will misunderstand without me explaining.

For example, I will say I’m giving a present to a friend.

“What are you looking for?”

Behind me, as I looked around the shop to look at the items, the saleswoman followed me smiling. Since I’m buying things I only like, I would normally ignore that. But, this i

With buying girl’s clothes which fit me, I can’t search for them myself. It’s impossible to know if these clothes are okay for me.

So, I will entrust it to a professional. Telling that to her, I went to the other side and decided to leave it to her.

Moreover, the salesclerk has very good taste. The clothes she’s wearing nice look amazing. There won’t be a problem leaving it to her.

By chance there is one, I'll buy my clothes this time. It will be troublesome when she notices I'm a man, and since she's a fashion procession, there is also that possibility she has already.

As I look around, this store floor seems to handle clothes for rather younger women. There is stuff targeted from high school to even primary students. In fact, the visitors inside here are girls from those generations.

Hmm, even if I dress up as a woman, I don't like a skirt. Even if I would die, that is something I wouldn't be caught dead in. I also don't like anything too feminine either. Even with being mistaken for a girl in my current, genderless clothes are fine.

"I don't want feminine clothes. I'm looking for something genderless. I also wouldn't like a skirt, so can you arrange pants, okay? I would also like to have a full set that includes a top and bottom."

Stopped, I looked back at the salesclerk who accompanied me behind and spoke in a serene tone as I stared straight at her.

I ambiguously spoke my opinion on what I want to buy. If it were to come out I'm a male, I should make it a present. There isn't a problem if I say the size closely resembles my figure.

That is not supposing it will happen; the possible is moderately low, but I should just buy it as is.

"Genderless clothes? Certainly. Please wait a moment."

When the salesclerk heard my opinion, she smiled, made a slight bow without saying a single question, and left in front of me at a quick pace.

Since there were no questions whether it was a present, she seems to be convinced they're my clothes. In other words, she doesn't know I'm a man.

Well, it's fine if it's easy……Oi, Salesclerk, you are a fashion professional. It's not like I intended to deceive her like this, but she did it herself. Get a grip you.

Soon, the sales clerk came back holding clothes in both hands.

"These hotpants—" *(1)

"No. I don't like that."

She first showed hot pants made out of denim fabric. Who would wear such a thing?

The salesclerk nodded with a smile as I quickly shot her down, but she exposed a loathsome expression.

How can you have such an attitude with what I refused?

"Then this sweater—"

“I hate the color. I would rather like a darker one.”

The sales clerk showed me a beige, knitted sweater next.

Men wear beige as well, but the design was completely for a woman and looked absolutely feminine.

She once again immediately nodded and looked at me from top to bottom.

“Although I think your figure is nicely slender, are you perhaps a person who likes hiding it?”

She looked at my chest with a glance. She seems to think I’m worried about not having breasts.

I see if it was a woman they would worry about such a thing. Is she indirectly asking if that is the reason?

That is trivial since it’s good that I don’t have breasts, but it’s safe to assume I’m a person who hides themselves. If possible, I’d like a long jacket. If I wear women’s pants, my crotch may be emphasized. I’d like a long jacket so I can cover that area.

“That’s right, I would like a comfortable jacket. You also have stuff that is long, yeah? Along with that, I’d like one with a rather dark color.”

“Certainly! I have a rough idea, so I’ll bright it right now.”

Not showing an unpleasant face to my words, she made a slight bow and left me.

That salesclerk seemed to have no plan for me to seriously buy the first clothes she recommended. Did she make my vague opinions something clear as well as investigate my hobby and idea?

She is really a professional. Quite the excellent shop employee. In which case, she should be able to see that I'm a man, but she hasn't reached there.

No, she may have. She may be thinking that I'm a pervert that has a habit of dressing up like a woman, and was pandering to it.

In which case, it's convenient. Since it won't make any trouble for me.

After a short while, the shop assistant brought a black, knitted dress sweater and denim fabric pants back to me. The shorts were on the small side, but the dress was obviously loose.

The dress was all in black. And I don't have anything to say about the denim shorts. If I were to say I wanted something more sexless than this, I will annoy her.

"Here—"

"This is fine. I like it. I'll buy it."

Interrupted the Salesclerk, who was just about to explain the clothes to me, I gave an immediate approval. She smiled at my words and then deeply lowered her head.

"Thank you very much. Although I'm taking the liberty here with this sort of thing, how is this?"

When she brought up her face, she squatted down at placed, and then picked up a pair of boots from the floor. Did you bring these with the clothes?

Unlike men's, they were black, round, lace up boots. It's a little pretty, but since it's for women, it gives off a spunky impression.

The shoes which I currently wore were common leather shoes. The sales clerk seemed to have paid great mind to my shoes as well.

"Would you also like this? You appear to also like hats."

She stood up and took a hat out from behind, and then showed it to me.

The shop assistant showed me a black cap. It was made more spacious than a hunting hat, and the cloth also matched with the knitted dress.

It's like a cap, but something like that wouldn't match the dress. However, a hat was required to hide the extension part of the wig.

It feels slightly too cute for appearances, but I wouldn't be able to put on something mainly.

I also feel it won't be so strange with it being all black.

"Then that also."

"Thank you very much for your purchase contribution."

She lowered her head once again. I waited for her to lift up and then went to the counter.

"U, Um, customer."

"Yes?"

When I hailed and looked back, she looked at me with a troubled face. Does she really know that I'm a man? But, that's not aproblem. I didn't say a single word that I'm buying them. Even when it comes out, I can gloss it over as many times as I would like.

"I'm very happy that you believe in me, but, um……I would advise you try on the clothes just in case."

"……Ah."

I prepared several of answers which I believed would deal with her questions, but that blown off one was completely different from what I had expected.

Is the reason for that because she doesn't think I'm a man? That's a relief, but on the other hand, it's strangely annoying.

Apart from that, do I have to try them on? That is convenient. If I tried them on, I have time to save with changing my clothes.

"Oh, right. I'll try them off. There also won't be a trouble if the size doesn't fit and I have to just return it."

"Certainly! Then, the fitting room is here."

Smiling sweetly, she gathered up my items I was planning to buy, stepped forward before me, and then lead me to the fitting room. I accompanied her and later went into the fitting room.

———

I entered inside, finished changing, and stared at the full length mirror installed on a wall.

"Although it's me saying this, there doesn't seem to be anything suspicious……"

I had on a black cap on my head, black-rimmed glasses upon my face,

and wore a black dress sweater with slender, denim shorts.

When I placed the shorts on, my crotch expectedly bulged, but when I placed on the sweater, the unusualness went away perfectly.

The dress was quite comfortably made, but that doesn't mean it's the right size. It was made as such. The length was also about five centimeter to the knee. If I just wore the sweater, it would seem I had a miniskirt, but that image is discarded with the pants.

There is also the long, raven hair flowing at the back of my head. It seemed to be called a ponytail. Really does seem like a horse's tail.

"My brother often said I resembled mother a lot, but now I can't deny it……"

I thought I wasn't that similar, but I look just like my younger mother I saw in a picture. However, my eyes rather resemble my father.

My brother is the exact opposite of his body resembling our father but has mother's eyes

As I thought that, I became disgusted and clicked my tongue while glaring at my own reflection in the mirror, and then I turned around and went out of the room.

"Wow! It looks really good beyond my expectation!"

Waiting outside of the fitting room, the sales clerk spoke to me just as I came out.

“The size also fits well, and since I like it, I’ll wear it as I go home.”

“Certainly! Thank you once again for your contribution!”

When I said that as I put on the lace up boots, the salesclerk expressed her gratitude as she began to quickly get close to me to remove the tags sticking onto my clothes.

I’m expressed mine as well. I thought purchasing female’s clothes would be a little rough, but it unexpectedly was quickly finished.

When the bill was filed up, I took a paper bag which had my original hat, clothes, and shoes.

Leaving the room, the salesclerk followed me to the entrance and then bowed.

“Thank you very much! We look forward to your next visit!”

While thinking that this store wasn’t half bad, I bow slightly back to the shop.

If I have to buy clothes for women again in the future, I’ll come here. While thinking that I began to walk, and then I suddenly stopped. I then ran back up to the shop assistant, who was standing up at the store’s

entrance a while ago.

“Um, aren’t I strange?”

Seeing my whole body in the fitting room, there wasn’t anything out of place in particular. But it was me looking at it, which meant, I, who was using to seeing me, looked at myself crossdressed. So, there might have been a possibility that I didn’t notice something.

“Fufu, it matches you amazingly. Guest, holding such a neutral charm, you already had beauty. Coming from me, I think you would look good in cute clothes, but you have your own tastes.”

The salesclerk softly answered with a smile, and then I heaved a sigh of relief.

If a professional says it, there isn’t a problem.

———

All the passersby looked back at me. Moreover, it wasn’t only men. Women look back the same amount.

Shit, don’t stare. These aren’t so much as showy clothes, but they somehow bring on attention.

But well, I have a hat, women’s clothes, and glasses. In addition, a ponytail is hanging from the back of my head. This is my most difficult

technique to get through that it's me.

So then, being a little conspicuous isn't so bad.

I sent an email after I got out of the store a short while ago, but I got no reply. Satonaka said there would be no situation she wouldn't.

I had said I would go somewhere and separated from the two fighting. And then when I came back, I was at my wit's ends.

A crowd reflects my eyes. It was no doubt those idiots.

"Excuse me, please let me through."

Pushing through the crowd, I tried to advance towards the center. And then when they surprisingly noticed me, they opened a path.

"O, Oi, look……"

"O, Oh, this can't be real. A model or something? Such an amazing beauty……"

The two men moved back to make way, but they looked at me askance while exchanging a conversation.

"Eh? L, Look here for a minute. There is an amazing beauty."

“Eh? What? Hiyaaa! That height! Amazing figure!”

“Wow, beautiful. ……But she doesn’t seem to have breasts, yeah?”

“She’s the type that’s attractive without one. Nevertheless, the clothes are quite quiet, but whatever a beauty wears is beautiful……”

Four women gathered and looked at me with twinkling eyes as they talked to one another.

Hmm, I’m already being treated like a complete woman. As I expected, when I earnestly dress up like a woman, I can take them a bit more seriously than being mistaken for a woman without crossdressing as one. Moreover, since the clothes I wear don’t give an effeminate feel, it’s more comfortable. (2)

When I glanced at them, everyone quickly evaded me.

“S, She’s beautiful…….but scary.”

“Uh-huh, or rather she’s strangely intense……even though she’s delicate, she has an impressively overbearing impression, yeah?”

The two women shook to my glance and then edged back while mumbling,”Her look” with a pale face.

Apparently they’re somehow afraid. This is interesting.

As I leisurely went through without asking, two figures struggling was in my sight.

“Hideeeaaaa, hiyoohoyohahahauuu!”

“Ihiyahuashhnasj, ojsuiya hooonj!”

The two idiots pulled each other’s cheeks with both their hands, and intimidated each other as they glare at one another’s teary eyes.

Did these idiots fight ever since I left? They are beyond idiotic.

Standing before the fighting two, I crossed my arms and glared. However, the two continued fighting without paying any mind.

“Hoaiusdjio0ssi!”

“Hsaodisadjacmija!”

Pulling each other’s cheek to the very limit of becoming bright red, their faces were twisted in pain while being stubborn; they appear not care to draw back.

They will fight forever if I leave them as is. I feel like putting such stupidity quickly to an end, but I may not have much sai either.

“Oi, idiots”

“Gaaaaaahhh!”

“Haaaaaaaa!”

I spoke, but they didn’t seem to hear me at all.

“Oi, idiots”

“Uniyaaaaaaa!”

“Nonyaaaaa!”

I cleared my throat and called out to them again, but again, they ignored me and continued pulling.

It’s obvious that Ogasawara Makoto has an advantage with muscular strength, but Satonaka competes with her exquisite balance of clever defense skills; it’s a standstill.

“Oi, idiots—”

“Nyaaaaaaahaau!”

“Ochhooooooooooo!”

Irritatedly called out to them again, the two struggling people completely ignored me, and I felt a blue vein rise on my temple.

I extended our both my hands to the idiot's ears and pulled it with full strength. Are You trying to test the patience of a saint? Well, I'm no Buddha. If anything, I'm a demon.

"Ehh?! Ouchhhhhhh!?"

"Waaa!? Oonooooo!"

Pulling the idiot's ears super hard, their faces twisted in the pain and standing on their tiptoes, they separated their hands for each other cheeks. And then they looked at me at the same time.

"W, Wait a minuteeee! Why is this person suddenly grabbing at our ear—"

"Pl, Please let go of me! I won't be satisfied until I beat her to nothing—"

The idiots glared at me. I drew their ears up more tightly. Moreover, I added a little twist.

"Funyaaaaaaa! My earrrr! You will tear off my earrrrr!"

"Okayyy, Okayyyy! It's coming offf! Let go of my earrrrr!"

Eyes's tearing, the idiots begged me, who was pulling their ears even tighter.

The crowd raised jeers and hoots to the two making noise a bit ago, and now they have instantly fallen silent. Their admiration and voice of awe broke out in return.

"Don't you guys go play around forever. This isn't a stage. If you understand, come with me quickly."

As I said that, scowling at the two, I lifted my pinch on their ears.

As I separate from their ears, they placed their heels onto the floor and looked up at me dumbfounded.

""Eh? ……who? Prehaps, eh?"

"U, Ummm……Kwijima-sahn?"

Satonaka looked with puzzled eyes, and Ogasawara Makoto stared with squeezing my jacket between her fingers. Both of them seem to recognize me, but don't appear to understand with something so sudden.

But then, Ogasawara Makoto appeared to have accepted me.

That makes her head a lot more simple than Satonaka's. And even then, she appeared to have instinctively accepted it.

“Don’t say my name. The meaning of this disguise will be gone.”

“Eh, a disguise? This is a disguise?

“Even if this is a disguise, where did being a girl come from……”

The two whispered in a dumb surprise as they paid caution to the area, and then looked at each other to mutter.

I turned my back from them, clicked my tongue, and then began to walk.

“W, Wa, Wait a momentttt!

“Ahg! Angry! His angry!”

Peeking back, I saw the two rush up to me in a hurry.

“Wait a minute, Makoto-chan! You said Kijima-sans name! And Kijima-san said not to! You won’t get a reward from Kijima-san if his anger with you!”

“Th, That’s right, I see! I won’t get a reward if I anger Kijima-san! I won’t get Kijima-san’s reward if I lose it when I want it!”

The idiots raised their voices as they chased behind me.

I said don’t call my name. And yet they went, ‘Kijima, Kijima’.

Was it on purpose? Was it that? Was it an accident? They are super, fucking idiots.

“Hey, Kijima-san. Let’s do the exposure quickly~! Have we not waited all day?”

Clinging to my right arm, Satonaka looked up at me with her watery, auburn eyes.

What is this faulty meat toilet doing with opposing me? She’s being too cheeky.

“Kwima-shan, I……weill dwo mah bewst!”

Hugging my left, Ogasawara Makoto started at me.

It was nothing much, but her speech has a lisp. I do understand what she’s saying, but it’s quite irritating that this always happens.

“Are you also going to leave us naked with only our socks and shoes?”

Tilting her head, Satonaka took off her uniform while grasping my arm.

“Are socks and shoes going to be the only thing we will have?”

“Will socks and shoes be the only things left on?”

The idiots were going to peacefully expose.

No, no, this isn’t it. This is not the area, fucking idiots. You understand nothing.

Don’t take off, um, what was it……oh, don’t take them off! Even though I kind of want to watch it, it won’t really be enjoyable.

Nude exposure outside is humiliating, disgraceful, and leaves an abnormal feeling of danger because an unknown person looking at such an unladylike appearance. Noticing that they are aroused by the act, will replace any hatred with an immoral feeling of succumbing to pleasure.

Also what is the real thrill of exposure? Would you buy a mini youkan which incidentally caught your interest at the register? The exposure needs to be casual-like.

The only one who recognizes that kind of exposure is me.

We continued down the pathway where the two idiots had just fought and cooled down at.

When going to the shopping mall, traveling by foot is normal, but for going up and down floors, basic escalators and elevators are used. So, visitors rarely use the stairs.

Nevertheless, stairs are installed in the corner of each floor as an essential safety requirement.

Rarely, there are visitors who do use the stairs, but they are a small minority.

In other words, this could be seen as the ideal place for practicing exposure.

She may not like it, but with Ogasawara Makoto's current level in exposure, she still can't tell when someone will come, and as such she will get accustomed to it while struggling with the shame and disgrace.

It's like using a kickboard to practice flutter kicks for swimming.

Satonaka, well, it's an easy victory for her to get used to it, but despite Ogasawara Makoto being shy, there's still an intensive rivalry between them, so she decided to expose.

But even so, for her it's like jumping off a cliff with this exposure, but Satonaka being there will make it more relaxed..

It's all going according to the script, but there isn't much to it.

"But, it'll seem weird being naked here. Won't we be caught by the police? Kijima-san will be troubled if that happens."

Ogasawara Makoto was going to take off her blouse but first spoke to Satonaka as she watched her.

That isn't wrong. And she's showing hesitation to the exposure. It's

good to hesitate; that's the first step into falling into exposure. However, is it strange her reason is that I'll get in trouble? She's struggling enough with the situation she's been placed in, and her composure is gone.

Thus, she has asked for permission once.

"Haha, you are sweet~. If we are found out, you say,"My clothes were forcibly torn off." Since you're cute, they'll believe it even if you said you were assaulted. If we're found, it's basic knowledge to play the victim.

Satonaka had already removed her blouse and upper body was exposed, but grabbing my arm with one hand, she covered her chest with the other, and then explained it to Ogasawara Makoto.

Satonaka was trained to tolerate exposure. She's been in similar situations where she was found out.

However, she showed hesitation in yesterday's event. Although I had believed her tolerance had deteriorated after a long time. Nevertheless, despite all odds, she seems to be having fun now.

Has forcing her to be half naked in the train and violate her anus caused such an unfortunate result? The pervert who previously slept has finally awoken.

Tsk, this was a little out of expectation. I don't mind if she's back to being a pervert, but that makes it harder to make Ogasawara Makoto feel disgrace and shame.

If the senpai felt embarrassment, so would the junior. The opposite same also applies.

For Satonaka, she reads and considers the area's behavior, but her rivalry with Ogasawara Makoto probably drove her mad.

"B, But……I don't like anyone seeing me naked other than……Kijima-san."

Grasping my arm, Ogasawara Makoto took her time taking off her uniform, and when she finished, she threw off the jacket and became as nude as Satonaka. And then, she concealed her breasts with one hand, just like her.

You don't like to be seen nude from people other than me? Shame is necessary. You can do it if you try, yeah?

"Uuu, this is embarrassing……"

Ogasawara Makoto looked down, blushing red as she covered her chest, and then she grasped my arm tightly with her other hand.

Embarrassment? That is indeed the meaning of exposure. Yeah, I'm almost full of motivation.

"Because my breasts are bigger than hers, I can't cover them with an arm. Because my breasts are bigger than hers, I can't cover—"

"You don't need to say it twice! I heard it fine! And my chest isn't small!

Yours is just bigger than normal! “

Face red hot, she muttered to herself while casting down her teary eyes.

No, it isn’t that. This isn’t the time to be competing on the pride of one’s size chest.

“Fu, Fufu……it seems that you have a bigger chest. Does Kijima-san perhaps like big breasted girls?”

Having a black smile with a vein risen on her temple, Satonaka intimidated her with a shaken voice.

“You’re small in both height and breasts. I had thought that breast milk may come out and gotten impatient, but it didn’t. Moreover, you don’t even have pubic hair growing there.

In the face of Satonaka’s threat, Ogasawara Makoto threw up a standoffish attitude with a malicious tone. A bigger vein arose onto Satonaka with that being heard.

“I said I wasn’t small! And saying I’m a child just because it doesn’t grow down there is unreasonable! Excuses can only go so far!”

Satonaka clenches her teeth with a smile and then raises a scowl to her. It appears she poked a sore spot. Is she surprisingly worried about no hair growing there?

“Wow, really? I never said your breasts were tiny.. Tiny when compared to mine, and then saying whether they’re big or small, I’m just saying I’m big and you’re small in comparison. When in comparison, it would have certainly been smaller……”

Ogasawara Makoto closed her eyes with saying her words smoothly, and then suddenly opened them wide as she picked up her face.

“You’re small in all sorts of ways!”

“Wah!? U, Uuu……objection nya!” (1)

Having received a shock from Ogasawara Makoto’s words, Satonaka was trembling with tears. She then looked down while bawling,”Haa” with every breath, she was frightened.

“And, a book in Kijima-san’s room contained a lot of pictures of big breasted women.”

“Hauuu!? E, Even though I, even though I’m not that small……

She was even more shocked with the final blow of Ogasawara Makoto’s mutter and hid behind me, clutching my right arm. She then shook while staring down.

Incidentally, did she read my magazine collection? It did have big breasted, bikini models, but I didn’t purchase it for that particular aspect. I wanted the four-cell comic posted at the end. (2)

Ogasawara Makoto, who evaded Satonaka's eyes which had lost all their fighting spirit, threw a quick glance at me asking, "Do you like small breasts?"

"I don't like them too large, but judging from the size and form, yours are the best."

Staring behind Ogasawara Makoto, who grinned at my response, Satonaka was trembling.

"Eheheh, perfect victory!"

"Booo! Kijima-san, you idiot!"

With a game that wouldn't end if I didn't answer, I purposely answered and settled it with Satonaka's loss

With Satonaka's dignity thrown away, she cried a lot in shame, and Ogasawara Makoto looked down on her with an unpleasant face.

"But."

"Booo! Ehh!? Hiyaaan!?"

I break my arm free from Satonaka's hand, and then forcibly tore away the arm which covered her breasts. Thus, revealing her white, well-shaped breasts.

“With repeating for the independent training practice, Satonaka’s breasts are several times more sensitive than yours.”

“Ah, Kihjaw, nooo, to do it so hard—hiyaaa”

While mercilessly groping her soft breasts, I pinched her fully erect nipples with a finger and kneaded.

As soon as a hot sigh leaked from her twisting body, she raised a sweet moan as she dimly looked up towards me.

Just by lightly stimulating her breasts and nipples, it’s possible to have her do a sudden shift from zero to max. It’s the right combination of lecherousness and convenience for her to definitively be described as a meat toilet.

In order to handle a man’s lust, one has to be able to immediately change at any given moment to become an ideal processing tool.

“Naturally if it’s just a small ability that is big, there would be a high skill even if it’s small.”

“Ah, Ahh—eheehe, he praised me—hiuuu”

As her auburn eyes melted away, she crossed both hands behind her head and joyfully muttered as such. That is expressing nonresistance.

She’s showing a face that says I may grope her however I like.

“Nuu—I, I, I can only feel good with my nipples. T, Th, That is the difference between your experience value, Makoto-cha—afuuaa, th, that feels amazingggg”

While kneading her breasts, I twist and pull at her nipples. Her waist popping, she looked up at the ceiling, teeth clenched, and began writhing in the fuddled pleasure.

It’s really interesting to give a climax with only the nipples. She’s simple and indecent enough for her to easily become drunk in the pleasure. It’s just the right toy to satisfy a man’s lust. Being played with excites a man.

I glanced at Ogasawara Makoto for a moment, her cheeks were puffed and face bright red as she glared at Satonaka tearily..

She wants to complain, be it looks like she can’t. Well, that’s no surprise. The difference in their ability is obvious. She’s a newer meat toilet and is also still developing. On the other hand, this person is a defective outlet but has finished the meat toilet training first. The outcome was obvious from the beginning.

“Compared to Ogasawara, Satonaka is much easier to arouse. Aspire for expression of appraisal. It isn’t that I’m scolding you for not having it. But, know that you’re a regular underdog with bark but no bite.”

Speaking to her with a straight face, I pulled Satonaka’s nipples.

"……Yes."

With a despondent face she separated her arm from her chest and grasped her jelly-like shaking breasts with both hands and rubbed, with a few sighs mixed in.

Ogasawara Makoto doesn't know how to climax with her nipples. In contrast, Satonaka has developed erogenous zones all over her whole body and has no way to oppose her.

"Hiyaa, noo, cuumming, cumming——it's comin"

With staring at depressed Ogasawara Makoto, Satonaka moans with a raised voice that shows she's climaxing. As she said that, I kept pulling her nipples.

When I glanced at Satonaka, her waist convulsed as she looked up at the ceiling with her arms behind her head. Moreover, she then squirted a tide from inside her skirt.

Bending over backwards, she pushed out her breasts, demonstrating that she wanted to be groped more.

I separated my fingers from her nipples in defiance to her request, and felt the power leave her body at the same time. Then, with a jerk, she almost collapsed.

Immediately I tried to catch her, but she stopped her knees from falling by both hands and glared at Ogasawara Makoto. She then grinned.

After seeing this, a frightened Ogasawara Makoto shivered and then hid behind me with a finger in her mouth.

The tables have turned.

“Wow, wow—fufufuu, Makoto-chan, say whatever you want.”

With her breathing heavily while slouching forward, she then raised her body as her knees shook, took a step, and then took another to get herself at Ogasawara Makoto’s distance.

“I’ll teach you something that’s good for an impertinent junior. My chest became bigger quickly, yeah? Do you know how long it took? It started at the time that Kijima-san began training me……”

Satonaka stopped, and then began to talk to Ogasawara Makoto who hid behind me.

I had a rough prediction of what she wanted to say. Basically, she wanted to say that her breasts grew faster after I rubbed them.

Well, it wouldn’t be a lie. She certainly grew up in various ways while I trained her, but that was from her elementary school to middle school years. Anyone would grow during that time.

“Do you understand, nya? When one’s chest is rubbed by their lover, their chest becomes bigger. My chest may be smaller than yours, but the

one who assisted my growth to this point was……”

Her eyes closed as she muttered, then she took a light breath. Her eyes were still closed, but then suddenly she opened them.

“Kijima-san!”

“Hauuu!?”

Satonaka raised her voice as she placed both hands upon her waist, causing her white, well shaped breasts to shake. Then Ogasawara Makoto, who was still hiding behind me, raised her voice while trembling.

As I had expected, she wanted to say that her breasts had become bigger because of me.

Well, that wasn’t a lie. However, it wasn’t because of me that they became big, they just happened to grow while I trained her. But, I won’t purposely ruin that for her.

“Lalala, I’m not listening!!”

While hiding behind me, Ogasawara Makoto let go of the hand that was grasping my arm, and then covered her ears as she raised her voice.

It was too late to pretend she didn’t hear though. She raised her voice with a, “Hauuu!?” before Satonaka could finish speaking. Even that was too much for her.

But still, she pushed that aside like she never wanted to lose to her. But, for her to pretend she hadn't heard a thing in order to win. It was completely childish.

———

After making the two idiots put on their uniforms again, I was finally able to do a full on exposure.

Due to Satonaka's violent attack of proclaiming her chest had grown only because of me, Ogasawara Makoto became quiet.

Mobility is necessary from here on out. Therefore, I pulled out the anal sticks to ease movement, and then replaced them with anal plugs instead—the vibrating kind.

I already told Satonaka her destination and made her go on ahead.

After being separated from Satonaka for a little bit, Ogasawara Makoto and I then went up the stairs, heading to where Satonaka was.

Ogasawara Makoto was still holding onto my arm with a finger to her mouth. She was still convinced by Satonaka's whole story, and was quite shocked.

"I wanted Kijima-san to do my breasts, too……"

She had been muttering those words over and over since a while ago. Though to begin with, it's always been an urban legend that breasts grow when rubbed. But in reality, the growth of one's chest is different for each individual, and the people who end up with large breasts. During puberty, there are many chances to associate with the opposite sex, which means there would be many moments to have them rubbed.

Essentially, it's a misunderstanding. Since breasts grow within the time a partner fondles them. Hence, why such a rumor became so big.

But then again, I have heard that breast growth is possible from massaging, but that also highly depends on the individual.

"I want Kijima-san to help my breasts grow, too……"

She muttered those words again. I also realised this during the incident with the breast mik, but, she was unexpectedly persistent. Her character could perhaps be described as stubborn.

Well, it's fine if she's saying that herself. I'll decide how to deal with it later.

"Ogasawara, I told you not to say my name."

I stated that to her, who walked aside in accordance with my pace.

"Then, what should I call you?"

Ogasawara Makoto, who was muttering the same words over and over again, came to her senses after I suddenly spoken. She then looked up, confused.

Hmm, what should I make her call me? An alias would be best, but I may not notice if it's a name I'm not familiar with. In that case, it has to be a name I'm used to, but then it wouldn't really be an alias.

Hm, should I let her call me by my first name?

"Call me Aoi."

"Aoi?"

Ogasawara Makoto looked confused again.

"My name. Aoi Kijima is my full name."

"Eh!? You are Aoi-san!? That's the first I've ever heard that!"

Wide eyed, she stated her surprise.

It's natural she didn't know. I never told her my first name.

Even when being called, it's mostly my last name used and rarely my first. Even the people in my class may not even know my full name.

Also, I don't like my name that much. How should I say this……it's a name that's only manly when written in kanji, but when read, it sounds kind of feminine.

I don't think of it that much, but I still can't help but dislike it.

However, my older brother is called Soichiro, so why am I Aoi? Sojiro would have been fine. (People most likely won't get this without an explanation, so Sojiro is pretty much the same as Soichiro. The only difference is the middle kanji, since his brother has 'ich' or one, and the name he believes would be better has 'ni' which means two. Here is a visual aid: Bros – 総一郎 Tsundere's preferred's – 総二郎.)

It would seem our names came from our mother and father. The other brother inherited the father's name, and I, the second son, was given the mother's

In other words, since my brother was born, no, since before his birth he was doted on by father .

"How is it written in kanji?"

A finger attached to her lip, she looked up towards to me. How it is in kanji doesn't matter. It's fine if you call me Aoi.

"That is beyond unnecessary. It's fine if you call me Aoi."

"How is it written in kanji?"

She repeated the same question while staring at my face; did she not hear what I said? The stars in her black eyes twinkled.

"How it is written is no—"

"How is it written in kanji?"

I treated her coldly to push her away, but it's like she has no plans to back down. This fellow is really persistent.

Well, there is no inconvenienced with teaching her the kanji, and she would keep being annoying if I don't tell her.

"……It's written with the kanji of 'blue' for blue sky, and 'reform' for reformation."

"'Blue' of the blue sky……reform for reformation. The meaning is like the magnificent, clear blue sky that is unchanging, and a person with the strength to bring reformation, yeah? It's a wonderful name. It fits you, doesn't it?"

Eyes shining brightly with her head bobbing a lot, Ogasawara Makoto had a full on smile as she said that.

Like a grand, blue sky, and a person with the strength to spark a reformation, huh?

If anything, I’m like a cloudy sky and a sour person who holds their grudges inside while I always walk in the shadows. It’s definitely the complete opposite of what she had just said.

“Don’t call me that during practice. I’m not really that enthusiastic about it.”

“I understand, Aoi-san.”

I spat that out with a click of my tongue, and she nodded obediently. I thought she would be more persistent about it.

“You’re awfully obedient.”

“Yes, I always am.”

To her smile filled answer, I felt uneasy.

I cooed at her with a huff and evaded her eyes as I walked forward. Then, I started searching for the real reason I was feeling uneasy. (3)

What is with her expression she made just now? No, isn’t it the atmosphere rather than the expression? Something seems unusually different.

She’s not a clumsy child. Yeah, her behavior and smile aren’t that of a clumsy child.

Her speech and conduct have a certain childishness to them, but sometimes, her expression is strangely mature.

Somehow, this seems like her true face.

She's usually an idiot who does stupid things, but I may not have grasped her true character. If she's just an ordinary idiot, there is no issue, but if she isn't.

This fellow isn't someone to be taken very lightly after all.

———

We went towards the shoe store. I've had my eye on it from the moment I walked away from the idiots and went to buy women's clothes.

As I lead Ogasawara Makoto into the shop, I searched for Satonaka while pretending not to know her.

"How about this?

"Yeah, that looks good. May I try it on?"

When I heard that voice, Satonaka was having an conversation with someone.

As I headed towards the voice, minding the surrounding area in order

to be noticed, I saw two people standing in front of a shelf built into the wall.

A salesperson was with Satonaka.

The friendly sales clerk was apparently is in the middle of recommending the black loafers in her hands to Satonaka.

Satonaka explained that,"I need new shoes for going to school." She obeyed my order of, 'Look for shoes.'

Nevertheless, the loafers the salesclerk recommended are just like the ones she has on now. Perhaps she explained that they were what she was looking for.

Since making it seem like she's purchasing something is part of the practice, she doesn't actually have to buy anything. That being the case, it would've been fine if she picked something expensive.

"Ogasawara, pay close attention The beauty hygiene of Satonaka-senpai has started."

"Y-Yes....."

While pretending to browse the shoes that were laid atop the installed shelves, I urged Ogasawara Makoto to pay attention to Satonaka.

Nodding to my whisper, she clenched my hand harder. Then, with an

intense stare, paid close attention to Satonaka after having swallowed her saliva.

"Would you like to try it on?"

"Yes, please."

Satonaka nodded and followed after the salesclerk.

We followed as well.

Facing Satonaka was an area where several chairs were placed around for people to try on shoes. Carpet was spread around the chairs, and a large mirror was installed near the front.

Moreover, the area were surrounded with shoes placed upon shelves, with chairs around them. If one is conscious about not being seen, then they won't be noticed by anyone else in the area.

It is the ideal environment for exposure.

"Please, take a seat."

"Yes."

Urged by the salesclerk, Satonaka sat down. Her cheeks were slightly pink as she gave a slight glance to the side. She seemed to notice us

somehow.

The salesclerk knelt down in front of Satonaka and placed the shoes on the carpet.

Satonaka took off her shoes as the salesclerk held the new ones for Satonaka to try on. Then, with the clerk, she should've been doing her her normal action, but her movement suddenly stopped.

The salesclerk, who was letting Satonaka put on the shoes, raised her head in order to confirm the shoes fit. Satonaka had waited for that moment to open her legs.

The salesclerk once again knelt down in front of Satonaka who was sitting on a chair. From the position and angle, the inside of her skirt should've been seen.

Since they were both female, girls she shouldn't have cared even if she saw a little bit of Satonaka's underwear. That is, if there was any underwear to be seen.

"E-Excuse me. Today, um……I forgot my underwear……"

With her face burning as it went completely red, Satonaka faced down and explained the situation to the salesclerk in a low, trembling voice while biting her underlip.

She didn't bother to explain. Moreover, if she forgot to put on underwear, it's strange for her to have her legs opened.

She definitely showed it deliberately. The salesclerk should have noticed that too.

"I, I see. D, Don't worry about it……"

While blushing, the salesclerk turned her eyes away as an awkward smile grew over her face

Despite thinking she's a pervert, she's desperate to handle this situation calmly, since this pervert is also a customer.

Meanwhile, Satonaka's breath began to rise, clearly excited. Perhaps she's not excited from the salesclerk seeing her private part, but instead from me seeing her be seen by the salesclerk.

Her eyes fleeted to the side, Ogasawara Makoto stared at Satonaka. She was blushing after experiencing an abnormal view of excitement. The hand grasping mine is sweating.

"Satonaka-senpai, seems to be enjoying it……"

Ogasawara Makoto muttered in a low voice filled with enthusiasm. Her wet eyes were looking at Satonaka earnestly.

Although she's shy, Satonaka is exposing her private part to the salesclerk. Since her face is downcast, she can't see Satonaka's face too well. But still, the salesclerk is able to see that she's enjoying it from her figure. It isn't the expression that gives it away, but the atmosphere.

"Satonaka-senpai looks relieved."

She glanced at me with an slight envious smile.

"With Kijima-san close—. Wait, it's Aoi-san now. yeah. Satonaka can do such embarrassing things. She has confidence, yeah? You have surely protected her so far. I know that you definitely protected her. I'm a little……jealous."

As she said that, she sneered at herself and looked directly at me.

"Will you protect me? Protect me like Satonaka-senpai……"

Her expression and tone were completely different from usual. I almost unconsciously evaded her eyes, however, I held down the urge.

Protect. She wants me to protect her. This is proof that she is weak. She rarely makes this kind of a complaint. However, even though it was a complaint, it has a strange positivity to it. (4)

"Of course, this is practice. I have the right to give instructions to you, and I am also the leader who manages you. As such, I have a duty to carry all responsibility."

Hearing my words, she changed her serious expression to a soft smile.

“It’s as annoying as Satonaka says…….”

She clenched my hand tightly and closed her eyes,, then she slowly opened them.

“Aoi-san isn’t very honest.”

Seeing her have such a delighted smile all over her face, I, I…… (5)

“What a bitch.”

“Auu!?”

I gave her a headbutt.

Her face twisted, but she still smiled while holding her forehead, with teary eyes.

What a sassy remark. Her mannerisms… There is a limit to her rudeness.

To be honest, it’s a desire of mine, though.

“T, Thank you……thank you very much…….”

The salesclerk held out the paper bag that had Satonaka’s shoes. Her face was bright red as if she was having a nightmare with the heat.

“I, I’m sorry in several ways……”

Satonaka’s face a similar shade, she lowered her head and received the paper bag.

She showed what was inside her skirt while trying on the shoes. It was only that, but there was a clear, uncomfortable atmosphere between the sales clerk and her.

This unforgettable atmosphere is the true pleasure of exposure.

How is that shown? Fighting against the fear, Satonaka succumbs to the pleasure.

She also didn’t notice any particular indication from the sales clerk, and was able to finish shopping safely.

This is only the beginning of the exposure, but after some time passes, it will become a great performance.

“I, I was nervous……”

Satonaka joined us waiting inside, and sighed heavily as sweat dripped

out..

She did such an unreasonable thing without stopping.

So I decided to do an unreasonable thing without giving her a break.

“Satonaka, take off the shoes you are wearing.”

“Eh?”

“Do it quickly.”

I took the bag from her hand right away.

Without understanding why, she took off her shoes and glanced up at me with a confused look on her face.

“Kuku, since I saw it yesterday, these shoes seem quite important. After seeing the way you treat them, it’s obvious.”

“Eh? Y, Yeah. That’s because my stepfather bought them. After he asked what I wanted for a congratulatory gift for into getting into high school, I said that I wanted shoes if possible, since they would always be good to use. That’s it.”

Satonaka stood on the floor with her shoes off, and extended her hands with the shoes in them.

I see, I see, the shoes that her stepfather gave are important? A simple fellow. She doesn't even know that her stepfather is a brute man who raped her mother.

"Ah, speaking of my stepfather, he has been asking me a lot about when you will be visiting. My new father seems to be crazy for you, Kijima-san~. His favorite phrase is,"His future will by all means be successful."

"……humph."

She said boastfully while smiling. Not satisfied with her mother, is that brute of a father is trying to get me as well? But that isn't enough, I won't be won over so easily.

Now what to say is:

"These shoes are now confiscated. Even if you cry, it's no use; I'm putting these into my collection. These leather shoes are quite well-kept. In return for this, take this brand-new pair of valueless shoes—"

"Wowww!"

As I knelt down on the floor, I took out the black loafers from inside the bag and placed them onto the floor. She placed them on with glee.

"Ehehe, my treasures have increased."

With a tap, Satonaka banged the tips of her toe against the floor to check the fit, and then smiled as she dropped down. And then she stared at me with the loafers on.

"It appears you're taking them away, but won't throw them away."

"Uh huh. It will make you grieve more. These are important shoes."

Holding her knees while down, she was not shaking, but laughing joyfully in spite of her stepfather's leather shoes.

"He also said the shoes were worn out. But I told him that buying another pair wasn't important……I already made him overwork himself a little too much, yeah."

Staring at the shoes I placed in the box, she muttered a little lonelily.

Kuku, she's as pitiable as I expected. Indeed, it should be hard, however, she's forcing herself to smile.

"Okay, I'm satisfied."

"Eh!"

"Nyaa!?"

As she was about to place the boxed shoes into the paper bag and

stand up, Satonaka fell backwards with her arms tied around her legs. Her skirt was rolled up, exposing everything from within.

Many passersby came and went. I stretched my hand and immediately grabbed her skirt, and then I placed it down quickly to cover her part. Then, I looked around the area in a cold sweat.

No matter where I looked, there were many people coming down and from around here, so it would be bad to expose her skirt brazenly.

I observed the area for reactions, but there doesn't appear to be a single person who turned to look over here. Rather, with everyone quickly coming and going to their destinations, they didn't have any time to pay attention to us squatting down at the edge of the passage.

But still, there may have been a person who witnessed it the moment she fell down but had already passed by.

I was able to cover her up quickly before I stood up. You could call this a narrow escape.

"Ow, ow, ow, why so sudden?"

Satonaka got up while holding her skirt with her hand, and looked around with an uncomfortable frown.

With a push, she was knocked back. And by whom was a no brainer .

“Ehehe, I will take this.”

Ogasawara Makoto, who knelt down besides Satonaka, had just taken off the new black loafers that Satonaka had been wearing earlier.

Satonaka looked at the scene in utter amazement. She doesn’t seem to understand what happened.

“Those, are my, my……my shoes that Kijima-san gave me……”

“No, These are my shoes. They fell here. I’m the one who picked them up.”

Satonaka pointed to the shoes she had while trembling. She flatly denied her words.

“G, Give them back……”

“No.”

Satonaka tears collected in her auburn eyes, and then stretched out her hands for them to be returned. Ogasawara Makoto cut off her invocation sharply.

“Y, Your foot size is different, isn’t it? You can’t wear them. So, give them back……”

“No!!”

Getting down on all fours, Satonaka reached out when approaching her. Ogasawara Makoto brushed the hand off and refused the plea in her body and heart.

Careless. She seems to have thought of her as a younger sister, but Ogasawara Makoto also believes something similar. She thinks of Satonaka as a older sister.

A gentle older sister who is forgiving even if she says something selfish. But occasionally, it can also lead to her becoming tyrannical and arrogant.

She wants something when her older sister has everything. If her old sister got one, she wants one too. Something which her sister calls her own.

Siblings do this everywhere. But, I have never experienced this.

My older brother always gave me everything I wanted . He was given a toy from father, and I had said I wanted a new one which wasn’t used.

A child’s selfishness. I was also given a toy from mother. But, I wanted the toy my brother had got.

My brother took my selfishness with a smile. He always handed over the toy with no delay.

In that matter, I can only respect him. Would he give his life for me? I feel a sense of dread at the thought.

“Give it back!”

“No! These are the shoes Aoi-san bought for me!”

“Huh!? These are the shoes Kijima-san bought for—you called Kijima-san by his first name!? Doesn’t he hate being called that!? How do you even know it!”

“He told me! He told me to refer to him by his first name during practice! Also this isn’t about that! I’ll still be wearing these shoes!”

“It’s impossible to let you call him by his first name! Even I have never called him by his first name before! It isn’t good to lie! Even if it’s you, I am very angry!”

The two clenched the shoes and argued with one another. Satonaka’s begged for the shoes was returned with the persistence and determination of Ogasawara Makoto who, as anyone would be expect, became openly angry. (1)

I will admit that this time it is my fault. It was a mistake to only buy Satonaka shoes.

I approached the two who were yelling at each other, and bonked

Ogasawara Makoto's head with a fist.

"It's my fault. I'll buy one for you too, so calm down."

Ogasawara Makoto suddenly held her movement to my words. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Satonaka took back her shoes, hugged them with both her hands, and then heaved a sigh of relief.

"Go, stand up quickly."

I grabbed Ogasawara Makoto as she sat on the floor, and then tried to forcefully make her stand up. But she just looked down, unwilling to stand.

She's aware of what she did and said something that was selfish and troubling to me and Satonaka. Having a one person review meeting is her strong point. Now I wish I had told her she that wasn't selfish from the beginning rather than have her repent, but I know that her feelings can't be controlled that well.

That, I understand, but I still blame myself for making her emotional.

This fellow really is annoying. But, I don't hate her.

"S, Sorry. I was jealous of Satonaka……"

"Since you understand, quickly stand up. Satonaka, you wait here. It'd be difficult for you to enter the store again due to the incident from last

time.”

I turned around to face Ogasawara Makoto who was still refusing to stand, and placed both my hands onto her waist and lifted her up in my arms. I simply dragged her as I spoke to Satonaka.

“Uuu, doesn’t it look like I’m the complete bad guy in this……”

Although she responded in agreement like usual, she still sat on the floor, holding her shoes, and looked down while sulking.

Well, I understand why she’s sulking. She didn’t do anything wrong this time. I knew that Ogasawara Makoto is a child, and so it’s my responsibility to take appropriate steps.

“Satonaka.”

I stopped dragging Ogasawara Makoto when I called to her. However, she didn’t answer and just looked down. Uh, Satonaka, it’s also unusual to be sulking here.

Satonaka and Ogasawara Makoto. The idiots’ good and bad relationship today is awfully hectic. However, if they didn’t know each other a quarrel like this would be impossible.

It doesn’t matter if it’s nothing but a hassle, I ignore them even if I’m upset. It’s a lost cause to fight and insult each other. It also is a waste of effort.

Even so, purposely expressing their emotions, whether it be anger or resentment, means that, in the end, they still care about the other person.

In a short amount of time, they have grown close enough to fight with each other. They're going to quickly shorten the distances between them this way.

In other words, the monkey and dog are on such good terms that they can fight. Their essence is compatible.

"Only one thing. I will agree to buy you one thing only. So calm down."

I muttered with a sigh, and then Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka looked up at the same time.

"Really!?"

"You sure!?"

Satonaka's eyes brightened as a smile appeared on her face, Ogasawara Makoto turned with both of her hands behind me with a bright smile on her face as well.

I said it to Satonaka……but giving Satonaka candy here is another new ball game.

It's a good thing that they're compatible, but seriously they are

annoying.

“Really. I know I’m a liar, but I do tell the truth from time to time.

Sulking unbelievably until now, Satonaka lept with a skip, and Ogasawara Makoto made a foolish face with her eyes twinkling.

“Makoto!”

“Yes!”

It wasn’t anything worthwhile. It’s like a hunch, or perhaps a belief, but it’s inevitable.

It was the right choice to have brought stomach medicine.

———

After I came back to the shoe store and bought the same shoes for Ogasawara Makoto, we left and rejoined with Satonaka. Then, we set off for our next destination.

Satonaka and Ogasawara Makoto joined hands while walking cheerfully with a hum.

“That’s nice Makoto-chan! We’re matching!”

“Yes!”

Together, the smiling idiots rejoiced. What on earth happened to the fight just now? (2)

We’re now going to a clothes store. Since they are wearing their uniforms, my goal is to get them change into suitable clothes for training, however..

“I had my eyes set on that since earlier!”

“No! I had my eyes on it three seconds before you!”

I was going to have them get whatever when we entered, but Ogasawara Makoto ran behind Satonaka and stretched out a hand to the clothes she picked up; they were totally scrambling.

“You did not see it three seconds before, you child! Hey, quit it! Kijima-sannn! Do something about this childddd!”

She tried to take back her chosen clothes, which were robbed by Ogasawara Makoto, while tearfully calling for help.

“Calling out for Aoi-san that fast! Who is the child! You’re pushing your luck too much with the generosity of Aoi-san, Satonaka-senpai!”

Ogasawara Makoto held the clothes up high away so Satonaka couldn’t get it back, but in spite of that, Satonaka tried jumping.

“I’m not spoiled, Makoto-chan! You’re the one who is getting cheeky after he spoiled you! And stop calling him Aoi! I am seriously getting angry! When I get seriously mad, I’m scary!”

Suddenly increasing the enthusiasm of her anger, her face turned deep red with the shout, she clenched a hand into a fist, and then struck Ogasawara Makoto’s chest repeatedly. Her chest went on a riot as such.

“You’re so smooth since you don’t grow there!”

As she hits her chest, which causes no pain to her, Ogasawara Makoto cooed at her as she let out her ultimate weapon for criticizing her. Having heard those words, her eyes opened wide with a glare.

“Ugaaa! Now I’m angry! Now I’m angryyy!”

Appearing to be beyond livid, Satonaka held both her hands up to ceiling vigorously, and then knelt down, holding her knees.

“Uuu, It will grow soon……”

Rather than thinking of a counter attack, Satonaka’s heart seems to be broken. The next time she criticizes her, she may have ran into a mental corner.

“Th, They get along……”

Next to me, as I heaved a sigh looking upon the two idiots with scorn, the sales clerk spoke to me with a twitching smile.

With the three of us entering the store together, I appeared to be their acquaintance. I also seem to have been marked as the leader of these idiots.

“I’m sorry for making such a commotion.”

The clerk shook both her hands in front of her small chest as I apologized, and said what’s expected of an adult, “It’s fine that they’re a little noisy because they’re young.”

She appears to have caught the state of the two idiots, but doesn’t seem angry.

“You are very calm, aren’t you customer? But, you don’t seem to be much older than those two.”

“Yes, I’m the same age as those two. I, well, I don’t like being so loud.” (3)

Engaging in small talk, I answered the salesclerk.. Right now those two are causing trouble in the store. She should be mad.

When the salesclerk heard my reply, she returned a smile with and murmured, “Is that so?” Before she turned to glance at the idiots. Then, she tilted her head with a hand attached to her cheek. It’s a gesture that occurs when someone doesn’t seem to get something.

What? Did I say something wrong?

Looking at the two idiots for a while, she suddenly turned her eyes to me, still in the same pose.

“Customer, did you not say……‘Ore’?”

I realised that oh too late. I addressed myself as ‘Ore’.

Did she figure out that I was man? No, I can tell by her expression she’s only a bit suspicious. It may seem oddly aversive if I correct it hastily. Then what do I do?

Overcome it, yeah, overcome it. I should be dignified. It’s okay, no problem.

“I……I’m actually a girl who uses that pronoun!”

I tightened my expression and answered the salesclerk. Although I’m sweating inside, I must not show that I’m disturbed. After these two idiots caused trouble, the incident may seriously be reported to the police if I’m discovered crossdressing.

Having heard my move of resuscitation, her smile stiffens.

Did I make it awkward? Was it wrong? I thought I had a good hand, but did it twist about a bit too much? Should I have just said,”I made a

mistake.”?

I intended to handle this calmly by myself, but am I perhaps falling into a worse situation?

Don’t get flustered, calm down. First calm down. I should think about my next hand. A resuscitation move that will truly break the current situation.

……No good. I can’t think of any. I’m useless now. I can’t apply my ability while I’m at my weak point. My ad lib doesn’t work. Shit, this is bad.

At any rate, do I make the two leave here? If three people are taken into custody together, it’s all over. In which case, I’ll make Satonaka lead the escape.

I can do whatever if it’s just me. Okay, I decided.

“Customer.”

“Y, Yes.”

While I created an opening, I was going to try to make the two idiots leave in the meantime, however, I then received the first strike from the sales clerk.

Did she read my move? Do they know telepathy? It’s quite possible for the service sector.

My beating to the point that it feels it would jump right out, I perspirated through my whole body.

Calm down, don't fall into a panic. I have to deal with this situation calmly. No, the predicament is the slim corner chance I have . The other party being careless is their disadvantage. I attack there.

Focus. Read their thoughts. Find a chance.

"Wait, wait, I have to leave my post for a little, however can you leave but not go? I'll be back immediately."

Both hands placed upon their chest, she emphasized,"Don't go." She then left me in a quick pace.

Will I be reported to the police? Or is she going to the Security room in the shopping mall for support? Either way, now is my greatest opportunity. It would be stupid to not make a move when she said not to.

Now, I have no other choice. There is no other way but to escape now.

"Satonaka! Ogasawara! We're leaving immediately!

I bolted while calling the two.

"Didn't I say I found it earlier! Let go!"

“No! I had my eyes on it since yesterday!”

“Yesterday!? You weren’t here yesterday! If you’re going to tell a lie, tell a better one!”

“How do you know that it’s a lie!? Did you see!? You don’t know what I was doing or where I was yesterday, yeah!?”

“Weren’t you in Kijima-san’s room throughout the whole day? I heard from Kijima-san!”

“Darn it! I visited from on my trip! I thought I would come today, so I just visited to look around!”

“A complete lie! Makoto-chan lies!”

“Where is your evidence!? You’re calling me a liar even though you have no evidence!”

They didn’t hear.

“Stop it you idiots!”

“Owww!?

“Painful!?”

I ran up to the two who were scrambling for clothes, grabbed the nape of their neck, poked their heads with a fist, and then tried to pull them away from the store.

But, my body turned to stone. Three salesclerks, arms crossed, were waiting at the store's exit.

Was I too late? Do they intend to keep up in until security comes.

What do I do? Break through? No, that's impossible if it's just me.

"You are an idiooooooot!"

"The idiot is youuuuuuuuu!"

With the two still going at it even when their naps are caught by me, it'll be impossible to break through. It will only increase the scene if they resist.

"Satonaka, Ogasawara, listen to me.

"Makoto-chan, you fooooool!"

"Satonaka-senpai, you idiooooooot!"

The two idiots disregarded my mutter which tried to stop their fight. As I gritted my teeth, I looked back and released my hold from their naps.

And then glared at them.

“H, Huh? Isn’t Kijima-san……really angry?”

“Ah, Ahaha……he is.”

They immediately contracted due to my glare; they had a bitter smile with cold sweat upon their pale faces.

Okay, they’re quiet. That’s good.

“Okay, listen and save your questions for later. Listen to all of my orders.”

They nodded to my words obediently.

“You came here with two people, and met me by chance. In other words, you and I don’t do anything together and just came here by chance. I do not know you, nor have seen you, but I spoke to you. I know nothing more about you then that. If anybody asks anything, answer that way.”

“Eh? B, But……”

“You are an acquaintance. Someone special. I can’t say that I don’t know you!”

Satonaka was bewildered, and Ogasawara Makoto just refused my

order directly. Well, she understood.

I ignored Ogasawara Makoto and placed both hands on Satonaka's shoulder, staring right into her.

Satonaka's eyes were swimming as she stared me, full on red, but when I looked straight at her, she sensed the urgency of the situation.

"Satonaka, understand what I just said. Ask the idiot next to you. She is an idiot who won't bend so readily when asked once. So, I'm asking you. I believe you can do something."

As I told her that, I separated my hands from both her shoulders, and then glared at Ogasawara Makoto besides her.

It seems she understands that the situation is dire, for she's looking at me worried.

"Listen to what Satonaka-senpai has to say carefully. Understand?"

I extended my hand, placed it upon her head, and patted it lightly. I then glanced at Satonaka.

Her face was pale as she nodded. I averted my eyes, and then stepped forward a foot towards the salesclerks who waited at the entrance.

I'm relying on Satonaka for me to be able to run at full force if an opportunity arises. If what I said wasn't asking too much, they will insist

they have no relation to me. They will only ask what.

Alright, no problem. After all, me crossdressing is only part of the problem. They won't continue to investigation on Ogasawara Makoto and Satonaka if they stick to they don't know me.

The only problem is Ogasawara Makoto saying that's unreasonable. But still, that won't be too great of one with some guidance, and then they'll definitely be on their way home. I'm worried, though.

I won't raise the question where. I know very well what will happen next.

I stood before the three salesclerk and began to smile with a as good as possible posture.

This is my last chance. I can't resist it. I'll receive their opinions directly. In addition, I'll apologize with bowing my head to appeal to their extenuation.

"Everyone, this is really a girl who uses 'ore'!"

One saleclerk who waited at the entrance and then the one who serviced us a bit ago called out to two others.

"Ooh! Although I heard they were here, this kind of person seem to be very rare, manager!"

“They are also a beauty! In addition, they’re kind of boyish! This is too good to be true, manager!”

While the two remaining assistant waited on me, they whispered questions with glistening eyes.

“Stop it, you’re being rude to the guest! You are staring at them too much!”

They appeared to be talking to themselves, but the three were breathing rather heavily, as if their lungs were leaking their voices.

I looked at them and got that the situation was most likely not as urgent as I had thought.

Heaving a sigh, fatigue quickly surged through out me.

Well, I assumed the worst of it all by myself. I got all worked up for nothing, but if there is nothing, it’s fine.

I had an impulse that wanted me to sit down right there and then in the languor that overcame and built in me, but I desperately endured it and approached the salesclerks addressing me.

“S, Sorry if I caused trouble. Customer, you’re just a bit too, um, beautiful. Do you, who adresses themselves with ‘ore’ model? Um, that was rude, but it was very natural and was deeply impressed that it got me so scattered…….”

The manage lowered their eyebrows and their head. The two assistants waiting behind blushed, and then also bowed.

The danger seems to have passed me by.

“What should I do? He was so cool just now……”

“Awoi-swan ish swtill Awoi-san……”

When I looked back in reaction to the mutters behind, the two idiots stared at me with dim eyes.

What on earth am I doing? Why am I so tired? I also want to get rid of this stomach ache somehow. Fairly quickly.

It’s irritating to complain, but honestly, I’d like to go home soon. I’m really tired.

In contrast,Ogasawara Makoto followed behind me in high spirits while humming along with Satonaka, who had purchased several pieces of clothing at the store. They are in such a good mood that they’re swinging their hands in accordance to their hums.

Won’t it be fine if we stop training for today? I want to take these clothes off as soon as possible so I can return them and take a hot bath for my fatigue.

Furthermore, by saying that I’d buy things for these guys, I’ve already spent all my money.

I had intended to do so for Ogasawara Makoto from the start, but for Satonaka, I gave you a card. I made her an account purely so she can get money.

Haa, thanks to that I’m in a pinch this month. Since I don’t usually throw money around, I can afford to transfer funds monthly; although our situation might be alright right now, it may become a problem if there is an emergency.

I don’t want to depend solely on my parent’s allowance. Even if I’m missing money, I don’t want to ask them to resend it because of that.

Sighing, I checked my wristwatch to see that it’s past noon.

It appears I have somehow wasted half a day just by being swung around by these two idiots. No, I wasn't actually swung around.

Shit, I'm not being myself. This isn't who I am.

Complaining inside my head, I clicked my tongue as we explored the next area.

I bought shoes. I bought clothes. Finally everything is ready.

"Okay, should we do this?"

"Okayyy!

"I'm all ready!"

The two idiots struck an interlude to my mutter.

Holding my temple as I twitched, I glared at the idiots.

"Yuppie~~~!"

"We're ready!"

"…..isn't that right."

I could only sigh at the idiots when I saw that they lively raised their hands up in reply.

No yeah, it's different. It isn't me. The difference is in the ones demanding.

"……Do you want to go eat?"

"Yessss!"

"I'll join!"

I placed all my mind's chips into the highly spirited idiots, but then I realized it might be because I'm running on an empty stomach.

Now I understand. It's very unlikely that they will be able to follow, even if their hunger is satisfied.

When training, it's better to do them individually. I know painfully well that they went out of control when I united them.

———

Although I did say I was hungry, I don't have a big appetite. Something like that doesn't really come out with fatigue and a stomachache.

"This, hey, it's rweally gwood!"

“Eh? These are ordinary fries. Is this the reaction of someone who’s eating them for the first time!?”

“Ywess!”

“……Really?”

“Ywesss!”

Ogasawara Makoto’s cheeks were puffed, just like a hamster, with french fries packed inside her mouth; Satonaka stared at that sight, utterly surprised.

It’s reasonable to be shocked. Her way of eating is terrible. Just by looking at her I already feel full

I didn’t eat any fries. We can get as many as we want, since we are in a fast food store.

From Satonaka’s appearance it seems like she’s trying to comprehend what she said. While she did that with her eyes wide opened, she steadily placed a fry she picked up to my lips.

Oi, oi Satonaka, I don’t want to eat. Don’t push it, and don’t try to make me eat.

“If I wanted to eat I’d eat, so feel free to order whatever you want. You

seem happy when you get something. So don’t worry about the money. I’ve got my purse next to me.

“Ywess!”

To Satonaka who spoke while smiling kindly, Ogasawara Makoto happily replied by stuffing her mouth with fries . Satonaka also nodded joyfully, and then as she forced a french fry into my mouth, she took a paper cup filled with tea, which she once again forced upon me putting the straw to my lips.

Although I didn’t have an appetite, my throat was dry, so when she placed the straw to my mouth, I drank the cold tea in one gulp.

Apart from that, oi, Satonaka, whose purse?

Having forcibly drank some tea, Satonaka pulled the straw out before repeating the cycle.

Because my throat was moistened, my appetite started to reveal itself, and I tried to eat the fries she pushed to my lips all at once.

However, the finger was subtly pulled away just before I eat, and I was able to only eat half the fries. The remaining half is where she pulled off from.

When I scowled at her, Satonaka removed her lips from the straw she put in her mouth, and then placed it to her mouth.

In spite of it only being half, my mouth was still salty from the fries,so I drank from the straw that was pushed to my mouth. The straw was forcibly pulled away by a bit, and then she placed it to her lips. The fries were then instead pressed upon my lips, but when I tried, the finger was detracted back yet again and I could only eat half. The remaining half went inside her mouth.

While repeating it, the french fries which I purchased for the three of us disappeared completely.

Ogasawara Makoto ate most of them.

“Do you want more?”

“Ywes!”

As Satonaka wiped my lips with a paper napkin, she asked Ogasawara Makoto, who replied both verbally and by nodding her head despite her cheeks being puffed up like a hamster.

“Kijima-san, can you order more?”

As she finished wiping my lips, she asked me with upturned eyes.

“Whatever. However, I’m eating part of it.

Elbows on the table, chin in her hands, Ogasawara Makoto’s eyes were

shining brilliantly to my words.

“Makoto-chan, go ahead. Makoto will be ordering herself this time. I’ll be behind you, so don’t worry.”

“Ywess! Iw’ll twiry mah bwest!”

Ogasawara Makoto stood up quickly with Satonaka, and then followed, while holding hands, to the counter.

When it comes to ordering fast food, it’s a everyday thing with female high schoolers. For her to be so frickin’ frolicly over this is ridiculous.

Well, I don’t hate seeing her enjoy the delicious food. (1)

———

Hamburger, cheeseburger, and chicken nuggets, Ogasawara Makoto ate them one after another like a bottomless pit.

Satonaka stared at Ogasawara Makoto, who was absorbed in eating the one chicken nugget in her hand, who then placed it in her mouth. Then, as I was going to eat, Satonaka grabbed my hand just in time to take half of my nuggets with her mouth.

Then she tore a nugget apart, and placed the remaining half in her mouth.

Even when I glared her scornfully, she pretended not to notice.

Why is it only half now? No, well, it's fine since I'm not particularly hungry.

Having eaten almost everything that we ordered, Ogasawara Makoto smiled as she stuffed her mouth with an apple pie, which was for dessert.

She really is a bottomless pit, oi.

"Hey Makoto-chan, do you remember?"

"Ywes?"

Satonaka pushed the straw to my mouth, but as she did that, she stared at Ogasawara Makoto and asked. As apple pie was stuffed into her mouth, Ogasawara Makoto moved her mouth with her head tilted to the question.

As for me, who was drinking the tea out of the straw pressed against my lips, I gave Satonaka a side glance.

"Did Kijima-san talk to you about it? He said he would listen to one thing you ask. Have you decided what you'd like?"

I almost spat out the tea due to her words.

I bought shoes, clothes, and even handled the lunch charges, but you still intend to extort me?

Well, they definitely didn't say they wanted shoes, clothes, or that they were hungry.

I proposed all that. And even then, their wishes have not yet been granted with those things.

However, she's hesitating.

".....If I could be given one wish, there is only one thing."

When the apple pie she stuffed inside was forcibly swallowed, she mumbled, looking down while hesitating. She then glanced at me with her, face dyed completely red.

This late in the game and she's acting like a younger girl who would make a flower shy. But, it's too late now, for I have seen her display the likeness of a hamster.

"Hey, Kijima-san, is it no good if I help fulfil Makoto-chan's request? Since, uh, you granted my wishes so far, can we make her happy this time? I'm actually a bit jealous, but because I like Makoto-chan....."

Satonaka pulled the straw away from my mouth and stared at me, red like Ogasawara Makoto.Then she looked down, with the straw placed into her mouth, drinking the tea.

Entrusting her with Ogasawara Makoto's wish? That isn't a bad idea. It would be somewhat better than doing both of them individually.

"Say what you want."

I looked at Ogasawara Makoto as I rested my chin on my hands, and then asked them to tell me what she wants.

Don't ask for anything crazy. Please.

"U, Um, uh……together……"

Ogasawara Makoto looked down, mutter while frequently hesitating.

Not knowing what she will ask, I began to fear an attack, and broke into a cold sweat as I pretended to be calm.

The other person is Ogasawara Makoto. It's impossible to predict what she will suggest. To begin with, Satonaka said she would join in. Why would she do such a thing?

Ogasawara Makoto looked straight at me with her tight, boiling red face.

Don't ask for something ridiculous like, 'I want to bungee jump from the shopping mall's roof!' I don't like expensive things.

“A, A photo booth! I want to take a photo of us three!”

Ogasawara Makoto closed her eyes and raised her voice, and in that moment, everyone in the restaurant went silent. All the area’s eyes were then concentrated onto her.

With her face boiled a deep shade of red, she then looked down, shivered up with her fiery breath.

A photo booth? The thing that takes pictures? That’s her request? The one time she can ask for anything, and that’s what she wants?

At a loss of words to her small wish, I casted a glance to Satonaka.

“She’s a girl. Would you take a picture, yeah?”

Satonaka muttered somewhat lonelily and smiled gently while wiping the tears from her eyes with a finger.

After she heard her mutter, Ogasawara Makoto still looked down and nodded.

“…..Do whatever you like.”

Ogasawara Makoto quickly looked up after hearing my words, and smiled with a deep red face.

“It’s good, Makoto-chan.”

“Yes!”

In spite of me being shocked and sighing,, the two seemed happy. Well, I too have never taken a photo booth picture before.

———

After we left the fast food restaurant, we went to what could be considered a game arcade. It seems to be different in a way of speaking; I don’t understand it either.

Satonaka said all the photo booths are located here.

For me, a gaming arcade is an irrelevant place since I hate noise. After all I’m not interested in games nor do I like to take myself places. In other words, I’m a stranger to the photo booth.

I memorized where the area was using a guidemap installed next to an elevator, and then we all moved to the aisle indicated on the guidemap. I saw a neon sign of fluorescent color. That would be the game arcade.

“Wow, wonderful……”

“The way it’s structured is amazing, and it is in the form of a park rather than a typical gaming arcade……”

When I passed by the neon signs at the entrance, I heard a noise come from the dim center. My ears were attacked by a piecing electron tone from all eight directions, and I unconsciously covered my ears.

Contrary to me, the two looked around the area. They seemed to be fine with all this noise.

Satonaka hit the bull's eye when she said that it looked like a theme park. That is, in scale. But, it might be more correct to call it a shopping mall theme park.

Wherever I looked, there was game equipment. Arcade games, token games, and many crane games as well. There were even railroad tracks installed on top of a low barrier that mazed its way through the center. A small train runs on the railroad tracks.

"A choo-choo train! I want to get on that!"

Broken past her critical point of joy, Ogasawara Makoto pulled Satonaka's hand and pointed to the whistling locomotive. The children riding the locomotive noticed her, and began to face with smiling faces. She then waved back intensely.

She said she wanted to get on a ride for a little kindergartener. Well, guardians seem to be able to take it as well, but I don't like it.

"……I'd rather not stay for long."

Feeling my temple twitching, I muttered as I held it still.

Satonaka, who in spite of being dragged along by her, seemed to be frolicing around joyfully, but Ogasawara Makoto staved off like she was surprised with hearing me.

“M, Makoto-chan, your goal, your goal! The photobooth isn’t in front of the choo-choo train! If we finish, I’ll take it with you! While Kijima-san hasn’t changed his mind, we can go take it!”

“Huh!? For me to have done something so careless! That’s right, the photo booth!”

She came to her sudden realization with Satonaka’s persuasion, she placed a fist in front of chest, and nodded quite a lot. As I saw her, to my relief, she was foolishly smiling. Her smile makes it seem like she has a scheme to please me.

Enough of that, Oi, Ogasawara Makoto, what is with, ‘I of all people’ ? You are careless.

She and I don’t have any knowledge about gaming arcades. So, Satonaka was suppose to lead us to the photo booth.

In a space where a lot of arcade games were placed, although there were many women, the influx of women gradually began to increase. They seem to be going to the area where the photo booth was installed.

“Wowww, that is a lot!”

“Oi, Oi……”

Upon our arrival, boxes of photo equipment were lined up in a row on both sides. There were more than twenty photo booths, all filled about equally. And the girls who formed a line on each booth, walked along the passage while frolicing.

From schoolchild to high schoolers, no, I also happen to see ladies in their college years and working women.

What is so fun about taking pictures of yourself? I don’t understand.

“Uhhh, it seems we’ll be waiting for quite some time with all these people. If we stay and wait, Kijima-san might become angry……”

Satonaka lead us as she walked ahead, she looked around and muttered that it would be a problem.

This will only take a picture of the upper body, and sometimes the all of it. There also seems to be an option of making eyes bigger, and also possibly whiten skin and beautify legs.

“Everything is alright! If we take it together as a group, I’ll be satisfied!”

With Ogasawara Makoto having raised her voice, stars twinkling in her eyes, Satonaka looked back and said, ”Yup” and begun to smile.

“Well, you wouldn’t be able to fix it. That’s because you’re blessed with an appearance great figure.”

“M, Makoto-chan……I think those were probably his real feelings. I think his real feelings just came pittering out.”

“W, Which means……he said that we were cute, yeah?”

“Yeah.”

They then glanced at me with twinkling eyes, whispering to each other. These guys are making me so sick.

Satonaka, who chose an empty model for now, takes the initiative to enter the booth by herself. Ogasawara Makoto followed after her, and then I entered last.

Ogasawara Makoto and I are really ignorant to these kind of things, so we left everything in Satonaka’s hands.

Satonaka made Ogasawara Makoto hold onto the accessory pen, and then she managed the screen with clicks.

“Makoto-chan, you may write whatever you like with this pen to finish the photo.”

“I can write it?”

“Yup, you may write Kijima-san as your love.”

“Uwa! That seems fun!”

Nestling close to Satonaka, who was at the operating screen, she seemed to laugh enjoyably.

For a high school student in their second year, it’s unusual she has not experienced fast food or a photo booth. But then, it’s reasonable if she’s not interested. However, seeing her now, you knew she was very much so.

“Today……you’re leaving.”

She was smiling with eyes twinkling until now, but her muttered seemed lonely.

“Aoi-san is generous towards you, and you have a hard time taking your eyes off him right now, so if you leave, I feel relieved……”

The right hand that held the touch pen began to tremble, and tears dripped along her cheek. Her words transformed into an incoherent sob.

“Aren’t you spoiled, Makoto-chan? The instant I take my eyes off you, you immediately start flirting. And, I will definitely be coming again. I have to bother you……”

Satonaka stopped operating the screen, trembling, she jumped to the side with her, and then hugged her so hard that she was crushing her.

“Is that for certain?”

“Yes, I’ll come, okay!”

Shedding tears as the held each other, they smiled. The view was like two former best friends reluctantly separating.

In all actuality, they just met yesterday. Mutually they know almost nothing of each other.

Haa, idiotic. This is idiotic.

After a short moment of posing together, they held their smiles and took the picture. Both of them cried way too much, so it could be said they weren’t lovely at all with their puffy eyes.

Nevertheless, Ogasawara Makoto was still in a good mood, and placed the printed sticker on her cellphone display. If it stuck, it’d be hard to operate the phone. Think a little before applying it.

Incidentally, I had completely forgot that I was dressed up like a girl. How did this happen? My intention was to take back my dark history from Satonaka, but I made a new one.

When we left the photo booth I threw a heavy sigh, and began to walk while looking for a place to rest.

Satonaka and Ogasawara Makoto seem to have hopped on the choo-choo train. Smirking to themselves.

I wanted to leave this noisy area from the moment I came in, but Ogasawara Makoto wouldn't be satisfied if she didn't take the train. So, I grumbled, saying that I would go to the crane game. I'd be taking my sweet, precious time. Satonaka also seemed to be with her, so I'm all by myself.

Upon leaving the area where the booth was, I found a lounge ahead of the low wall.

Seats were lined around circle tables. Light means also seem possible in this restricted lounge, so a lot of young couples' attentions were caught.

As a matter of fact, having received quite the number of glances a bit ago, I've also became fairly exhausted mentally. I'm also quite tired from keeping my energy levels up.

I went to the corner without as inconspicuously as possible, and lowered myself back on to an available seat. As I placed my elbows onto the table, I threw my upper body and gave another big sigh.

I'm tired. I'm really tired.

Slid the wig on my face to the side, I looked at the photo booth sticker I held in hand.

The two idiots had a smile on even though their eyes were swollen a deep red. They're glad about this one picture; they are really cheap. Truly suitable for cheap meat toilets.

"Young lady, you seem tired. Would you like some cold tea?"

Having heard a voice, my spirit which would have normally ruined, has been sharpened. Will I ever be able to feel rested? I decided to talk to them.

"No thank you."

I answered bluntly while throwing down my upper body. I feel sorry for the guy who spoke to me, too. Surely he also doesn't think the person in front of him right now is a man, but if he knew, it'll be a definate of black spot on my history.

"I see, that is regrettable. Nevertheless, your appearance looks lovely again today, Aoi." (2)

Although I moaned inside on whether he'd give up, a chill went down my back as my name was called.

I didn't mind since he has no business with me, but the voice was familiar.

It has a rather low and soft ring to it.

The soft voice resounded in my head, and felt the sighs he would sit down face to face with me.

I have no doubt. I cannot mistake hearing that voice.

“Aoi, I am aware I’m disliked by you, but I want to see your face. Won’t you look up?”

Entreated by the voice, greasy sweat spouted out from my whole body.

Why is he here? No, I heard from Satonaka’s mouth she came with him together. However, I thought he left.

When I also think about it, she said they came together before even meeting me, but she never said he returned. No, perhaps she was also under the impression he went back. However, she never said she saw him leave. I had believe on my own like Satonaka.

When I also thought of it a little, I understood. Even though he came with Satonaka as an escort, it would be impossible to think he left her alone here for the way back.

I was careless. Why didn’t I notice? I’m the worst. (Kijima you suuuuck)

Swallowing my saliva, I slowly raised my body.

The appearance of the person who sat down in front of me gradually came into sight.

It’s difficult to realize since they’re sitting down, but he’s taller than me. He also looks slender, but it’s a manly physique which just looks thinner in clothes. He was blessed with father’s body which is different from the delicate yours truly. And yet, he also has mother’s gentle eyes.

He excels in design and valor. His the exact person you’ll picture to be talented in both.

“Bi, Big brother……it’s been a long time.” (He uses Nii-san here instead of Aniki.)

Opposite to feelings of hate boiling up, my voices trembled without my control.

The existence of my targeted admiration, was made into my target of hatred. No, no matter how much I tried to hate him, I couldn’t fully do so in the end.

After all, I have known this person for a long time now, and, I was never able to beat him.

I want to, but I can’t resist this person with all my heart.

“Ah, it’s been a long time. You are increasingly resembling mother, Aoi.

Both elbows on the table, my older brother smiled at me sweetly, and all I could do was tremble.

